

Signed the crooked line with the son of a pig
And now you're wondering why there's a target on your head
Dumb dog
Bark a little louder so we can see
The bitch you become when you're put on a leash

Skeleton crew on the graveyard shift
Turning out sites, burying secrets
Pack of sick strays, hoarder of bones
Fashioned some friends so you're never alone
Never too soon, the thread is assumed
The opaque get displayed by bullet wounds
What God can infer all your genius from art?
What God?
What God ever gave a fuck?

Slaughtered angels in a circle of salt
Slaughtered angels in a circle of salt
Rat traps in a rabbit hole
Rat traps in a rabbit hole
Prostrate in the shadow of machine grime
The second, third, fourth unbecoming of Christ
Everyone dies living a lie
So feed your belief and leave it behind

Dead of the night
Red glowing eyes
Knife in my teeth
Oh, but it's a gunfight

So keep your wits around your neck
And don't lose your fucking head
Stay close to your silver bullet, sweetheart
And show these bloodsuckers some sunshine