

# 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