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