

Poison in the Well

Lagwagon

young vacant heartbreaker
do you feel like breaking something
'cause you seem so cold trying to be bold
blank prelude to extinction
your words are misspelled treason
poison in your trust
poison in our hope

do you recall your first bee sting,
how you learned to feel pain,
are you numb below your nerve endings?

trouser kneecap, broken hat
dressed up in broken English
poison in the quill
poison in your quill

a founder of a scene
an uninformed machine
love or hate everything
somehow you see apathy as soul
a fool's youth is no excuse to be an asshole

it's speaking English but I don't understand it
dancing on graves in their ancestors' gold
sucking on air, dispel malignant revolt

rats, what can I do?
my daughter has to live here too
poison in the well
poison in the well

I picture life in the outside lands
somewhere far away from them
hanging from the grid
hanging from the grid

will she recall her first bee sting?
how will she speak of me,
growing up surrounded by imbeciles?
a fool's youth is no excuse to be an asshole