Collapse

Baroness

We are all soured milk
When we look in the mirror, we collapse
We are all soured milk
When we look in the mirror, we collapse
When our time has come
When our finger's on the trigger, we collapse
Arms are fading
Swirling like a poison in the sink
Like the southern bell
Playing songs of horror, like teeth among the grass
Like a bullet shell
Whistle and a howl
Watch the good folks run
We are all rotten fruit
When the pipeline's are still flowing, we collapse
When our time has come
When the city needs a lynching to collapse
Arms are fading
The devil's in the eye of every man
Water in the well
A baptist and a baby were rolling in the leaves
Keep her spirit well
And (toppit?) baby's father will lay her out to dry

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