

# Cheap Sex, Manslaughter

Black clouds rising overhead  
The hands of death our souls are bled  
There is no escaping his deadly grip  
While life slips by on a sinking ship.

(Chorus:)

LOOKING DEATH RIGHT IN THE EYE  
SLAUGHTER, MANSLAUGHTER  
LOOKING DEATH RIGHT IN THE EYE  
SLAUGHTER, MANSLAUGHTER

A rotten stench will fill the air  
And leaving in it's path despair  
And now you're slowly turning in your grave  
And no one is left to be saved.