

Hellionaires

Trap Them

Preachers in the little deaths,
they got what they've asked.
They got an autumned hearse as it drove right by.
And I all got together
and I all dropped together
and I all tossed and turned
as I drowned out my peace. I had my own little deaths
with my own little kinds.
War is my mistress adore,
the one that I've always had.
War is the mainline mirage
that fills what I can't.
In the eyes of the has-beens,
in the trails of the animal cunts
and I know my own little deaths.
War is my mistress adore
that I'll always have.
War is the mainline
that feels what I can't. War is my mistress adore
that I'll always have.
War is the mainline
that feels what I can't. And when my bankrupt neck and my skull full of debt can't stand.
I'm making my way towards death's wooden door
and I'm bringing a fucking battering ram...
I'll bring a fucking battering ram
in the name of the kindred dirt.
In the name of our failures,
in the name of our failures well-earned.
All of us has-beens, all of us animal cunts...
all of us bleed in the name of all of us born
with hellionaire blood.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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