

## Bronx, The

### "Holy"

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Bits of my guns are covered in blood  
This town turned its back on the sun  
Now they will see how swift judgement can be  
Compared to a life on the run

Holy, the face of God appears to be  
Holy, the face of God appeared to me

Another city glazed, carelessly placed  
Withered and waiting for trial  
And now we will see how swift judgement can be  
When compared to a life of denial

Holy, the face of God appears to be  
Holy, Mother Mary let them all die  
Slowly, hold me in your arms and please  
Console me, forgive what I've done  
I'm your son, please don't send me to Hell

These visions you see  
They're not what they seem  
Even a God can be wrong  
This Virgin of peace  
Is down on her knees  
Begging for Death to move on

Holy, the face of God appears to be  
Holy, Mother Mary, let them all die  
Slowly, hold me in your arms, appease them  
Solely, forgive what I've done  
I'm your son, please don't send me to Hell

Please don't send me to Hell, oh no

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