

Death Song

Choking Victim

Every day it comes my way in different shapes and forms
greed, hate and jealousy the faces it adorns
and though I walk the valley in the shadow of my deeds
consideration's always there
the ends to meet the needs

I give you money
you give me death
you think it's funny
I gasp for breath

Tompkins square is everywhere
it's written on the walls
they'll suffocate your real estate
and grab you by your balls
my life is such a living hell
a squatted rotted empty shell
no mistakes to learn

I give you money
you give me death
you think it's funny
I gasp for breath

Watch a cop for us today
an opiate a new decay
your breathing stops this dying day
the big time it killed crusty Dave
we're all alone we miss his heat
and now I feel so incomplete
the death he tasted was so sweet
from womb to tomb the rotting meat

I give you money
you give me death
you think it's funny
I gasp for breath, breath

I give you money
you give me death
you think it's funny
I gasp for breath

I give you money
you give me death
you think it's funny
I gasp for breath