

Sixteen (Bruce Fitzhugh)

Demon Hunter

Sixteen, oh holy day
Your time has come and passed
The rapture we've been waiting for
Has come to us at last
Sixteen for every fake
Sixteen to every whore
Wipe that dirt from off your face
Sixteen is at your door Oh, voiceless, wasted
You soaked your heart in gasoline
Now light it up and burn The same cycle ever-turning you is calling
It's calling
The scene is begging for a grave tonight
It always, it always will You take the name of love divine
And drag it through your blood
Now turn to face what you have made
And mourn what you have done Oh, voiceless, wasted
You soaked your heart in gasoline
Now light it up and burn
Voiceless, wasted
I came this far to drag you down
And watch you take your turn The same cycle ever-turning you is calling
It's calling
The scene is begging for a grave tonight
It always, it always will Farewell to false pretension
Farewell to hollow words
Farewell to fake affection
Farewell, tomorrow burns Farewell to false pretension
Farewell to hollow words
Farewell to fake affection
Farewell, tomorrow burns The same cycle ever-turning you is calling
It's calling
The scene is begging for a grave tonight
It always, it always will The same cycle ever-turning you is calling
It's calling
The scene is begging for a grave tonight
It always, it always will

Songwriters

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