

People are gathered outside
Waiting for someone to pray
A man opens the door
He's got something to say

He's wearing a doctor's coat but in his hand is the ring of a lawmake
r
He's wearing a doctor's coat but in his hand is the ring of a lawmake
r

He's got the cures we need
People rejoice and laugh
They say how hard it's been
And how easy it'll be

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One by one, they stop seeing the colors they used to see
And the light turns bleak wide red and their limbs go round instead
And now the crowd is naked on the ground
And now the crowd is naked on the ground

In front of the pile

The man drinks his solution
Levels it up against the sun
A sick kind of ablution
The red glow in his face
Making him look
Like the son of god

His teeth are glistening
His hair is wild
His feet are stomping on the ground

He's wearing a doctor's coat but in his hand is the ring of a lawmake
r
He's wearing a doctor's coat but in his hand is the ring of a lawmake
r

He drinks and lays down upon the heaps of those he treated
They're all unconscious now and so he may be

Sinners on the run have the wind on their back
'you're making no sense' said the man before it all turned black

Winners have their fun while their kin have their back
'you're making no sense' said the man before it all turned to black