

The Gone Jackals

"Soup Du Jour"

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Soup Du Jour - righteous conviction
men on a mission
deadly tradition
hospice condition
Heat's risin' daily, we're runnin' out of jive.
Lookin' at the future, our eyes are open wide
our eyes are open wide.

The hunter and the hunted are finally back to back,
Seems kind of simple to call them "short on facts".
It's all familiar track.

The recipe is easy - a pound of flesh, some roe.
Set on the back burner in a stock of hearts au stone
and serve up nice and cold.

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