

Corb Lund

"Apocaplyptic Modified Blues"

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Gather round me all you sinners, all you gamblers and
card sharps

You drinkers and abusers, all you fighters at your
hearts

You might pay heed...

Cuz ain't nothin' ever walked the earth like this before

Have you made your peace with Odin and with Baal
and Aphrodite

Cuz there's a triple headed serpent here with one hell
of a bite

And he knows you...

He knows you and laughs and locks the door

The time has come to learn Arabic for to study on your
fate

In verse of old Mohammed and the prophets of the lake
Of fire and ice...

And sulphur, blood and demon acts of war

So take that little .410 bird gun and them crooked liars'
dice

They'll be of no use to you in some chanceless afterlife
But roll them bones...

You oughta roll 'em like you've never rolled before

(wahid, ithinin, thalatha, arba'a...)

Beast of field will be upon you, bird of air pluck out
your eye

The mercy of the nations will be deaf unto your cry
And on that day...

Ten horns upon the beast shall hate the whore

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