

My Tongue Is So Treacherous

Plague Vendor

It's the same situation every day
They walk and talk and go one way
With no vacation or service pay
Not thinking about tomorrow, only today
Becoming zombies of the darkest day
Inflicted by numbness, paralysis pain
This suicidal syndrome will have them walking the same
You can feast upon the living, enjoy a diet of brains
Cerebral assassins, welcome to the plague
Now that I'm awake I can finally hear my own voice
There's a man standing there like, "boy you got a choice" he says,
"You can go back to sleep," I say, "wait, stop I like that
Cause in my dreams I got 22s on my black Cadillac"
All the mothers are crying, "somebody stole my diamonds"
All the mothers, they scream

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