

Before I Hang

Jon Oliva's Pain

Who's this I have found lying on the street
The name means nothing he's burnt and obsolete
He doesn't look too good, his body smells like wine
Lives life with a poisoned mind

He just waits for the perfect time
To let his demon break out

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the fall
All the wicked things I've seen, I must have done them all
An endless cast of victims, I have sacrificed
In the name of my sweet lord who offers paradise

Before I hang...
I'll see the end of you all
Before I hang
I'll see the western world
I'll see the western world fall

Brainwashed, hypnotized
Since he was just a boy
M-16's, hand grenades are his only toy
He doesn't think too clear, he's sure to cross the line
Got his orders etched into his mind
Sits and waits for the perfect time
He'd rather die than give up

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