

Put Me Out Of My Missouri

Tear Out the Heart

The gears are turning.
Scraping our flesh from bone.
This city is burning.
It's filled with thieves and whores.

DEATH BE THY NAME.

Burn whats left and collect those wounded.
Let's finish what we started.

You could never do what you did facing me.
With one foot in my grave, you'll throw it all away.

Close your eyes and pray for salvation.
This is your last chance.
This is your last chance now.

The gears are turning.
Scraping our flesh from bone.
This city is burning.
It's filled with thieves and whores.

DEATH BE THY NAME.

You could never do what you did facing me.
With one foot in my grave, you'll throw it all away.
We all poison ourselves so let's cheers to our fate.
Well bring on hell if it leaves this city in flames.

BRING ON HELL.