

# Halloween, The Saints

Gimme gimme sell your souls  
I skin and strip you bold(ly)  
My revenue ain't yours  
All means my way, I'm mighty

I clutch what's mine, yours sevenfold  
I leave you in the cold  
Got all my schemes in place  
You stifle in my maze

All you shysters  
Seek shelter on the last day  
While you laugh loud, disclaiming  
As your dire end will come/dawn on you

Ah you..!  
Possesed, in your mask, and a dirty heart  
Unrest in ye must've been the devil in all of us

The saints are marching again  
And harvest souls  
Taking every single one

The saints march again  
And harmony  
Is here, ye can go testify

Dont you dream youre ever safe  
I ll get you in your grave  
Go molest your heirs with my  
sleight of hand attorneys -I

Profit at your dear expense  
Cash in, perform my prance  
Relinquish and lose what you  
toiled for, anyway