

Crucifucks

Gallows

Nail the bodies to the crucifix
Slit the throats of all the priests
The last smile they will ever expect
A gaping hole running right through their neck
Snakes get fat while the good rats die
All the pigs should be bled dry
Who's with me? All your sins will be forgiven
When your blood begins to thicken
You have no answers to our questions
God bless this great depression
The snakes get fat while the good rats die
And all the pigs should be bled dry
Who's with me? Throw the bodies into the streets
Nothing more than rotten meat
Taught not to bite the hand that feeds
'Til it's cold and dry and no longer bleeds
The snakes get fat while the good rats die
So all the pigs should be bled dry
The London metropolitan
All the fucking clergy men
Child abusers, national front
Rapists, racists, all fucking scum
And they march hand in hand
To rape our green and pleasant land
Dust to dust, earth to earth
The new born babies drowned at birth
And there's no future for England's son
They're nine years old and they all carry guns
Take out your crowbars, take out your knives
Drain out your blood, we all deserve to die
It's time for us to take a stand
We are dying on our knees in this great fucking land
And all the martyrs they have convinced themselves
That death ain't a sin when you're living in hell
There ain't no glory and there ain't no hope
We will hang ourselves just show us the rope
There ain't no scapegoats left to blame
We brought this on ourselves, we could have been the change
Great Britain is fucking dead
So cut our throats, end our lives
Let's fucking start again

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