

Race For The Gallows

Vulture Industries

Dark alleys, gas light haze
Smog riddled sinners in a gloomy maze
This is the decade of us sordid sons
We keep the devil from the streets, have justice done
Filth riddled dreadful air
In every nook and crevice lures the devil's snare
A proper captain needs his sordid sons
To keep the devil from the streets, have justice done

No splendor, no praise
The chosen hides his face
What inglorious display
When the sordid son breaks your sordid ways

The foul mob claim sin for sin
Every rotten urge seems to exist within
This is the decade of us sordid sons
We keep the devil from the streets, have justice done
A sick tree bears poison fruit
The sordid son kills the sickened root
We rid the shadow of each wicked witch
We chase the devil from the devilish twitch

Crook and sinners, debauched lot
Dispatched from being by the righteous knots we tie

Decree by decree a burden upon us
Shunned, twisted debris
They all drift towards us like moths drawn to flame
A fatal attraction towards death and shame
A race for the gallows by a pitiful pack
To join their brothers atop the sordid son's rack

Bystard by bastard perish to show
Their gullible brothers who watch from bellow
That sin has its price and the price has its toll
Paid by hangman and judges with a piece of their souls

So...
This is the decade of us sordid sons
We keep the devil from the streets have justice done
You must know this is the decade of us sordid sons
We keep the devil from the streets have justice done

You've got a sickened tree bearing poisoned fruits
So stomp it dead beneath your sordid boot
There is no rest for shaking hands
Eternal servants to the crowd's demands
You know an ordered prospeous happy kind
Need their bastard sons and their sordid minds
See the devil hides behind many a guise
And you can't be certain until the subject dies

All shun the bastard son of law
Disposable justice whore

Bastard son

All shun the bastard son
No one, the bastard son
Filthy
Unclean
Bastard son of law