

Dynamite Mine

Murder by Death

In dynamite mine your hour will come
In a shower of stone and steel beams
They'll push and they'll pull against the rock wall
Find you buried among the debris

When they search for you the dogs will sniff him out
From a torn piece of shirt
They'll bound down the path with lust aon their breath
Find you under a patch of fresh dirt

Son, cover your ears
Lord how the blast will ring
And when a rumbling shakes the walls
You can hear that devil sing

You cut off the past and buried him here
Deep in the belly of the mines
Blasted a wall to seal the tomb
And lived out those short days secure in your crime

Many years have passed but still we trudge on
So we will to the end of our days
Many have come and many have gone
But there's one who never strays from this place.

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