

Delicate words from a small town preacher "Evil came visited us yesterday" A fit of madness no rhyme or reason The innocent are always the one who pay Who's left to deal with the consequences? Who's going to pick up the broken pieces? All homes aren't guarded by white picket fences How could you kill a child? Another psycho sixteen gunshots Ringing out on a kindergarten playground A flood of tears from desperate mothers Think of your own now you've really made her proud Mommy's angel father's pride and joy Will they mourn on the day of you hanging? No they won't cry cheeks will stay dry When the lever's pulled and you're left dangling You'll get what you deserve