

Fed To Death

Say Anything

There was a man from Allen Town
Who fed his son to death
He calmly watched him Gorge himself
Until his final breath And there he stood,
Surprised and shocked
Above his tiny frame
He said "I bear no blame for this"
I only share his name There was a man from Nazareth.
The fools were more pervert
They forced an image of his flesh
To brand on mugs and t-shirts They say "One day he'll spring to life"
To smile and clear your name
So nail yourself upon the cross
And hang your head in shame Forever.
This is forever
This is forever
This is forever
This is forever.

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