

## 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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