

Cheap Sex "Manslaughter"

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Black clouds rising overhead
The hands of death, our souls are bled
There is no escaping his deadly grip
While life slips by on a sinking ship

Looking death right in the eye
It's slaughter, manslaughter
No one's left to hear you cry
It's slaughter, manslaughter

Looking death right in the eye
It's slaughter, manslaughter
No one's left to hear you cry
It's slaughter, manslaughter

A rotten stench will fill the air
And leaving in it's path despair
And now you're slowly turning in your grave
And no one is left to be saved

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