

Wasteland

The Black Heart Procession

This is the wasteland of all shattered hearts
I hear the ghosts calling me back to the grave
I'm here to even the score
I've come to hell for you
I'm not leaving till the devil is dead
The devil is dead
These are the tracks we lay
to take us from the flames
These are the scars made by our chains
You're here to torture me
I've come to hell for you
I'm not leaving till I tear out your heart
I'm not leaving till the devil is dead
The devil is dead
This is the wasteland