

# Number Thirteen

## Jet Black Combo

I can brave the cold alone  
I'm sleeping on the ground  
I hate your golden throne  
But want it for my own  
I see that I'm the one  
Who's breakin' us in two  
How could this be the end? You're my, you're my  
Number Thirteen  
You're my, you're my  
Loss of control  
You're my, you're my  
Everything  
You're my, you're my... Rake our nose across the stone  
We're never leaving home  
We're headed to the West  
Beyond the dying breath  
Our boots will scratch and scrape  
But we cannot escape  
We're running to our fate You're my, you're my  
Number Thirteen  
You're my, you're my  
Loss of control  
You're my, you're my  
Everything  
You're my, you're my... I know the fields are burnin'  
Blacks out the cruelest dawn  
I hear the God's a-screamin'  
The war goes on and on I can brave the cold alone  
I'm sleeping underground  
I've made your golden throne  
But want it for my own  
I see that I'm the one  
Who's breakin' us in two  
How could this be the end? You're my, you're my  
Number Thirteen  
You're my, you're my  
Loss of control  
You're my, you're my  
Everything

You're my, you're my...

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