

Dead Soul Tribe, Here Come The Pigs

A loaded gun beneath my tongue
A halo on my head
The devil on my shoulder
An angel on my bed
Hear the sirens howling
How the engines roar
Heaven's on the television
Hell's outside the door
Let's rock

Feeling all the spiders crawl
Underneath my skin
Sewing shut the razor cut
From where I let them in
Digging all their teeth and claws
Deep into my veins
All the while I sit and smile
Trying to dig the pain
Let's rock

Here come the pigs into the slaughter
Here come the pigs into the slaughter

Feels like the walls are closing in
Over my head and still sinking
Feels like the walls are closing in
Over my head and still sinking

My shadow reaching for my throat
To take away my breath
Friends have come to lead me from
My cradle to my death
One hand held above a candle
Just to feel it burn
While the other wrote my suicide note
To whom it may concern
Let's rock