

Cheyne Stoking

Mistress

A fucking retard
A spastic embarrassment
But he'd never have laid a finger on you
But you did what you did, and I'll do what I have to do

God may forgive them
But first they'll face the beast

It's raining here as night crows the hills
I'm not even sure what I am anymore
But you - you're animals and I'll put you down like stray dogs
Put the kettle on, pack a suitcase
Ha! It's time for a trip

God may forgive them
But first they'll face the beast

This is almost a memory
We all died with the innocent
A long time ago
We're all dead men walking
And every breath is cheyne stoking

God may forgive them
But first they'll face the beast