Fall Of Man

Cor Scorpii

You pray for the sheep
I get closer to hell
I stand on the hill
Then I run down
I look in your eyes
You look for your price
You beg me to stop
But I was never that nice
Never did mind about
The little things
We'll stick to the plan
The fall of man
You pray for the sheep
Look forward to hell
Go live on the hill
No one comes down
I look in your eyes
You look for some teeth
Like nickels at night
Left under the sheets
Never did mind about
The little things
We'll stick to the plan
The fall of man
What you don't know won't kill you

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