

98 Mute "Hangman"

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Delicate words from a small town preacher
"Evil came visited us yesterday"
A fit of madness no rhyme or reason
The innocent are always the one who pay
Who's left to deal with the consequences?
Who's going to pick up the broken pieces?
All homes aren't guarded by white picket fences
How could you kill a child?
Another psycho sixteen gunshots
Ringing out on a kindergarten playground
A flood of tears from desperate mothers
Think of your own now you've really made her proud
Mommy's angel father's pride and joy
Will they mourn on the day of you hanging?
No they won't cry cheeks will stay dry
When the lever's pulled and you're left dangling
You'll get what you deserve

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