The Sick

Pig

Don't think I can't see through you
Don't think you would ever fool me
I'll get what's coming to meFrom the womb unto the tomb
The stagnant air that fills the room
Into the shrine where you have knelt
You felt the buckle now feel the beltDon't give it awayYour deepest cut will leave no mark
This sceptic skin will never scar
Come breathe some light into my darkBe penitent and penetrate
Between the liquor and all these lies
See past the bruises of your hate
Come face to face and meet your fateThe weak will walk the sick will see
Caress my cursed soul for me
These begging hands will pray with glee
Upon your blackened fists and kneesThis sleuth hound is the Lord of lies
This boiling pot will draw the flies
Write one more cheque before you dieRepeatDon't think I can't see through ya
Do ya think I'd ever fool ya
You'll get what's coming to ya
You'll get what's coming to ya
You'll get what's coming to ya
The weak will walk the sick will see
Caress my cursed soul for me
These begging hands will prey with glee
Upon your blackened fists and knees

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