

The Saints

Halloween

Gimme gimme sell your souls
I skin and strip you bold(ly)
My revenue ain't yours
All means my way, I'm mighty

I clutch what's mine, yours sevenfold
I leave you in the cold
Got all my schemes in place
You stifle in my maze

All you shysters
Seek shelter on the last day
While you laugh loud, disclaiming
As your dire end will come/dawn on you

Ah you..!
Possessed, in your mask, and a dirty heart
Unrest in ye must've been the devil in all of us

The saints are marching again
And harvest souls
Taking every single one

The saints march again
And harmony
Is here, ye can go testify

Don't you dream you're ever safe
I ll get you in your grave
Go molest your heirs with my
sleight of hand attorneys - I

Profit at your dear expense
Cash in, perform my prance
Relinquish and lose what you
toiled for, anyway