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