

They Pray With Snakes (remix)

Boondox

I can hear them screaming through the forest at night [echoes]

Snakes [repeat and echoes]

In the belly of the beast, a place thats miles away

In a deep southern town where the devil comes to pray

A choir sings with their eyes sewn shut

By a stream the children playing, water flowing with blood

The pastor stands on his pulpit, while preaching of hell

On the hilltop church with demons ringing the bells

They toll twice for the missing and the recently departed

In the pews the conragation sits a hundred days rotted

Suffering is all around the stench of death in the air

Nobody seems to notice or nobody seems to care

Its just an everyday life and a normal routine

People walking right by, but never notice the screams

A backwoods philosophy passed down thru the ages generations of murder, written down in these
pages

of a book overlooked and forgotten in history

a place where the secret is surrounded by mystery

I can hear them screaming thru the forest at night!

They pray with snakes... and they poison my mind!

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Was it a curse or a sickness that raised in the minds,

of these sacreligous hillbillies raised with the swine?

No remorse in the soul and their hearts pitch black

thirsty for the blood hound murder contact

Feasting on the brains of the ones they call sinners

Cousin cletus in the kitchen carving torsos for dinner

In a barn on a meat hook bodies are hanging,

in a cellar by a chain more bodies are swinging!

And in the fields like a scene from a no parking lot

Abandoned for so many years cars start to rot

And buried in the garden in a hole dug deep

all the bones and belongings all piled in a heap

Ungodly sounds of torture echo thru the trees

The screams of suffering still blowing in the breeze

Not on any map undiscovered, never surveyed

the secrets of a small town kept locked away...

I can hear them screaming thru the forest at night!
They pray with snakes... and they poison my mind!
I can hear them screaming thru the forest at night!
They pray with snakes... and they poison my mind!

(On just about any warm afternoon you can find a weathered looking white haired man wondering
the hills searching for poisonous snakes, not to kill, but to bring back with him... to
church...he is a serpent handler)

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