

Horse Called War

Black Label Society

If the end be a comin' I soon be a bummin'
All you Jesus freaks I hope you're wrong
I've got so much left to live for All these religions without God's supervision
All you Jesus freaks you kill yourselves
All in the name of the Lord
There ain't but You're gonna meet your maker
Soon he be comin' to town
You hear the horse a comin' Mercy on your soul when you're found
Oh, been out ridin'
Ridin' a horse called war, oh yeah
No denyin'
You can't bury a horse called war, that's right son All of this hatin', just social masturbation
All you Jesus freaks we need you now
What the hell are you waiting for? Through all the pollution
Ain't seen no solution
For you Jesus freaks that ride the horse called war, yeah yeah You're gonna meet your maker
Soon he be comin' to town
You hear the horse a comin' Mercy on your soul when you're found
Oh been out ridin'
Ridin' a horse called war, oh
No denyin'
You can't bury a horse called war, can't bury, that's right Everyone's talkin' but nobody's walkin'
We keep feedin', it keeps eatin'
We'll be down, down, down on the killin' floor You're gonna meet your maker
Soon he be comin' to town
You hear the horse a comin' Mercy, Lord on your soul when you're found
Oh been out ridin'
Ridin' a horse called war
No, no denyin'
You can't bury a horse called war Oh been out ridin'
Ridin' a horse called war
No, no denyin'
You can't bury child, yeah I swear
He comin', he comin', yeah yeah

Songwriters

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