Holy Smokes

Barn Burner

Don't. Go. Alone, it's cold.
Save your strenght 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

Lyrics submitted by Ottomar.

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