

Slither

Mandolin Orange

Slither slowly until you are close to me
Soon may your colors be shown
And I'll fall by your fangs if they ever let go of me
I suppose I should have known

But it's no fault of yours, no it's only a curse
Beckoning on and on
And though you'd never pull any triggers
You were left holding the gun

Well some beggars are born from good fortune
And free is a relative term
Well I've taken, yes I've taken
Much from the lesson never learned

But it's no fault of mine
I just stay in the lines
I color in all as I see
It all comes to life as it comes into light
And I color the end of me

So bring down the knife
Deep in me
Now see it out
So bring down the knife
Deep in me
Now see it out

Just slither away
The same as you came
Back to your hole to hide