

Final Show

Artillery

Why will you deny the fact, that you have never won
When you play the final act, your fate has just begun

You're suffering from amnesia, forgotten what you did
But on the floor the corpses lie, a crime you did commit

1st degree murder, straight to the chair you'll go
1st degree murder, it'll be your final show

You must receive your punishment, as written by the law
Accepting what the jury said, you have to die you know

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Tonight's the night you'll wait no more, your final hour's near
Behind the bars where you reside, reach out and touch the fear
You never notice time could run, as fast as it does now
There's no excuse, no miracles, no where, no what, no how

The chair awaits you silently, have you got any final words?
A cigarette, a meal maybe? A ticket off this world
A minister will ask you to confess to all your sins
You ask him if he's got a lifetime, the devil in you wins

You went out to do your deed, the darkness in your mind
The voices deep within your head, commands you to do crime

Controlled by an unnamed source, from deep within yourself
You're just a schizophrenic, so may you rot in hell

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The pardon that you hoped for, got stuck somewhere in time
So now you've gotta take what's coming, get punished for your crime
So down the hallway you will go, to ride the chair of light
This is your lead role, you're the one, lights, camera, action