

Gallows, Leeches

Forget yourselves.
You're all going to burn in hell.
You have no redeeming features.
Cold Blooded.
Love Leeches.
If your hands could talk,
They'd choke themselves to death
Before they were caught
They have seen the horror.
I don't drink the wine
And I can't stomach the lies.
A million Hail Mary's won't save you now
We're burning all your churches down