Hell's Motel

MD.45

An old man cuts his face
But not because the razor's dull
It's from his hands shaking
From the lack of what he's taking
Not like an old man's memories
His wrongs are still and forever

Hoping mistakes will fade with the sun
But no surprise, they never do
Hoping mistakes will fade with the sun
They never do at Hell's Motel

Lord, please spread my wings
I want to fly away
I don't want to die on the vine
Lord, please smile on me
I don't want to live forever
But I don't want to die on the vine

Never talks about the past
How he could hold a scalpel
Mighty hippocratic oath
How he sold himself for naught
He lived when they lived
And he died when they died, too

Accepting the new sacred calf of the pagans
As we all die on the vine
Accepting the new sacred calf of the pagans
That's life in Hell's Motel

Oh Lord, please spread my wings
I want to fly away
But I don't want to die on the vine
Oh Lord, won't you smile on me
I don't want to live forever
I just don't want to die on the vine

And tonight he'll close his eyes
Hoping the sun will rise again

And all will be forgiven
And this was all just a dream
But the walls to the motel are thin
And next door someone's getting beaten

Tears for the unknown are seeds that are sown
And we're all on the run
Tears for the unknown are seeds that are sown
This ain't life at Hell's Motel

Hell's Motel

This ain't life
In Hell's Motel

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written by Mustaine, Dave / Ving, Lee
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