

Death In June

"Flies Have Their House"

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There's a pox upon Blackheath
and it isn't far beneath
Where three piggies choose to lie
Fly-blown piggies choose to cry

Every grabbin' mother needs
To see how those piggies feed
Their heads buried in the trough
Forty per cent was never enough

Piggie Piggie pay me
Schweinhund Piggie pay me
Fly-blown Piggie pay me
Or you will have no sty

Build their houses, pay taxes too
Petit bourgeois through and through
I do want to and I will if I have to
Ruin more than two calls could ever do

Not sure whether to laugh or cry?
I'll make your mind up: weep!
Not sure whether to live or die?
I'll prepare your slaughter, sheep!

Piggie Piggie pay me
Schweinhund Piggie pay me
Fly-blown Piggie pay me
Or you will have no sty

Every grabbin' mother needs
To see how three piggies feed
Their heads buried in the trough
Fifty per cent was never enough

There's a pox upon Blackheath
and it isn't far beneath
Where three piggies choose to lie
Fly-blown piggies choose to die

I'll pick up my burden

Ritually protect my heart
I'll pick up my burden
Let the hating start

Life's too short to live defiled
Life is precious so I'll live life proud
I'm blessed and guided thru eternity
I'll confront my burden and set me free

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