

Lamb To The Slaughter

Keith Caputo

they turn their backs on you
you know its gonna get harder
you hide your head all alone
keep looking over your shoulder
as if im just being used
you just keep on pretending
it seems no one has a friend
you know its gonna get harder

my hearts in your hand
your nearly a laugh
your heads in the sand
my hearts in your hand

my tongue is tied..

they turn their knives in you
you know its gonna get harder
which chauvinist should i kill?
why do i even bother?

need a home to bury these bones
gotta try to stand my own ground
they turn their knives in you
like the lamb thats brough to the fucking slaughter
you lose control
like a wolf in sheeps clothes
im a killer at heart
but ill find my way out

my tongue is tied
but my spirit is flyin'
i run like a star
like the heart of a bird
please dont drive me to sin
this way and that way
the brain of the sky
the blood of my soul
its like i aint here
my tongue is tied
my spirit is flyin

hearts blood on your dawn