Split Tongues 03:16

Snakes on a plane, dirty games or little lambs caught in chains

Careful of vicious suspicious men animals are the same

Like wolves they stalk their prey and pretend to be tame

Only to find out that they are hunters who kill again

Protect the innocent the children the poor and lame

The women the mothers people from whom we came

Oh if you feel the same, know that I feel the same

Oh if you lose and gain sometimes you aren’t to blame

Cos split tongues know your number even know your name

They spit fire didn’t know that you could walk through flames

It’s like burning your flesh walking through acid rain

And nothing that you ever do is ever even done in vain

*Chorus*

*They spit and talk in riddles pagan worshipping tongues*

*They crit and look at symbols, yah you know the ones*

*And when you see them all they do is bow their heads and run*

*But we are strong stand tall till their time is done*

Let’s not even talk about, speak how they look and walk about

Liars pariahs act innocent until they caught about town

Doing the wrong thing and getting down

To the bottom of the gutters where they swim around

They lie to your face, see it at the speed of sound

I found that funny clowns mask their faces from the crowds

To make money dollar bills even rands or pounds

Looks like you have to fake, oh then you steal to take

You know the ones who want the bigger slice of the cake

They can’t build can’t give all they do is break

They can’t feel ain’t real always acting wait

Before they serve you with another piece of burnt cake

Music by: P. Weber ▪ Lyrics by: B. Amansure ▪ Produced by: Webba ▪ Bass by: T. Schiavano ▪ Recorded at: Souloud Studio (Bern) by Pan & Meisterbeatz ▪ Mixed by: Shuko at SHUKO music Production, Bad König