

The Bronx

"Holy"

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Bits of my guns are covered in blood
This town turned it's back on the sun
Now they will see how swift judgement can be
Compared to a life on the run

Holy, the face of God appears to be
Holy, the face of God appeared to me

Another city glazed, carelessly placed
Withered and waiting for trial
And now we will see how swift judgement can be
When compared to a life of denial

Holy, the face of God appears to be
Holy Mother Mary, let them know that
Slowly, hold me in your arms, appease them
Solely, forgive what I've done
I'm your son, please don't send me to Hell

These visions you see
They're not what they seem
Even a god can be wrong
This Virgin of peace
Is down on her knees
Begging for Death to move on

Holy, the face of God appears to be
Holy Mother Mary, let them know that
Slowly, hold me in your arms, appease them
Solely, forgive what I've done
I'm your son, please don't send me to Hell

Please don't send me to Hell, oh no

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