

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