

Ben Nichols, Tobin

I done some preachin' back in Texas before the war
Now I hunt heathens 'cause it pays better than the Lord
I ride with Demons, The Devil at my side
Be it us or the heathens, we must all pay a heavy price
I've seen

The hoof prints cloven in the stone

Now tell me what kind of devil

Trod there long ago

With a sack of sinners souls

There must be a place

Where this world and grace

Are made to meet

Judge Holden is the Devil and his Hell this Mexico

If Apache don't kill us, Judge Holden will for sure

Holden's more preacher than I ever was before

He preaches of reason, he preaches of war

I've seen

The hoof prints cloven in the stone

Now tell me what kind of devil

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He says this life's a game

Let's play for larger stakes

Well wait and see