

## Outta Spite

Cloakroom

On my way down I saw what I wanted to see  
No expanse I could not bridge  
No gates I could not breach  
On your way out  
You lost that high out of spite  
Total disregard for humankind and the clawed and feathered type

What's been put in the ground will yield results with time and pressure  
I've been waiting it out patiently for my turn  
I'll be fuel for them to burn

On your way through  
Always got a fixation with death  
Down a dead deer's trail discovered  
Spirits stinking on your breath  
On your way around  
A migratory bird oversea with no point or destination  
Sick on self-discovery

Got your medicine down and now you feel a whole lot better  
Got a foot in the bed and such an honest face  
Progress for progress sake  
My friend take heed of the one's who suit your needs  
Assign meaning to your ritual and slay any beast