

# 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 deceit

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 \*)