

When God Comes Back

All Them Witches

Cut me up, primitive
I'll die like a slave
Riding the wings
Of that Jesus snake
Ten thousand souls in your right hand
Never lost ground to no cold blooded man
Ten thousand souls in your right hand
Juggernaut child in a fragile land
Everything I see is just a part of it
Every word I breathe is just a part of it
I saw her drink from that cup of light
That's how I know she still exists
Cut me up, primitive
I'll die like a slave
Riding the wings
Of that Jesus snake

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

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