

House Of Blow

"Afghani Black"

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I've watched them
Breath baited
Paid homage to jailers abroad
You've bound me by tantrum
The passive dismiss for the infidel scourge
Oh, and I'll do it so well
When it's the children on fire that sells
Narcotic catharsis
A plot to conspire
A plague to endure

And my conscience still screams bloody murder to me
I hope it never, I hope it never tells me what I want to
hear
And when your head hits the floor
Your body knows it's for sure
Changing up the state of dramatic

I took you in and washed your hands
Bowed and flinched at your demands
We walked through sand but
Only my prints were at hand
Plus
I guess your fight was in a China Shoppe
The gut runs red while the chatter don't stop
You know being a cop
Leaves a heart of charity
Belly up in slop

And my conscience still screams bloody murder to me
I hope it never, I hope it never tells me what I want to
hear
And when your head hits the floor
Your body knows it's for sure
Changing up the state of dramatic

The loveless
So fickle
A boredom to ripe to ignore
Relentless lip service
Remedial fascist

A fate to endure
Oh, I mistook you for kin
Condemned for your passion within
Narcotic catharsis
A plot to conspire
A face to abhor

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