

## Criminal Afterlife

Holy Mother

In a field of lies and broken homes  
Fallen angels cry to get back home  
When they lie along the city roads  
A coat of steel won't save them from the unknown  
In another life they ruled the land  
People selling people for their souls

It's just a criminal afterlife  
It's nothing new to the scared and lonely  
It made me finally realize I'm alone

When the tears of time begin to flow  
Son of an angel fires another bow  
Still it ain't right, still it ain't right, still it ain't  
I'm losing my sight, still it ain't right  
The way you kick me out my home  
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I don't need no hand of charity, feelin' low  
I got a feelin' that your money ain't right  
Gotta feelin' that you left me no sleepin' zone  
A walkin' idle bomb, you're fuse'n it slow  
Oh, no, no, no, you've gotta start a riot  
Oh, no, no, no, you've gotta start it  
Systematic lyin' junky, cryin' rotten fool  
You made a million selling funky shades of rotten doo

I don't need no hand of charity feelin' low  
A walkin' idle bomb you're fuse'n it slow  
Oh, no, no, no, you've gotta start a riot  
Oh, no, no, no, you've gotta start it  
I don't need no doubting fire to free the stones  
Another cheatin', smokin' nuclear zone  
I don't like grinding the bone  
I-don't-see-no-future

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