The Missing

Escort Girls

Hey, God told us that we made
A very big sin
You don't know where
To begin
He says, ?Turn the other cheek?
But that seems kind of weak
I just wanna beat up
Beat up the meek
He says, ?You'd be a better man
If you stick with the plan?
But I don't think I can
Not with that kind of man
You love to be cruel
(To be cruel)
You love to be cruel
(To be cruel)
I'm not a good tool
(Good tool)
'Cause you love to be cruel
(To be cruel)

What now?
The cross has been greased
But I don't feel the heat nor the peace in the street
Everybody feels that's it
So just bury it in the pit
With the best of the sick
Ideological shit
You love to be cruel
(To be cruel)
You love to be cruel
(To be cruel)
I'm not a good tool
(Good tool)
'Cause you love to be cruel
You love to be cruel
You love to be cruel
You love to be cruel
You love to be cruel

Tell me

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