

Head of the Snake

The Murder of My Sweet

I'm staring right at you
The cumbersome sickness
Be gone, you're not worth my valuable time
You call yourself a man
But your tongue speaks much less
You kiss a crucifix while gun in hand

You rather live in coma instead building roads
The sack of gold you hold tight is emptier than your soul

Heaven can wait
Take my heart and wings away
The sky is falling, think this over
Before it ends in front of our eyes
Is it too late
We're all here to fix this mess
A roll of dice to turn things over
Still requires you to suck the venom out
Just cut of the head of the snake

Embrace a humble thought
Instead of all this might
You think you can now bend the human mind
The cattle you control, down in your echo chamber
Will learn when time has passed

You rather live in coma instead building roads
The sack of gold you hold tight is emptier than your soul

Heaven can wait
Take my heart and wings away
The sky is falling, think this over
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Watching the news
Watching you talk, makes me sick
How can you live in this terror
Turn off the TV
Turn up your mind
Think for yourself
Who do you want to be?

Heaven can wait
Take my heart and wings away
The sky is falling, think this over
Before it ends in front of our eyes
Is it too late
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Are you ready now to make that sacrifice?
Or cut the head of the snake?