

Hell On The Rise

Maylene and the Sons of Disaster

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 runni
ng.
There's no shadows in sight, hell is on the horizon.
Faces looking pretty grim.
Our simplicity lost or whatever the cost you better start runni
ng.
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.
You want the back where blazing through run for the hills the s
outh's gonna take you.
Whores with halos wishing for wings.
Your children yearning for their disease.
Smoke lifting my mark on the street.
Hells coming watch the followers meet