

Holidays In Hell

End of Green

From the crypt hear my calling
spent some holidays in hell
all fellows have fallen, wear the gallows every day
carry me and let me sleep near the cemetery hilly
between the angels and forgotten, this retribution won't stop m
e
prepare for my solitude
no one will be save
the fortune will conquer you, the light on dead end stairs
i can feel it is nice
i don't fear, i'm not surprised
i am hanging please don't tear down broken walls
cut my throat, cut me down, leave me hanging, hear the sound
don't let me crawl back on the ground
dead end stare