Black Label Society, Doomsday Jesus

kill your past and all you
thought you knew
blacked out hatred running
through and through
horseman roll tomorrow's
fading fast
make damn sure nothing's
going to last

chorus:
Doomsday Jesus
We need you now

souls that bleed have nowhere
left to run
blind the crucifix and
shoot the gun
generals speak we leave
a trail of dead
keep on killing 'til there's
nothing left