

# Hole

Antimatter

On and on and on the sound  
An air to drag you down before you've stayed too long  
And when you realize what lies behind those crooked eyes  
You're bought and sold

Of all the wasted avenues, the bitterest of pills to choose

Down in a hole, deep enough to drown

When at first the trap was laid  
You showed your wicked face  
And held your gaze too long  
With far too much for you to prove