

The Altar/Mary

Silverstein

(I'm feeling ready)

Born into a cage that leads
Directly to the slaughter
Ritual sacrifice at the altar of
The altar of the fucking dollar
The machine needs blood
The show must go on
Can't have the upper class
If there's no one underneath them
Sawing through the top rungs before selling you
A chance to climb the corporate ladder

At the base of the ivory tower
The bodies pile up
Lured you with a future but it won't exist
Shamed you for a failure that they won't admit
Somebody has to die as a warning to the rest
Shut up and get in line, take what you can get

Oh Lord
I wish that I could quit
But the idol in the middle
Tends to rule with a fist
I'm not blind
But my hands are tied
I'll tint my lenses rose
I'm handing people hope
They'd rather make ends meet
Than meet their maker with a rope, right?
I'm not Satan, just a friend
So I might pay my penance
When I get my dividend

Somebody has to die
Die

I say I'm okay but I've got a ways to go
Both ends of the candle burn the rope
So talk to me, talk to me, I've got it bad
Forgot what I needed, lost what I had

Mary
I feel the devil in this room tonight
I'm fading
I'm a sinner and I can't stop now
Unless I hold my breath
Long enough to see god
Somebody wake me up
Cause I'd rather be anywhere else
And if I don't come back
You could be my epitaph
I could live in painted glass

Just like you (Just like you)