

Small Arms Dealer "Venkman, Burn In Hell"

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I remember the headaches the swelling and the
staircase

The nights when sleep would never come
My outrage is abundant, fascious, redundant
I long for a punchline that never comes

So I'll sit and wait
In this very spot
'Till my dying day
Give or take
I've got faith
But I wont believe
No matter what you say
Think again, amen!

Have you noticed the earthquakes, the bloodshed and
the heartache
A mother's prayer to spare her only son
Who answers? it's not him, it's no one, it's nothing
The hand of fate that never was

So I'll sit and wait
And when the time has come
To step in my grave
I wont hesitate
I've got faith
But I can't believe
A fucking word you say
Not again, amen!

Sometimes I just get terrified
To scared to open up my eyes
I had to watch my father die
Yet you'll pay a man to prophesize
Well it should come as no surprise
When I kick in the door and come inside
Pull up a chair and speak my mind
You've said your piece
Now listen to mine

I'll sit and wait
Until you've got the guts

To come and conversate
Face to face
I've got faith but get that book
Out of my fucking face
I wont ask again
Amen

Remember the headaches

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