

## Final Show

### Artillery

Why will you deny the fact, that you have never won  
When you play the final act, your fate has just begun

You're suffering from amnesia, forgotten what you did  
But on the floor the corpses lie, a crime you did commit

1st degree murder, straight to the chair you'll go  
1st degree murder, it'll be your final show

You must receive your punishment, as written by the law  
Accepting what the jury said, you have to die you know

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Tonight's the night you'll wait no more, your final hour's near  
Behind the bars where you reside, reach out and touch the fear  
You never notice time could run, as fast as it does now  
There's no excuse, no miracles, no where, no what, no how

The chair awaits you silently, have you got any final words?  
A cigarette, a meal maybe? A ticket off this world  
A minister will ask you to confess to all your sins  
You ask him if he's got a lifetime, the devil in you wins

You went out to do your deed, the darkness in your mind  
The voices deep within your head, commands you to do crime

Controlled by an unnamed source, from deep within yourself  
You're just a schizophrenic, so may you rot in hell

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The pardon that you hoped for, got stuck somewhere in time  
So now you've gotta take what's coming, get punished for your crime  
So down the hallway you will go, to ride the chair of light  
This is your lead role, you're the one, lights, camera, action