

## Slow Poison

Stop everything you do, come again from the top  
You didn't aim right, you had the wrong target locked  
You drew your SIG 90, now who got shot?  
You drew your dirty dagger, now who got cut?  
You thought you were safe by locking yourself up  
Now your brain is bleeding slow poison  
Drop by drop

Struck by fear cuz you still don't know what's up  
Ignorance is breeding culture shocks  
In a world of blocks you can only get stuck Between a hard place and a god damn  
rock  
When you poison the roots, the branches on top  
Will yield strange fruits and a bitter crop

When you speak, it reeks of slow poison  
Your skin pores leak - slow poison  
In your elbows, your knees - slow poison  
Your crocodile tears - slow poison  
Your moves, your strategies - slow poison  
The distrust you diffuse - slow poison  
Your suspicious ways - slow poison  
The games you play - slow poison

Sure, you can try to convince yourself that you're pure  
And lure your mind into thinking that you're clean and spotless  
Just to make you feel reassured  
But deep down you know that things ain't what they seem  
And things will never again be the same  
No matter what petty pleasures procured  
You must endure ten times the pain  
Slow poison is running through your veins  
And you come begging for the cure

© 2014 Nya