

Becoming Bryn

Augie March

I dreamt, I got a snakebite
Just a dream but upon waking up
My head felt light
My arm felt tight

Where the serpent struck
A mark so faintly
There upon me
With very little warning the end

And if you think that
I'm becoming the worst I can become
You've got another thing coming, baby
I've a few tricks up my dirty white sleeve

Run, run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run

I see that you've got well made hands
You're well put together
You smell like apples
Taste like the sea

And in your nature, a full set of vigors
I have a vision of you ripely
Hanging from the tree
Swinging in the orchard breeze

And though nobody wants a part of the ritual
You could at least keep me an honest vigil
And if you see me rising up through the floor
With unblinking eyes

Run, run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run

I lie awake tonight
It's weight upon my chest
Smell of the well upon the unwell
Voice from the dark water, I don't recognize it

There's a thing that I must do
A question I should ask

Who are you? Why do you come for me?
Who are you? Why do you come for me?
Who are you? Why do you come for me?

Oh, nobody wants a part of the ritual
You could at least keep me an honest vigil
And if you see me coming out the door
With a bloody hand

Run, run, run, run, run

And if you see me rising up through the floor
With unblinking eyes

Run, run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run