

Holy Mother, Criminal Afterlife

In a field of lies and broken homes
Fallen angels cry to get back home
When they lie along the city roads
A coat of steel won't save them from the unknown
In another life they ruled the land
People selling people for their souls

It's just a criminal afterlife
It's nothing new to the scared and lonely
It made me finally realize I'm alone

When the tears of time begin to flow
Son of an angel fires another bow
Still it ain't right, still it ain't right, still it ain't
I'm losing my sight, still it ain't right
The way you kick me out my home
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I don't need no hand of charity, feelin' low
I got a feelin' that your money ain't right
Gotta feelin' that you left me no sleepin' zone
A walkin' idle bomb, you're fuse'n it slow
Oh, no, no, no, you've gotta start a riot
Oh, no, no, no, you've gotta start it
Systematic lyin' junky, cryin' rotten fool
You made a million selling funky shades of rotten doo

I don't need no hand of charity feelin' low
A walkin' idle bomb you're fuse'n it slow
Oh, no, no, no, you've gotta start a riot
Oh, no, no, no, you've gotta start it
I don't need no doubting fire to free the stones
Another cheatin', smokin' nuclear zone
I don't like grinding the bone
I-don't-see-no-future

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