

# Terrorvision, Hole For A Soul

Holy shamoly said the priest to the girl  
As he wrapped his arms around her  
And his guts became her world  
She said I can't take any more  
No I can't take any more  
And she could taste the christ  
Breathe the church  
Smell the crucifixion  
Of another fallen angel hooked up on false religion  
She's gotta hole for a soul  
She's gotta sad sad tale to tell  
She's gotta hole for a soul  
Of being twisted in a living hell

Crikey moose he said with bottle in his hand  
Fingers worn thin down to the bone

From working on the promised land  
Fingers worn thin tattered and torn from scratching  
All this blood and sand  
Said I can't take any more  
No I can't take any more  
He had a loving wife  
Doting child  
An englishman's castle for his home  
Every mile stood this broken man  
And every two stood this broken man's dream

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