

Legitimate Business "Saint Of Killers"

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I'm coming at you from the fires of hell.
Don't look for retribution.
There won't be warning bells.

Either side, unaligned, fueled by memory.
A constant vague reminder
Of redemption and family.

My sixguns are getting rusty.
Feel so heavy in my hands.
The people are all hiding while I'm roaming through the
land.
Shadows all have eyes now, and corpses start to stir.
Their hungry mouths are waiting, while I only think of
her.

Riding on the winds of dusty desert plain.
The ground beneath, swells with Texas rain.
The fires of hell, behind these eyes so cold.
The blessed and the damned, there's darkness in me.

My tattered duster torn and frayed.
Come Armageddon. These are the final days.
Atomic fire scars the land.
My guns are ready. They're drawn by steady hands.

The sand begins to scatter as the frightened turn and
run.
The dead all fall like ashes in this war beneath the sun.
Hell has frozen over. God's wrath is just a joke.
The wings of angels are black as night through thick
clouds of gunsmoke.

If you're really so divine
Go on, take what's mine.
Take it all away.
If your love is true
Heal these bullet wounds.
Let me face another day.

The lord is stacked against me and the devil's in his
grave.

The band's hanging their instruments as the final few notes are played.
Blood falls down from heaven as the angels all start to moan.
The seraphim are screaming as God falls from his throne.

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