

Eternal Tears Of Sorrow, Sick, Dirty And Mean

He's got the power - he's like a god
But he's a devil of flesh and blood
A '45 is his religion - code of silence his belief
It's a kiss of death
A '45 is his religion - code of silence his belief

You can find them in the gutter
You will find'em in your church
They always know each other
They call it family

You may end up six-feet-under
Anywhere and anytime
It's a one-way-street with a thousand lanes
And a million ways to die

A Thompson sub-machine gun made my day

Sick, dirty and mean
You can hide but you can't run
Sick, dirty and mean
Headhunters cut you down

A godfather's kiss - an icepick in your eye
Sick, dirty and mean
It's like a killing machine

Can you hear your mother crying
Can you see your father die
Can you walk away from children
Dying facedown in the dirt

But if you break a code of silence
You gotta do it all away
If you don't stop the violence
The mob is here to stay

A pair of concrete slippers -
they're all vultures all over your back

Chorus

They will terminate your contract - they will finalize the deal
Sick, dirty and mean
It's a killing machine

A '45 is his religion - code of silence his belief

It's a double barreled shotgun with an Ouzi on the side

Chorus

If you wanna be a songbird - there's an axe to clip your wings

Sick, dirty and mean
It's a killing machine

Sick, dirty and mean
Sick, dirty and mean
Sick, dirty and mean
Sick, dirty and mean