

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 word
Another life just passing by, what's on the mind when
the convict fries

Trapped 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 light
There'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 die
Christ 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 light
There'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 killing spree that led me to this destiny

No one's left who really cares as I fry in the chair

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