

# The Chair

Doctor Butcher

Face your dying day, final judgement is passed today  
In your cell, cold sweats, no remorse no regrets  
For the crimes he'd commit, violent passions reliving it  
Every breath that was heard was the victim's final word

Another life just passing by, what's on the mind when the convict fries

Trapped in your cell, but it's really a living hell  
Final hour it begins, soul crawling under your skin  
There's a priest at the door, who could ask for any more  
Speaks your last - Last rights, now you're gone just like the light

There's nowhere for you to run  
Living under the gun, praying to god

Another life just passing by  
What's on the mind when the convict fries ?  
Such a lovely way to die

Christ comes to call, now's your time to take your fall  
Start your walk to the chair, hell awaits - You soon be there  
Never mind what you see, it's just an offering to thee  
Tape your eyes - No sight, now your gone just like the light

There's nowhere for you to run  
Living under the gun

I reflect on the chairs of my past  
How this one it will be the last  
Father, son, holy ghost  
Condemn me to hell, where I will roast  
Church pew, school desk, waiting rooms, I confess  
Complications that arise from attempted suicide  
So I start a killing spree that led me to this destiny  
No one's left who really cares as I fry in the chair