

# Michael

Billy Raffoul

Michael was eleven  
Thought that it was part of the job  
The alter needed tending  
And heavy is the weight of the cross

Years removed but he never forgot  
A blood red moon and a single shot  
Michael skipped town on the run from the cops  
For killing a man of the cloth

Father got a few words  
Scrambling to settle his debts  
Doesn't really matter  
Once the devil knows he's dead

The weak have been spurned but they never forgot  
No cheek turned, no innocence lost  
His hand won't shake, the gun was cocked  
Consider it the wrath of your god

(Michael was eleven)

Michael's Smith & Wesson  
Only brought him closer to god  
On the road to heaven  
Everybody carries a cross

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1, 2, 3, 4