

The sick - 1/2

Interprété par Fig.

Don't think I can't see through you
Don't think you would ever fool me
I'll get what's coming to me

From the womb unto the tomb
The stagnant air that fills the room
Into the shrine where you have knelt
You felt the buckle now feel the belt

Your deepest cut will leave no mark
This sceptic skin will never scar
Come breathe some light into this dark

Be penitent and penetrate
Between the liquor and all these lies
See past the bruises of this hate
Come face to face and meet your fate

The weak will walk the sick will see
Caress my cursed soul for me
These begging hands will prey with glee
Upon your blackened fists and knees

This sleuth hound is the Lord lies
This boiling pot will draw the flies
Write one more check before you die

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These begging hands will prey with glee
Upon your blackened fists and knees

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These begging hands will prey with glee
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Don't think I can't see through ya
Do ya think I'd ever fool ya
You'll get what's coming to ya
You'll get what's coming to ya
You'll get what's coming to ya

The sick - 2/2

The weak will walk the sick will see
Caress my cursed soul for me
These begging hands will prey with glee
Upon your blackened fists and knees