

# Sixteen (feat 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

CLARK, STEPHEN/DAVIS, ELLIOT Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>