

Hangman

98 Mute

Delicate words from a small town preacher "Evil came visited us
yesterday" A fit of madness no rhyme or reason The innocent ar
e always the one who pay Who's left to deal with the consequenc
es? Who's going to pick up the broken pieces? All homes aren't
guarded by white picket fences How could you kill a child? Anot
her psycho sixteen gunshots Ringing out on a kindergarten playg
round A flood of tears from desperate mothers Think of your own
now you've really made her proud Mommy's angel father's pride
and joy Will they mourn on the day of you hanging? No they won't
cry cheeks will stay dry When the lever's pulled and you're l
eft dangling You'll get what you deserve