

## Death Song

## Choking Victim

Every day it comes my way in different shapes and forms  
greed, hate and jealousy the faces it adorns  
and though I walk the valley in the shadow of my deeds  
consideration's always there  
the ends to meet the needs

I give you money  
you give me death  
you think it's funny  
I gasp for breath

Tompkins square is everywhere  
it's written on the walls  
they'll suffocate your real estate  
and grab you by your balls  
my life is such a living hell  
a squatted rotted empty shell  
no mistakes to learn

I give you money  
you give me death  
you think it's funny  
I gasp for breath

Watch a cop for us today  
an opiate a new decay  
your breathing stops this dying day  
the big time it killed crusty Dave  
we're all alone we miss his heat  
and now I feel so incomplete  
the death he tasted was so sweet  
from womb to tomb the rotting meat

I give you money  
you give me death  
you think it's funny  
I gasp for breath, breath

I give you money  
you give me death  
you think it's funny  
I gasp for breath

I give you money  
you give me death  
you think it's funny  
I gasp for breath