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.