

Ministry, Filth Pig

Well I started out younger at things that people start younger at
And a thousand days and nights of getting overexposed
Then someone asks, "How do you sleep at night?"
With the borrowed dreams from a broken past

You keep runnin' away don't matter how fast or long
You always wind up there
Another thousand pileups in the ugly name of morality
Fucking ugly, some creepy guy keeps asking
"How the fuck do you sleep at night?"
With a frozen dream and a borrowed hope that died

Filth pig, filth pig
I sleep with both eyes open
Filth pig, filth pig

I keep chasing this tail but the tail gets bigger go figure
A thousand more stories keep the fires and flames alive
So how the fuck do I dream at night?
With the memories of a borrowed death, the guilty past
Filth pig, filth pig
He sleeps with both eyes open
Filth pig, filth pig

He sleeps all right because he's a
Filth pig