The Chair

Doctor Butcher

Face your dying day, final judgement is passed today
In your cell, cold sweats, no remorse no regrets
For the crimes he'd commit, violent passions reliving it
Every breath that was heard was the victim's final wordAnother life just passing by, what's on the mind when the convict friesTrapped in your cell, but it's really a living hell
Final hour it begins, soul crawling under your skin
There's a priest at the door, who could ask for any more
Speaks your last - Last rights, now you're gone just like the lightThere's nowhere for you to run
Living under the gun, praying to god[Chorus:]Another life just passing by
What's on the mind when the convict fries ?
Such a lovely way to dieChrist comes to call, now's your time to take your fall
Start your walk to the chair, hell awaits - You soon be there
Never mind what you see, it's just an offering to thee
Tape your eyes - No sight, now your gone just like the lightThere's nowhere for you to run
Living under the gun[Chorus]I reflect on the chairs of my past
How this one it will be the last
Father, son, holy ghost
Condemn me to hell, where I will roast
Church pew, school desk, waiting rooms, I confess
Complications that arise from attempted suicide
So I start a klling spree that led me to this destiny
Noone's left who really cares as I fry in the chair

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