

# Maylene & The Sons Of Disaster, Hell On The Rise

Dressed like angels, just off the medicine show  
With track marks, painting such a pretty blue  
Last one in line for the healing of woes  
I can see the faces looking pretty grim  
Ambience foretold and now this stone is caving from within  
Our simplicity, lost or whatever the cost, you better start running  
Ambience foretold and now this stone is caving from within  
Our simplicity, lost or whatever the cost, you better start running  
Whores with halos, wishing for wings  
Your children yearning for their disease  
Give us that potion to make everything right  
Feel the healing spiking my veins tonight  
Give us that potion to make everything right  
Feel the healing spiking my veins tonight  
You want the pack, we're blazing through  
Run for the hills, run for the hills, the south's gonna take you  
Whores with halos, wishing for wings  
Your children yearning for their disease  
Smoke liftin, my mark, on the street  
Hell's comin, watch the followers meet