

Beaten Back To Pure "One Shovel And A Place To Die"

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There's no more new found glory
Can't keep a civil tongue in my head
I will never be your Knight in shining armor
Everyday's a smaller death

Follow the path I will sear
Put your arms around your beliefs
Weaken family structure
In deep in your chest I know what you stand for is
wrong
Explosives are effective at incinerating your agenda

Ebony princess with a name I can't spell
I believe she's warming up to me
Can't quite make it out because of the duct tape
Her eyes know where I'm coming from

Let the world see your conviction
It's the only way to ignite change
Don't want to leave the world same
Unmetered hatred and a thirst for headlines

Raise up your glass to hero's fallen
Deathrow hall of fame
Foot soldiers unafraid of Hell

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