

666 (Parody of "Pumped Up Kicks" by Foster The People)

Cain has got a quick hand

He'll look around the field, he won't tell you his plan

He brought the Lord offerings, a tiller of the ground, he's a dark heart kid.

Yeah, he killed his bro in the field

In his heart enraged, 'cause he offered wrong things

Blood's cryin from the ground

God is coming for you, yeah He's coming for you, but

All the other kids with the 666, you'd better run, better run, outrun God's Son.

All the other kids with the 666, you'd better run, better run, faster than your Maker

Your Daddy works a long day

He's bringin the hate, leaving his first estate

He's blinding all his kids' eyes

'Cause sinners always making or their loving lie

God waited for a long time

Yeah the mark on your hand, the devil's your grave digger

For the poor, you spread a net

Abel's blood still cries, our Avenger hears, yeah

All the other kids with the 666, you'd better run, better run, outrun God's Son.

All the other kids with the 666, you'd better run, better run, faster than your Maker (x2)