

## 10 Petits Indiens

### "Backlash"

Visit "[Backlash](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Dear God, will no one get out of here alive  
Well I'll still have them  
This new Madison floating in the sky  
Every clouds come crashing down

Harder every time  
Think this remedy is loaded fantasies  
Flooding out your mind

Fear God, from now you've gone  
And I'm still saddled in  
... in your final hours  
Running without a send

Come by your self righteous hands  
Get ready to meet your maker  
Now backlashing, back trash you liar  
Backlashing, back dashing run coward

Bare the truth, when the storm comes through  
Withheld in high tides  
Tip the scales and drive the nails in  
Deeper every time

Dear God, will no one get out of here alive  
The ten had again, do to Madison  
Heaven clouds collide

Come by your self righteous hands  
Get ready to meet your maker  
Now backlashing, back trash you liar  
Backlashing, back dashing run coward

Come by your self righteous hands  
Get ready to meet your maker  
Now backlashing, back trash you liar  
Backlashing, back dashing run coward  
Come by your self righteous hands  
Get ready to meet your maker now

