

Leather For Hell

Bitter Ruin

Well my feet are burning and the clock don't seem to be turning
It seems to take an hour to put one foot in front of the other
And now is the world spinning when I get the feeling it's falling asleep

I've been trying to see the light but every smile, it hurts
I'm a raring bullet in a box of empty shells, go on!
Pull the trigger pull it, bite the pin then leather for hell run
At the mouth I'm foaming
At the bit I'm champing
Won't you raise the gates love? Give it a try

To waylay this aching my finger are shaking, my knuckles are breaking
I'm walking the blade of a dagger and picturing all of the pieces
I'd shatter to
If this is the show, well I'm hoping that falling's a