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The Chariot

This is the last chance you got, Open Wide.
We both know we're both going to die,
But theres a difference with you and I.
You want peace but refuse the fight so shake hands with change
tonight.
Bathe in armor,
For death feeds.
O' death don't bother me tonight
Be grace, my God, and stand still.
Be grace my God, and send more minutes.
For churches have nuns.
Cowboys got guns and everyone's waiting to die.