

Conviction

Primal Fear

Put your tie on and tug up
Hide yourself behind
Your three piece suit
To fool the world
And gamble on and on

Raise your stake go for round lot
Take our worldly goods
And waste our money
That we gave to you in trust
In trust

Corrupt curator
You cheat the gallows and decamp

Conviction
We're goin' to get ya
Conviction
We're gonna burn your hiding place

Style your hair and grease your hands
Constrict your big, fat belly
With a belt and play
The games you play the best
At last

Always been a bucketeer
Made good gain by accident
And climbed the ladder
With our money and estate
Sorry fate

Corrupt curator
You cheat teh gallows and decamp

Conviction
We're goin' to get ya
Conviction
We're gonna burn your hiding place