

# Six-Sixty-Six

## Frank Black and the Catholics

In the midst of the war, he offered us peace  
And he came like a lover from out of the east  
With the face of an angel and the heart of a beast  
His intentions were six sixty sixHe walked up to the temple with gold in his hands  
And he bought off the priests and propositioned the land  
And the world was his harlot and laid in the sand  
While the band played six sixty sixWe served at his table and slept on the floor  
But he starved us and beat us and he nailed us to the door  
Well, I'm ready to die, I can't take any more  
And I'm sick of his lies and his tricks, straight upHe told us he loved us, but that was a lie  
There was blood in his pockets and death in his eyes  
Well, my number is up and I'm willing to die  
If the band will play six, if the band will play six sixty  
If the band will play six sixty six

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