

I can feel your destruction building up under pressure
I carry on like a ghost, but I'm addicted to a time bomb
Just another, just another hit from this eight-shot party barrel
Get the wolves and feed their souls

Can't figure out where we're meant to be
Stuck in here with a siren screaming
We try to leave
Just turn the clocks back over
Can we go back to the start once more?
Just holding on like when we were younger
That night was pure
We drove forever

I can steal that young heart
But by God, I'm on the market for a barrel of fresh blood

Give me a way home
Give me a way out, here comes dawn
I need a fucking hero
To show me a way out of this storm

I hope that one day to bring us back
From the depths, from the scars, from everything turning black
The midnight ghosts are woken
Get it back, that hunger
Get it screaming, get those bones back on the fire
Embrace thrasher

They keep coming back stronger
They keep coming back stronger
Come and attack, come and attack
Hope, faith, blind, fear, cult, set

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They started installing dread just like they knew they could
Those perfect hearts burst to flames just like they knew they would
Belief in chemicals, releasing monsters
This failing empire will suck them all to hell

Darker, deeper, wiser
Stronger, unholy, corrupted
Darker, deeper
Unholy, corrupted

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Give me a way out, here comes dawn
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But by God, I'm on the market for a barrel of fresh blood
I need a fucking hero
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I'll ask again
But I say falling on deaf ears under that broken back and bloody gun