

Six-Sixty-Six

Frank Black and the Catholics

In the midst of the war, he offered us peace
And he came like a lover from out of the east
With the face of an angel and the heart of a beast
His intentions were six sixty sixHe walked up to the temple with gold in his hands
And he bought off the priests and propositioned the land
And the world was his harlot and laid in the sand
While the band played six sixty sixWe served at his table and slept on the floor
But he starved us and beat us and he nailed us to the door
Well, I'm ready to die, I can't take any more
And I'm sick of his lies and his tricks, straight upHe told us he loved us, but that was a lie
There was blood in his pockets and death in his eyes
Well, my number is up and I'm willing to die
If the band will play six, if the band will play six sixty
If the band will play six sixty six

Songwriters

Larry NormanPublished by

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