

# 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