

Frank Black, Six - Sixty - Six

In the midst of the war
He offered us peace
And he came like a lover
From out of the east
With the face of an angel and the heart of a beast
His intentions were six-sixty-six
He walked up to the temple
With gold in his hands
And he bought off the priests
And propositioned the land
And the world was his harlot
And laid in the sand
While the band played six-sixty-six
We served at his table
And slept on the floor

But he starved us and beat us
And nailed us to the door
Well, I'm ready to die
I can't take any more
And I'm sick of his lies and his tricks
He told us he loved us
But that was a lie
There was blood in his pockets
And death in his eyes
Well, my number is up
And I'm willing to die
If the band will play six
If the band will play six-sixty
If the band will play six-sixty-six