

Pieta Brown

"Red Raw And Sore"

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Once more to the fire
Burn your fingers on your desire
Once more to the sun
Where your poison soul will twist within
Despair turns to despise
Your reality is feed by lies
You got your money
You got your cash
Feed your honey upon your trash
You got your fist
Your fist in the fire
You got your fist
Your fist in the fire
Your something sad
Something special
Your something sad
Something special
Your treated mean
Your stayin' keen
The moneys in
Your made of tin
Each carrot finds it's feding hole
Work for your body
But your bodys sold
You got your fist
Your fist in the fire
You got your fist
Your fist in the fire
Your something sad
Something special
Your something sad
Something special

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