

Saint Vitus "Shooting Gallery"

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Last night I went to Hell

Of the stench of death
The tenement, it smelled
The shooting gallerie's breath

I saw women and men
Kill themselves again and again

They make their own disease
And the end they will not see
Yesterday I had a girl

To me, she meant all the world

Until the needle filled her arm

Now she fills me with alarm

Tombstone graves fill her eyes
She looks at me with mad despise
I pity her destiny

Now she's only hating me
They say that they don't care at all

The world is fucking sad
On that point I agree with them

But nothing is that bad

Poison disease, eating through their minds
They will never see the end of the line

I will never understand why they do it to themselves

Why they choose a life that so resembles Hell
Now I stand in pouring rain
At a friend's funeral again
Tears fill my eyes
He lived a tortured life
And as I walk away

I see another stray
It seems so sad to me
Stumbling down the street
[Repeat chorus]

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