

## Consider The Thief

### "Red Rum"

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Smell the stench  
It's something that won't wash off  
Look at me, touch me  
I need you to feel the guilt

And did it bring you wealth  
For all the money I got  
Doesn't relate to any extend  
The sacrifice, my lost

Now you spent it on some delirious drugs  
Which brings you lower again  
You're useless, a pesticide  
A sickness that won't heal  
If I still had the choice  
On deciding upon your life  
A thousand needles in a one way out

Look at me, touch me  
I need you to feel the guilt  
Smell the stench  
It's something that won't wash off

For me the victim an open casket funeral  
For the accused, he's innocent  
Not to blame

Raised upon this wicked world  
His mother was a whore  
Earning crack, cracked she was  
Killed when he was four

Father dear, dear he was  
An angel brought up in hell

Sister cried: Daddy hurts  
Hurt indeed she was

Now I call the witness, me  
To the stand  
And try to tell the truth

For the truth is now revealed  
The jury loudly chants  
The crowd they enter to

For all they want  
Is blood on their hands  
Blood in, blood out

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