Saxon, Cut Out The Disease

You make your living from backstabbing
You're just a snake in hand made boots
You slither round like something slimy
Nothing's ever what it seems

Cut out the disease (*)
The lies and deceipt

You circle round just like a vulture
You're waiting for your piece of meat
Beneath your charm there's something hiding
The way you spin your vicious web

We did it all- we did it all for you
Once you were our friend
But you betrayed us in the end

Confrontation was your weakness
Evil lives behind that smile
You slither round like something slimy
You're just a snake in handmade boots

(Repeat *)