

Pieta Brown

"The Seven Veils"

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I see your crown of thorns
Fits the crown of horns
I see your dirt, the whole hog
I see pride and pride will not abide.
You've got a piston prayer
Your pistol packed
The road's paved with them souls you weighed
You see the keeper
I see the reaper
Take a ride seal my fate
Take a ride into the vale of hate
We gonna take a ride into the vale of hate
We're going down down down
To the eye of the storm
Into the misery and meanness
Today the fire tomorrow the phoenix
With the souls aflame
We feed the hands that blame
Oh what a deadly web you weave
What you practice to deceive
Take a ride seal your fate
Take a ride into the vale of hate
Take a ride into the vale of hate
Take a ride seal your fate
You take some hiding under the veil of hate
You take some hiding under the veil of hate
Take a ride seal your fate
Take a ride into the vale of hate
We gonna take a ride into the vale of hate
Take a ride seal your fate
You take some hiding under the veil of hate
You take some hiding under the veil of hate
Take a ride seal my fate
Take a ride into the vale of hate

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