

It Won't Be Long

Boys Night Out

He kept his craft confined to the night
Subdued by sleep, we hate to wake up.
He cataloged and counted his kills, divided the dead,
And suddenly stopped.

Prompted by the heat of July,
The sweat on his skin beaded and fell.
He never prayed a day in his life...
Cause man what's the point when you've been promised to hell.

There's something to be said for the crowd,
Which gathered and grew and erupted into song.
He smiled, as he toyed with the noose, and took up their words.
Oh, it won't be long.

Oh, it won't be long [x4]

The tune collapsed, and the mob ceased their song...
Confused and in awe of the monster trained to sing.
The hangman tightened up and leaned in,
And offered the man a chance to speak before he'd swing.
He cried out:
"Man and monsters both make mistakes.
But for every man who cries and begs for time enough to breathe
. .
You'll find a million monsters like me.
Who'll lick your world and laugh when we leave."
Then the trap door released.

Oh, it won't be long.