

Backlash

10 Years

Dear God, will no one get out of here alive
Well I'll still have them
This new Madison floating in the sky
Every clouds come crashing down

Harder every time
Think this remedy is loaded fantasies
Flooding out your mind

Fear God, from now you've gone
And I'm still saddled in
In your final hours
Running without a send

Come by your self righteous hands
Get ready to meet your maker
Now backlashing, back trash you liar
Backlashing, back dashing run coward

Bare the truth, when the storm comes through
Withheld in high tides
Tip the scales and drive the nails in
Deeper every time

Dear God, will no one get out of here alive
The ten had again, do to Madison
Heaven clouds collide

Come by your self righteous hands
Get ready to meet your maker
Now backlashing, back trash you liar
Backlashing, back dashing run coward

Come by your self righteous hands
Get ready to meet your maker
Now backlashing, back trash you liar
Backlashing, back dashing run coward
Come by your self righteous hands
Get ready to meet your maker now