

Step on up to the counter boy  
Buy yourself a thrill  
Shake it out with the deepest breath  
As you kneel over your first kill  
God is your protector, he keep you safe and warm  
The funeral director got the contract when you were born

Come on, my way, we have the warmest fire  
Come on, my way, I'll take you there  
Come on, my way we got the flying higher  
When on my way, I'll take your prayer

We got our religion, we got both the ball and chain  
We got retribution, we got everything to cleanse the shame  
No set you free, in vain

Listen close going to say it one  
You need to get you right  
Use the gifts you were given boy  
Keep the end in sight  
Walk it narrow, walk it clean  
Then to the sky and fly  
I'm the breath that will fill your lungs  
Until the day you die

START LIVING/START DYING/START PRAYING/START FLYING  
Pinning the face to the floor, slamming and locking the door  
START LIVING/START DYING/START PRAYING/START FLYING  
Holding the face to the ground  
Turning the world upside down, start dying