

# Becoming Bryn

Augie March

I dreamt, I got a snakebite  
Just a dream but upon waking up  
My head felt light  
My arm felt tight

Where the serpent struck  
A mark so faintly  
There upon me  
With very little warning the end

And if you think that  
I'm becoming the worst I can become  
You've got another thing coming, baby  
I've a few tricks up my dirty white sleeve

Run, run, run, run, run  
Run, run, run, run, run

I see that you've got well made hands  
You're well put together  
You smell like apples  
Taste like the sea

And in your nature, a full set of vigors  
I have a vision of you ripely  
Hanging from the tree  
Swinging in the orchard breeze

And though nobody wants a part of the ritual  
You could at least keep me an honest vigil  
And if you see me rising up through the floor  
With unblinking eyes

Run, run, run, run, run  
Run, run, run, run, run

I lie awake tonight  
It's weight upon my chest  
Smell of the well upon the unwell  
Voice from the dark water, I don't recognize it

There's a thing that I must do  
A question I should ask

Who are you? Why do you come for me?  
Who are you? Why do you come for me?  
Who are you? Why do you come for me?

Oh, nobody wants a part of the ritual  
You could at least keep me an honest vigil  
And if you see me coming out the door  
With a bloody hand

Run, run, run, run, run

And if you see me rising up through the floor  
With unblinking eyes

Run, run, run, run, run  
Run, run, run, run, run  
Run, run, run, run, run