

Shooting Gallery

dooblou

Last night I went to HellOf the stench of death
The tenement, it smelledThe shooting gallerie's breathI saw women and menKill themselves again and
againThey make their own disease
And the end they will not seeYesterday I had a girlTo me, she meant all the worldUntil the needle filled her
armNow she fills me with alarmTombstone graves fill her eyesShe looks at me with mad despise
I pity her destinyNow she's only hating meThey say that they don't care at allThe world is fucking sadOn that
point I agree with themBut nothing is that badPoison disease, eating through their mindsThey will never see the
end of the lineI will never understand why they do it to themselvesWhy they choose a life that so resembles
HellNow I stand in pouring rainAt a friend's funeral again
Tears fill my eyesHe lived a tortured life
And as I walk away
I see another strayIt seems so sad to me
Stumbling down the street[Repeat chorus]

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