

Katzenjammer

"God's Great Dust Storm"

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Hold my head
Hold my faith
Hold my eyes to the sky.
When my scythe has, has me cut in
God's great, great dust storm.

Take my sins
Wash them clean
Pour a drink on my bones
And watch them, watch them burn in
God's great, great dust storm

I'll be your gimp
Whipped through the skin
In the hour that you come
There are greedy crows in
God's great, great dust storm

I walked the line
In my best black suit
Through fields in sweet quiet mourn
Please let the faithful come forth in
God's great, great dust
God's great, great dust
God's great, great dust storm

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