

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