

The Company, The Comfort, The Grave

The Chariot

Walk backwards and say goodbye to what is right.
Understanding what makes this, what makes it,
what makes us right.
God save this gun slinging generation.
"Tell God I will return in the morning."
This Christ you preach I know, but who are you?
Your hands are tied to blind men, whose hands are tied to blind men.
Figure Eights.
"This pistol is my ministry"

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