

# Holy Smokes

## Barn Burner

Don't. Go. Alone, it's cold.  
Save your strength for what it's worth, I'm told  
Break our backs, fill these sacks with gold  
Get out now, don't look back, it's hell

Beyond this broken glass and scattered ash  
lies the days to come and the dream we had  
Holy, holy smokes, we dug our graves and sold our souls  
but no, we cannot hold the way to the world on our own

These, roads, are paid with bones  
Be not afraid, you're not alone  
Make our peace, piece by piece, for now  
We'll be back, to take back, what's ours

Beyond this broken glass and scattered ash  
lies the days to come and the dream we had  
Holy, holy smokes, we dug our graves and sold our souls  
but no, we cannot hold the way to the world on our own

Don't look back, of these days of old  
We can't take back, what's said in stone, said in stone

Holy, holy smokes, we dug our graves and sold our souls  
but no, we cannot hold the way to the world on our own

Holy, holy smokes, holy, holy, holy smokes  
Holy, holy smokes, holy, holy, holy smokes

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Lyrics submitted by Ottomar.

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