

Beaten Back To Pure "Double Barrel Blasphemy"

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Eyes toward the sun
I can hear them mocking me
When I'm on my feet they run
I live to hear their screams

Fields and fields of swollen deer
Harvest of wretchedness
Eyes bulged, grinning ear to ear
Bodies on bodies...

Culling down the herd
Well it's freedom for the land
I know you hang on my every word
Don't understand
My inhumanity towards other man

Hunting seasons greeting my friend
Come out fields of carnage baby
From my rooftop treestand
I wait for sand to drink their blood
But it doesn't come

Shake it off man

Hooves turn to feet
How do I know the tongues they speake
What does it mean, what have I done
What I have I done

No sand to drink their blood
It rolls down concrete
Life's a bitch baby, 18 lay dead on the street

From my rooftop treestand
Disillusioned I won't say all that
It was easier to choke down
When I believed
You were covered in fleas
I apologize for showing you that side of me
Nothing and noone can take it away
Force fed from a hot lead feedbag
Tattooed teardrops stain my cheeks... and losing teeth

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