

Severed Heads "Pilot In Hell"

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Fifteen years have passed
The desert sands adhere to your hands and block your
airways
Trickle down your throat, encrusting on your heart
Every night the flight resumes, the foe replies, the fall
returns
Deep in the sands you hold your bible / Deep in the
heart of enemy land
Did you leave something behind? / Your televised
dismay was plain
Did you leave something behind? (they're here....)
Was it Romans three or two / that spoke to you of
crescent lands
Parked and blessed by tactical flashes / weighed upon
the heathen hand?
Did you leave something behind? (they're here....)
High in the sky the way is clear / The reasons fair and
the air is yours

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