

Shooting Gallery

Saint Vitus

Last night I went to Hell
The tenement, it smelled
Of the stench of death
The shooting gallerie's breath
I saw women and men
Kill themselves again and again
They make their own disease
And the end they will not see

Yesterday I had a girl
To me, she meant all the world
Until the needle filled her arm
Now she fills me with alarm
Tombstone graves fill her eyes
She looks at me with mad despise
I pity her destiny
Now she's only hating me

They say that they don't care at all
The world is fucking sad
On that point I agree with them
But nothing is that bad

Poison disease, eating through their minds
They will never see the end of the line
I will never understand why they do it to themselves
Why they choose a life that so resembles Hell

Now I stand in pouring rain
At a friend's funeral again
Tears fill my eyes
He lived a tortured life
And as I walk away
I see another stray
Stumbling down the street
It seems so sad to me