

## **Beaten Back To Pure "Hell Goes Thru Hanging Dog"**

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Road winds through veins like legs  
Godspeed to find the dregs  
Full speed and hammer down  
Ain't no bodies ever found

Be careful what you wish  
You don't want none of this  
At the deep south end of town  
You're hanging dog bound

I see the tracks and the other side  
I know that's where I should have died  
On Big Yank's famous deathride  
Eyeslammed once again

Nothing shines where sunshine shuns  
Which came first, crazy or mountain?  
Distant cry of someone's young  
Hell is where you're home...

Hell is our home...

Blood flows from veins like wine  
God fearing and just in time  
They are waiting for you in Telheo Plains  
Join 'em, you'll never be seen again  
Trees keep blowing, never miss a beat  
They aren't missing you and you aren't missing me

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