

# 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)