

Hell Is For Heroes

"You, Me And A Whole Lotta Funk 45's"

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See My blooded hands, My Battered limbs
Carry the weight, Of four killing sins

Show me the way, Give me a sign
My problem fades, You'll never learn

Here in your womb
I see a world
Slipping away

Out here in the cold
Here I am grown
I start again

Tell me if you can, If you'll pebble me
Soaked in your stare, I thought I could see

My bitter trust, Choking on air
Walking on ice, Jump if you dare

Here in your womb
I see a world
Slipping away

Out here in the cold
Here I am grown
I start again

We'll start again

And wake up this death
We'll start again
Again again

My hands Are Tied
With Robust Steel
God knows I've tried
To let them heal
I've given all I can take from myself

Here in your womb
I see a world

Slipping away

Out here in the cold
Here I am grown
I start again

We'll start again
And wake up this death
We'll start again
Again

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