

## Revolting Cocks "Sergio"

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Wet hands admitted and  
Through dead nails all splitting sand

Underneath it's strychnine  
Winds that change are never seen  
Beasts that back to the wall and cry  
Best of the hopeless never die

For God's sake forget to speak  
Miles of what you've got to eat

Terminal, the playgroup says  
Off to the side with an average  
Blaming the dolls like heretics  
Apostles or inebriates

Hold on tight, we're going to wake  
Laugh to death for pity's sake

Framed for crimes that are never sold  
Lies and secrets never been told  
Look just like the two of us  
Standing at the terminus

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