

Antisaint

Chevelle

Visit again white elephant
Who sent you to the loom?
Shall we sever everything?
Ponder this while we ponder why
He's starting to follow crows
And climbing the ladder somewhere out to really begin to scare
And plotting to clear the grounds
With a fine tooth comb
You poor little Antisaint
You poor little Antisaint
Nothing to say for the last time
Just want to sink his will
Like a predator's prey in the cold
Slowly starts to show
Assurance is what they need
Hold the lion until it's fed
It's still only morning
But the fly's surfaced
You poor little Antisaint
You poor little Antisaint
You poor little Antisaint
You poor little Antisaint
The stakes are too low
We may not need any
Could we never feel?
And if you could tell
That the cleverest acting
Was the lying by you
Lying by you
Lying by you
You poor little Antisaint
You poor little Antisaint
You poor little Antisaint
You poor little Antisaint

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