

# When God Comes Back

## All Them Witches

Cut me up, primitive  
I'll die like a slave  
Riding the wings  
Of that Jesus snake  
Ten thousand souls in your right hand  
Never lost ground to no cold blooded man  
Ten thousand souls in your right hand  
Juggernaut child in a fragile land  
Everything I see is just a part of it  
Every word I breathe is just a part of it  
I saw her drink from that cup of light  
That's how I know she still exists  
Cut me up, primitive  
I'll die like a slave  
Riding the wings  
Of that Jesus snake

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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