

Hang Him High

Hypocrisy

Awaiting your sentence
Locked up in your hell
Your crime will now be tested
By the jury representing Death
Bitterness inside you
All you feel is hate
Not for the vicious crime
But for the victims you kept alive

Incision, precision, remove the limbs
The pulse beats on, the body won't turn cold
I stab, I drill, my intention's clear
My hands they squeeze, but the bastard won't die

Hang him high
No remorse for the crimes you've done
Hang him high
Blood on your hands won't wash away

Waiting on deathrow
Staring at the walls
The cell is closing up on me
Memories I can't defeat

I stab, I drill, my intention's clear
My hands they squeeze, but the bastard won't die

Hang him high
No remorse for the crimes you've done
Hang him high
Blood on your hands won't wash away

A scarred and abused soul
Tries to cope with life
Hiding in your twisted game
He was dead before he started to feel alive
Now justice will take its toll

Hang him high
No remorse for the crimes you've done
Hang him high
Blood on your hands won't wash away