

Lucero, 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
Ive seen
The hoof prints
Cloven in the stone
Now tell me
What kind of devil
Trode 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 dont kill us, Judge Holden will for sure
Holdens more preacher than I ever was before
He preaches of reason, he preaches of war
Ive seen
The hoof prints
Cloven in the stone
Now tell me
What kind of devil
Trode there long ago
With a sack of sinners souls
There must be a place
Where this world and grace
Are made to meet
He says this lifes a game
Lets play for larger stakes
Well wait and see
Ive seen
The hoof prints
Cloven in the stone
Now tell me
What kind of devil
Trode there long ago
With a sack of sinners souls