Sick City (live)

PIG

I woke up in a cold sweat
Wriggling and writhing... a man in the net
Take the bit in the teeth... put the gun in the hand
There ain't no judge this is no man's landIt's Sick City
Sick City
Sick City's got seven sins
No place where the conscience winsMisery may be mother
One beggar can beg from another
Strike with the sword
Stricken with the scabbard
You won't get far climbing the ladder
Gotta take care of necessities
Caring for people's a luxury
Make sure you get what you need
So you threaten with a knife to feed your greedSick City's got seven sins
No place where the conscience wins
Sick City's got a sacred secret
Save your breath to cool your broth
Sick city... swollen land
Grease on the palm or a broken arm
Sick City has a special flavour
A brand new way to love thy neighbour
Sick City's got a sacred secret
Your guts get full don't drag your legs
In Sick City you're better off dead
Take the fat with the lean or a hole in your head

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/