

# Poison

Sierra Hull

Poison  
You are poison to me  
O true apothecary  
Stole my sanctuary  
Kissed my creation  
With your lips of poison  
Your drugs are quick, but my mind is quicker  
Thus I won't let it die, but it might get sicker  
By your poison  
Dear William did not write this story's death  
So you cannot steal the honey from my breathe  
Oh with your poison  
You are poison to me  
O true apothecary  
Stole my sanctuary  
Kissed my creation  
With your lips of poison  
Your drugs are quick, but my mind is quicker  
Thus I won't let it die, but it might get sicker by your poison

I thought your elixir was my friend  
But it was just a toxic mixture in the end  
Your drugs are quick, but my mind is quicker  
Thus I won't let it die, but it might get sicker  
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