

Do you think we're fools?
We know it won't be long
'Til you drill a well
And fall straight through the roof of Hell
And they lock you in a prison cell
And leave the tale for you to tell
You got no more soul to sell

But oh well, that's life
So carve on with your wicked knife
You're so strong, you're so precise
One day you'll learn to take your own advice
And make your home in a prison cell
And leave the tale for me to tell
You got no more soul to sell

And any place you place the blame
The water tastes the same
The sunlight hurts your eyes
It's no surprise
And anyone you chance to meet
A stranger on the street
They're bound to wonder why you run so dry
You drink the tears from their eyes

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