

Rachel Stamp, Executioners Nightmare Song

i'm talking to you
the rock you hold in your hand
won't be the first and it sure as hell
won't be the last
i never played by the rules
i wasn't born to lose
with just one predictable response from you thick fuckers

i'm stoned
just can't get enough of that public execution

how could you sell your soul for silver and gold
to talk shit on the racks
but it's hard to dance with the beast on your back

what's that sound
i swear i've heard it before
oh yeah
it's just the rattling bones of death at my door