

Got a painting of a story
Done some years ago
About a man who had it all
But had to go
He seen more than he could hold
Lost his mind again,
Wife the holy whore

And all guns on this bound for glory
bombs and babies know
When they glow

Resurrection of a harsh man
Painter in a home
Found their glasses on a cruse bricks of stone
If you see him let me know
All he wanted was to watch his children grow

And all guns on this bound for glory
Bombs and babies know
When they glow