

Symphony For The Devil

PIG

Bodyhammer Bodyhammer
Brain burn smoulder
Soft head hard shoulder
I've eaten dirt from the shakin' shiver boys
I hid the hurts and my yellow liver voice
The night stick beats the prayer and the poise
My skin flicks at the sound of my voice
Another pound "put it on the yoke"
While a miscarriage of justice is lost on the ropes
Bodyhammer I'm lost on the ropes
Bodyhammer I'm lost on the ropes
Bodyhammer I'm lost on the ropes
This is the eve of agony and ecstasy
This is the seed of terror times and tyranny my odyssey
I can do anything
This is the down of lunacy our legacy
This is the root of vacancy and bigotry
Bodyhammer
Bodyhammer
Bodyhammer
Bodyhammer
I can do anything
I can see everything
I can do anything
I can see everything
Bodyhammer
Bodyhammer
Bodyhammer
Bodyhammer
Give me the skin
Give me the trouble
Give me the skull
Give me the bottle
I can do anything
I can see everything
I can feel anything
See there before the strutting state again revealed
The oldest hate justifies and sanctifies its single aim to kill and maim
This is the eve of agony and ecstasy
This is the seed of terror times and tyranny my odyssey
This is the down of lunacy our legacy
This is the root of vacancy and bigotry
Bodyhammer
Bodyhammer
Bodyhammer
I can't think I can't feel
I can't see what the fuck is real
There's something burning in my skull
There's something burning on my skin
There's something burning in my skull
There's something burning on my skin
This is the prime of punishment
This is the time of pestilence
This is the ink inside my head
The crumb of crime from which I'm fed
There's something burning in my skull
There's something burning on my skin

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