

45 Minutes

Dark Lotus

45 minutes
He hung there alive
For 45 minutes
And then he died

The preacher gave his sermon
Told folks to kill that vermin
Trap door dropped open, the rope snapped tight
But still he up there squirming
Alive, hangin' in the heat
Hear him gaspin', kick his feet
Mortified people screamin' in fright
But the little kids think it's sweet

Hey yo, the executioner, send em to Lucifer
Appear with the cross, call me the crucifer
Trip the damn door, body parts kickin'
And dangles, the strand around the neck as he, he strangles
The crowd grows, anticipation soars
Thirsty for death and they wanna see more
Cheers to their throne, time lingers on
Sadistically watchin', kickin' dirt till he's gone

Sweet Lord Jesus, please take his life
(15 minutes)
This endless torture
(He's swingin' and swingin')
Dark clouds above us (Blue is the sky)
(30 minutes)
I know you see us
(He's swingin' and swingin')
When will this end? (This horror show)
(45 minutes)
His feet are kickin', he's swingin'

Sun beats on his hood
The knot is tightened good
His arms are tied up behind his back
Shit, kill him, someone should
His neck is stretchin' longer
The rope is that much stronger
His body sways in a gentle breeze
The sight is somethin' somber

His feet dangle and his throat gets tangled
With a rope that strangles every bit of breath that's left
Outta his body until nothing's left
And I gotta be honest, I feel it in my chest
I'mma witness with a sickness
Who love's to watch em hang from a distance
Victim swingin' until they're all witless
45 minutes, at least someone end this

What kept him alive?
(15 minutes)
For all those growing minutes
(He's swingin' and swingin')

The people did nothin' but stare
(Blue is the sky) (30 minutes)
Fixated on his torture
(He's swingin' and swingin')
(When will this end?)
They had all the time in the world
(45 minutes)
To wait for him to die
(He's swingin')

Turnin' green like fix me
Lookin' hella trippy
15, less than a full whole 60 minutes of life
With silence of sight
Will 2 wrongs combine together in an effort to make things right?
Why are there signs of crime soaked in violence
Everyone stands still like a bunch of stone giants
Lookin' down on him as he swings and sway
He will not die until the motherfuckers all go away

He swings, jerks, a vulture nearby lurks
As he spins up on that rope, we wonder if it hurts
Hear him gasp for breath, his soul is fighting death
If he gives up and let's go, show's over, nothing's left

[Hook]