

# PIG, Sanctuary (Spent Sperm Mix)

Doubting, trying  
Not to look at the face of the man who is dying  
To look for the face of the man who is lying  
The ambler gambler is low and loaded  
His rusty steed turns to burn into my soul  
I hear the cries  
My body lies in sanctuary  
The long way home I cannot seek  
He knows the pain its special place  
I know it's look I know your face

White silver draws black lines  
Bright whites the killing kind  
Two wrongs don't make a right  
Two blacks don't make a white  
Devotion isn't what it seems  
The broker of my broken dreams  
Hell is all what I can see  
My cell is my sanctuary

There's a black space where my soul should be  
A gaping wound where my heart could be  
I feel so low I feel like Christ  
I see my head is turning white  
The knuckles twisted raw and I'm so empty  
And there's no respite  
You prey together on the small  
Hell vision shows it every night

White silver draws black lines  
Bright whites the killing kind  
Two wrongs don't make a right  
Two blacks don't make a white  
Devotion isn't what it seems  
The broker of my broken dreams  
Hell is all what I can see  
My cell is my sanctuary