

Black Label Society, 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