

# Rez Band, Fiend Or Foul

I beat the dead; they don't fight back,  
They have no need, they have no lack,  
They bear the marks of my attack,  
I beat the dead; they don't react.

Call me fiend, or call me foul,  
Throw me to the dogs that bite and howl,  
Before you point a finger or cry an empty tear, buy yourself a alibi, get yourself a mirror.

I rob the poor; they don't mind,  
I take whatever I happen to find; it's never much at any one time,  
I rob the poor; it's not a crime.

Call me fiend, or call me foul,  
Throw me to the dogs that bite and howl,  
Before you point a finger or cry an empty tear, better get yourself a alibi, buy yourself a mirror.

I beat the dead,  
I beat the dead.

I kill the children before they're born, as their little feet begin to form,  
Don't buy them shoes; they won't get worn,  
I kill the children; I am not scorned.

Call me fiend, or call me foul,  
Throw me to the dogs that bite and howl,  
Before you point a finger or cry an empty tear, buy yourself a alibi, get yourself a mirror.

I beat the dead,  
I beat the dead.