

# 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 me From 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 belt Don't give it away Your deepest cut will leave no mark  
This sceptic skin will never scar  
Come breathe some light into my dark Be penitent and penetrate  
Between the liquor and all these lies  
See past the bruises of your hate  
Come face to face and meet your fate The 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 knees This sleuth hound is the Lord of lies  
This boiling pot will draw the flies  
Write one more cheque before you die Repeat Don'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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