

## **Fury In The Slaughterhouse "Jericho"**

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Its ok for today  
Lets meet again tomorrow  
But for now  
I guess Ive had enough  
Call me up and then  
Well talk about the sorrow  
From the pistols  
The things are half as tough

The wall you built around you  
Is impossible to climp  
And every time Ive tried it  
I fell on my face  
Ive tried to look into you  
Believe me that its true  
Just like a slick  
You slipped out my emprise

I'm gonna buy myself a trumpet  
And then I'm learning how to blow  
When Ive got it  
Ill blast down your walls of Jericho  
I'm gonna buy myself a trumpet  
And then I'm learning how to blow  
When Ive got it  
Ill blast down your walls of Jericho

Last year in September  
I remember when we met  
Things were easy  
Back up we were too  
Believe me when I tell you  
I can smell you making problems  
Lock your heart  
And I can hear the tune, babe

I'm gonna buy myself a trumpet  
And then I'm learning how to blow  
When Ive got it  
Ill blast down your walls of Jericho  
I'm gonna buy myself a trumpet  
And then I'm learning how to blow

When Ive got it  
Ill blast down your walls of Jericho

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