

PIG, Red Raw & Sore

Once more to the fire
Burn your fingers on your desire
Once more to the skin
Where your poison soul will twist within

Despair turns to despise
Your reality is fed by lies
You got your money
You got your cash
Feed your honey upon your trash

You got your fist
Your fist in the fire
You got your fist
Your fist in the fire

You're something sad
Something special
Your something said
Something special

Your treated mean
Your staying keen
The moneys in
You're made of tin
Each carrot finds its feeding hole
You work for your body
But your body's sold

You got your fist
Your fist in the fire
You got your fist
Your fist in the fire

You're something sad
Something special
You're something sad
Something special