

# Zakk Wylde, Horse Called War

If the end be a comin'  
I soon be a bummin'  
All you Jesus freaks I hope you're wrong  
I've got so much left to live for  
All these religions without God's supervision  
All you Jesus freaks you kill yourselves  
All in the name of the Lord

You're gonna meet your maker  
Soon he be comin' to town  
You tear the horse a comin'  
Mercy on your soul when you're found

Been out ridin'  
Ridin' a horse called war  
Ain't no denyin'  
You can't bury a horse called war

All of this hatin'  
Just social masturbation  
All you Jesus freaks we need you now  
What the hell are you waiting for  
Through all the pollution  
Ain't seen no solution  
For you Jesus freaks that ride the horse called war

You're gonna meet your maker  
Soon he be comin' to town  
You hear the horse a comin'  
Mercy on your soul when you're found

Been out ridin'  
Ridin' a horse called war  
Ain't no denyin'  
You can't bury a horse called war

Everyone's talkin'  
But nobody's walkin'  
We keep feedin'  
It keeps eatin'  
We'll be down, down, down on the killin' floor

You're gonna meet your maker  
Soon he be comin' to town  
You hear the horse a comin'  
Mercy on your soul when you're found

Been out ridin'  
Ridin' a horse called war  
Ain't no denyin'  
You can't bury a horse called war