

## 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