

Executioner

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Baby, you have to pay in this way or another
In this life or the next
For as long as we've known each other
You've been playing this game with death

One day you will be tried
On the execution line
He'll strap you in and you will fry
Like fireworks on the 4th of July

Baby, you have to pay in this way or another
Whether you can cry or not
Oh, how sad to face the judgement
Unprepared to meet your god

He will wear a rubber coat
Shoot lightning through the vital veins
They think that you emit the light
But you only take it in

The man in uniform will come
And he will stick it in the arm
You'll scream out for your father
And in darkness I pray you
Never find him again
(Everybody fries in Texas)