

# Flies Have Their House

Death in June

There's a pox upon Blackheath  
and it isn't far beneath  
Where 3 piggies choose to lie  
Fly-blown piggies choose to cry.

Every grabbin' mother needs  
To see how those piggies feed  
Their heads buried in the trough  
40% was never enough.

Piggie Piggie pay me  
Schweinhund Piggie pay me  
Fly-blown Piggie pay me  
Or you will have no sty.

Build their houses, pay taxes too  
Petit bourgeois through and through  
I do want to and I will if I have to  
Ruin more than two calls could ever do.

Not sure whether to laugh or cry?  
I'll make your mind up: weep!  
Not sure whether to live or die?  
I'll prepare your slaughter, sheep!

Piggie Piggie pay me  
Schweinhund Piggie pay me  
Fly-blown Piggie pay me  
Or you will have no sty.

Every grabbin' mother needs  
To see how 3 piggies feed  
Their heads buried in the trough  
50% was never enough

There's a pox upon Blackheath  
and it isn't far beneath  
Where 3 piggies choose to lie  
fly-blown piggies choose to die.

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I'll pick up my burden  
Ritually protect my heart  
I'll pick up my burden  
Let the hating start

Life's too short to live defiled  
Life is precious so I'll live life proud  
I'm blessed and guided thru eternity  
I'll confront my burden and set me free