

## End Of The Line

## Murder by Death

All the kids have  
Run inside  
Grabbed a spot under the stairs

They've barricaded  
All the windows  
And rigged the doorknobs shut with chairs

What are they waiting for  
They don't know  
They just keep their fingers crossed and maybe

Pray to mary  
Or jesus christ  
I can hear them knocking down the door

The wait it is over  
This bottle is done  
So we clench our fists  
And fight our demons

There's a girl with  
A flower pot  
Full of dirt and bullet shells

She puts it by her window  
Gives it sunlight  
Restores its health

After a month or two  
The shells start to grow  
Into branches of barbed wire

They spread across the walls  
The windows and the floors  
And their grip  
Never tires

The wait it is over  
This bottle is done  
So we clench our fists  
And fight our demons

lay low lay low keep your head down  
Lay low lay low listen for the sound  
Of the dusty train that's comin'  
To sweep us all away  
I can hear the rails a rattlin' against the hectic fray so  
Set the bone with a cardboard split  
And strike the nail against the flint  
And set the fields on fire

Let the devil come  
Let him come  
I'll be waitin' for him this time  
I am stronger now and I can fight it  
I'll be waitin' at the end of the line

I'll be waiting  
I'll be waiting for him there

At the end of the line.