

Collapse

Baroness

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 flailing
Swirling like the poison in the sink

Like the southern belle
Playing songs of horror
Like teeth amongst the grass

Like the bullet shell
Whistle and then I'll hum
Watch the good folks run

We are all rotten fruit
When the pipeline starts to flowing, we collapse
When our time has come
When the city needs a lynching, we collapse

Arms are flailing
The devils' in the eye of every man

Water and the well
A Baptist and a baby
Were rolling in the weeds

Keep her spirit well
The tarpit baby's father
Will lay her out to dry