

The Poison Woman

The Dear Hunter

The seed of the apothecary, an heir to aided ends.
She loves the sound they make as they expel breath;
the soul from the chest.
She laughs a little, but never makes a sound
She swears she's offering you something savory.
What lies she tells.
So take a drink, her product's number one.
Right down the hatch.
And now, it seems, a smooth intoxication, well,
Just one drop is more than enough.
She never dwells on penitence, advancing in a haze.
A million men have reached an end;
A side effect of incompetence.
She laughs a little, but never smiles.
She swears she's offering you something savory.
What lies she tells.
So take a drink, her product's number one.
Right down the hatch.
And now, it seems, a smooth intoxication, well,
Just one drop is more than enough.
She has her superstitions.
They've got their rational on call.
They never saw it coming, they never stood a chance.
Shes got a new tradition, involving ethylene glycol.
They never saw it coming, they never stood a chance.
She has no apprehension, habit sustains her wickedness
They never saw it coming, they never stood a chance.
With the weight of the world on her shoulders,
she don't want none of the sins as they unfurl in her palms.
Take this bottle.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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