

## Six Feet Under

### The Showdown

We are your shield, the line in the sand  
We take your bullets and we make your stand  
A scatter shot payment  
For each and every sin

Through storms of lead  
We've screamed and bled  
"Don't tread on me", she said  
We're all unclean from all I've seen  
And God wash this from my dreams

We're mice and men and might have been  
Our heavy hearts beating like thunder  
The bastard son's brought home again  
Our heart beats still we're six feet under

Nobody knows the trouble we've been  
Or if we'll ever get back again  
A scatter shot prayer  
God save us and Amen

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We're mice and men  
Six feet under  
The bastard son's brought home again  
Six feet under, oh