

Squirtgun

"Blood And Bourbon"

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All the bricks caved in
Smashed the mouths of the weak
All the bricks caved in
To crush what we tend to seek
I've found my last temptation
Turns into my last frustration
I refuse to crawl with my back against the wall
I'm never gonna fall into the trap you left for me
All the bricks caved in
Everything's torn down
All the bricks caved in
Our buildings burned to the ground
I've found my last temptation
Gasoline, God, guns and ostentation
I refuse to crawl with my back against the wall
I'm never gonna fall into the trap you left for me
Day after day
Night after night
The Sweet Mother Mary
Looks for the light
Day after day
She's up on the cross
The Father, the Son,
The souls that she lost
In this house of seven
We paint the walls
With splattered blood and bourbon
Screams down the halls
In this house of seven
We paint the walls
We paint the walls...
I refuse to crawl with my back against the wall
I'm never gonna fall into the trap you left for me
I refuse to crawl with my back against the wall
I'm never gonna fall into the trap you left for me
In this house of seven
We paint the walls

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