

This is a gathering of freaks
And we rest on weary souls
Miracle shout to the lord
And the shepherd of the city gold

Well now this is war and I'm the king
Listening to everything
The whinnies and the junkies that don't move

The [?] of glory sings aloud
And he offers a helping hand
A meal and someplace warm and dry
And a ticket to the promised land

Now all of you who cheat and steal
This could be for your last meal
Be prepared for judgement in the morning

Now we feature our lawn
In the soul barn
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