

Bullets And Octane

"All Hail Halo"

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Born again like a coma
Iâ€™m a head that spins in a congregation of sin
Know you canâ€™t but you wanna
Raise your hands for all this lost religion
You suffer endlessly while the preacher preaches
Digging his fingers in me
His message molesting me
All along so strong so wrong
But I kind of like it

Bow our heads, forgive me in this moment of silence
If I die before I wake this faith means nothing really at
all.

Such a Saturday night lover
And in the early morning
Thereâ€™s a Sundayâ€™s forgiveness
Repentance over and over to a safe secure place
Your heavenly disgrace now
Wink your eye to your altar boyâ€™s thighs
Is that your choice of toys
Hey father, hail Mary said 1, 2, 3

Bow our heads, forgive me in this moment of silence
If I die before I wake this faith means nothing really at
all.

Do we all stand in the right hand of your heavenly
father
While the left one creates me to poison everyone
Say it aint so, but it is
Do we stand up, sit down, kneel for the one true creator
While the preacher has his hand with a boy saying
youâ€™ve been saved
I donâ€™t know, but youâ€™d think so

All Hail Halo
This god, this throne
Itâ€™s all youâ€™ve known, thatâ€™s all you know

