

Rainy April Day

Fury In The Slaughterhouse

A million dollar baby
Has lost its father today
The fallen angel stays in bed
With a bullet in his head
Success makes you horny
And pills calm you down
No more excuses silent cries the clown

Your wife will light a candle
To guide you on your way
Hope that you'll find
What you've been looking for
On a rainy april, rainy april day

The public wants answers
They don't want to hear
And every kiss of yours is public property
You gave it all
But no one wants to own your fear
And fear is all you've left for your baby