

Pigface, Ten Ground And Down

I have your see-eye and here is my hand
As blue and cold as 10 ground and down

When the morning after coughs a crippled mile
Curse the morning after Tuesday's child
Wake into the hard song, gold in my hand
Engage report pending, promised land

Here is my heart on hand, sharp as a blade
One down I say two
I close my own hand
10 ground and down

Careful when you skin returns to dirt and gold
Foreign bastards dress the centerfold
Million drool and madness seem to start the race
Tuesdays child removes her guilty face

I'm not going too take this shit anymore
I won't have it in my house
You see, I've seen it all before
10 down and hundreds more

Crimes remain credentials, dirt remains sublime
Silence and sedation undermined
Fake the bastards outcry, nail it to his chest
Bone and skin descending burns the best

I'm not gonna have this anymore
You see I've heard it all before
I won't be beaten to the ground
10 down and then 10 more.