

The Preacher

Cory Morrow

The cold wind blew the preacher grieved
He said they're comin' after me
I ain't exactly what I seem to be

He pulled his pistol from his side
Pointed it at me and cried
And then he laid a bullet deep in my chest

He stood still revealin' the story
That I knew was true before
And now because of it I lay dying

He claimed to run with Jesse James,
William Bonnie, and they all the same
I ain't no preacher man I was born of fire

Pre Chorus:

Hey can't you hear that train coming now
Rollin' fast down the tracks to hell their bound

Chorus:

Well I'm in over my head again
I hear those pistols layin' down
And I have takin' the lives of many men
Now the angel's comin' down
I said the Angel of Death is coming down

Well up in the horizon
Laid the red sun beatin' cold and dying
And taking with it all the lives the preacher stole

Well you see the preacher is not real
He clench his fists of rage and steal
And spit the fires of Satan at your soul

He beat the path to Heaven's door
The angels said they'd take no more
Now he walks the Earth forever lone

And on the stone that marked his death
When he did finally lay to rest
Were the lonely words "I'm going home"