

The Reckoning

Billy Ray Cyrus

Well the fiery 5 points came from queen of Babylon
Rotten rapture and lines of lives that came undone
And how cool wind blew their dreams away like paper cups
Now they're bound and bearing the shadows of the gun
Let's sing

And the stranded senioritas fall and take a knee
For the anthem [?] dark and rising drum
While the cholos in their Chevrolets and mercy streets
And the shiny wall for the bankers at the Bronx

Then they line the halls of the prison, it becomes

But maybe then we'll be free
When the battle lines meet
Maybe then we'll be one
When the counting is done
Maybe then we'll be free
When the reckoning comes

So the choir boys hide their voices bruised and out of tune
While the priest is in the harbor rides a wave
And the bar girls drown their choices in their silver spoons
With a junkman's nightmare crashing in their veins

And the rich ride silver horses to their waiting ships
While the poor cry out for justice and cocaine
And they all bow to the new clown of the apocalypse
And he stamps the truth and slides out onto the stage

Then as the footlocks melt the grease paint from his face
It's very hard to tell the master from his slaves

But maybe then we'll be free
When the battle lines meet
Maybe then we'll be one
When the counting is done
Maybe then we'll be free
When the reckoning comes
When the reckoning comes
When the reckoning comes
When the reckoning comes

Maybe then we'll be free
When the battle lines meet
Maybe then we'll be one
When the counting is done
Maybe then we'll see peace
When the hearts are released
Maybe we'll reach true sun
When the gauntlet is run
Maybe then we'll be free
When the reckoning comes
When the reckoning comes
When the reckoning comes