

Corporation 187

"Teaching The Sick, Feeding The Dead"

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I run the fast way home through the dark and dusty
fields
I feel your breath licking my neck
My skin turns inside out
I feel alive, I am for real
You hunt me down, you couldn't be more right
Ah, in my nightmares I'm yours
I believe it
If you want me I'm yours
In my nightmares I'm yours
I believe it

I need the chains to hold me down and hold me tight
I need it bad and I know you need it to
I like it cold, it's so free
So show me hell, what pain is all about

I am teaching the sick
I'll be feeding the dead

Fade out, in the end
A farewell a year too late
I'm running from my inner self
Cause I can't stand all the things
I can't stand all the lies

Crawling to my backyard
The hole to be my home
My grave to be a thousand nights
The hole to be my home

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