

Flies Have Their House

Death in June

There's a pox upon Blackheath
and it isn't far beneath
Where 3 piggies choose to lie
Fly-blown piggies choose to cry.

Every grabbin' mother needs
To see how those piggies feed
Their heads buried in the trough
40% was never enough.

Piggie Piggie pay me
Schweinhund Piggie pay me
Fly-blown Piggie pay me
Or you will have no sty.

Build their houses, pay taxes too
Petit bourgeois through and through
I do want to and I will if I have to
Ruin more than two calls could ever do.

Not sure whether to laugh or cry?
I'll make your mind up: weep!
Not sure whether to live or die?
I'll prepare your slaughter, sheep!

Piggie Piggie pay me
Schweinhund Piggie pay me
Fly-blown Piggie pay me
Or you will have no sty.

Every grabbin' mother needs
To see how 3 piggies feed
Their heads buried in the trough
50% was never enough

There's a pox upon Blackheath
and it isn't far beneath
Where 3 piggies choose to lie
fly-blown piggies choose to die.

I'll pick up my burden
Ritually protect my heart
I'll pick up my burden
Let the hating start

Life's too short to live defiled
Life is precious so I'll live life proud
I'm blessed and guided thru eternity
I'll confront my burden and set me free