

# The Pigs

## Oxymoron

Bluelight screaming, figures in the dark  
Shelter-seeking, but you've run so far  
They gonna get out if you're slow and put you in a cell  
You don't wanna be arrested so you run like hell[Chorus:]  
Here comes ... the pigs  
They always nick the underdogs There's no regret but nowhere to go  
Draw back, breathing, but you've run to slow  
They don't care if you're innocent, they don't care if you're right  
They're looking for a scapegoat and they found their prey... hide or you're getting screwed

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