

The Rat

Dead Confederate

Shoot from the back,
take good aim,
Make sure I'm dead
Bang Bang'Cause I'm a rat
there's no mistake
Under the bed
where you sleepCrush the skull
make me tame
Sweep it up
Hide it awayNo morals shown
in no way explained
Stupid human
Shit for brainsAnd draw tiny pictures
'round all the days
Bag and burn
Bang BangThrow your judgements
across the breeze
Bag and burn
Bang BangYou live inside
your Jesus dream
Bag and burn
Bang BangGet some sleep
or lie in wait
Until the day
I run awayForget the corpse
present the case
to bring me down
and lose your wordsI'll follow you
into the grave
and at the gates
I see the passing say,"The judge be judged,
and all the wretched be saved."
I throw my curse
all across your daysAnd draw tiny pictures
'round all the days
Bag and burn
Bang BangThrow your judgements
across the breeze
Bag and burn

Bang Bang You live inside
your Jesus dream
Bag and burn
Bang Bang And draw tiny pictures
'round all the days Throw your judgements
across the breeze Watch them float off
to never be saved You live inside
your Jesus dream

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