

Sator

"Pay To Play"

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It may have been that restless fullmoon
In the early months of May
When at night that air gets hot
Nocturnal voices call on you to play

Lazarus drove a golden Cadillac
Scorned black by rust and dust
He once said he was a religious man
But that I'm sure was lust

Listen to the still of night
It calls out your weakness
So choose wise, your prophets
'Cause if you play you pay

If you play you pay
If you play you pay
If you play you pay
If you play you pay

It may have been, that tortured black June
When evil came to say
When I'm right, you'll feel my heat
Destiny will pave your way

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He once said he was a religious man
But that I'm sure was lust

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