

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
Breath 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 moses 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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He's gotta sad sad tale to tell
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Of being twisted in a living hell