

Step on up to the counter boy
Buy yourself a thrill
Shake it out with the deepest breath
As you kneel over your first kill
God is your protector, he keep you safe and warm
The funeral director got the contract when you were born

Come on, my way, we have the warmest fire
Come on, my way, I'll take you there
Come on, my way we got the flying higher
When on my way, I'll take your prayer

We got our religion, we got both the ball and chain
We got retribution, we got everything to cleanse the shame
No set you free, in vain

Listen close going to say it one
You need to get you right
Use the gifts you were given boy
Keep the end in sight
Walk it narrow, walk it clean
Then to the sky and fly
I'm the breath that will fill your lungs
Until the day you die

START LIVING/START DYING/START PRAYING/START FLYING
Pinning the face to the floor, slamming and locking the door
START LIVING/START DYING/START PRAYING/START FLYING
Holding the face to the ground
Turning the world upside down, start dying