

Hungry Are The Dogs

Calabrese

Bullet holes in the theater wall,
Burning ashen silhouette,
Not infected but overwhelmed,
Wild eyes of the criminal.

And the spot light on an empty stage,
All of life is but a grave,
And you know it when you live this long,
The ones you love will always turn to dust.

Black and blue inside, not of our world, not of this life,
Broken bones and bleedin' heavily.
Behind the lines I'm not worth the time it takes to stop
The hungry dogs that want me.

All the weapons you can use to squeeze,
Information will be obsolete,
And there's nothing you can do to me
That'll make me talk and will make me scream.

Total brainwashed with a baseball bat,
Scrambled guts and dead sunken skulls,
The whole world, crashing down,
You're a ghost of what you used to be.

Black and blue inside, not of our world, not of this life,
Broken bones and bleedin' heavily.
Behind the lines I'm not worth the time it takes to stop
The hungry dogs that want me.

I know it's not the end,
An escape route to revenge.

You better pray before sundown.
I'm gonna cut, cut, cut, cut you down.
There's no return for your kind,
Just daggers, violence, and crime.

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Broken bones and bleedin' heavily.
Behind the lines I'm not worth the time it takes to stop
The hungry dogs that want me.