

Where does your misfortune grow?
From a humble house, with a cross burning slow?
You fear she will challenge your throne
So you dig the dirt and it's selling like gold

10 fingers 10 toes point, but not a damn one back at you
It's your fault you fall apart
The problem is in you

Burn the witch
Or stone and rope to bind her soul
Sink or swim
And watch the truth drown below

You search the hills, swift and true
Look outside yourself, for it cannot be you
The town gathers and slander ensues
Not long 'til she's cursed, not long 'til she's through

You've done the work of a saint, but with the devil's hand
With cauldron gossip you pray, to restore this land
Holy and dead, holy and dead
Remember the plank?

You've got a tree instead

This will all be over soon
She's melting through
But your dark clouds still remain
So grab another one without a name