

Buckets For Bullet Wounds

House of Heroes

Shut up if you want to get paid
What's your option?
Cold corruption or starvation
Buckets for bullet wounds
There are no doctors, only victims, only butchers Find a place to put your hope in
See how they open up the gates
For those who push them over
The cold composure
I'm not afraid to die tonight, I'm not afraid to Here's a joke you might not laugh at
All the poorest work the hardest for the smallest
Do what you got to do
There are no handshakes
Only handguns only earthquakes
Buckets for bullet wounds
There are no churches only prisons only senators The wolf that comes to many homes these days
Just had pups in my kitchen
I sold them, and here is the money

Songwriters

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