

Pray (Put Em in the Dirt)

Hollywood Undead

[Johnny 3 Tears:]

Born on the right side of the wrong side
I wear my fucking insides on my outsides
You can see my heartbeat, it beats right through
And till the day it stops, I'm gonna motherfucking persecute!
Every single one of you
I'm not alone, I got the devil, and he's coming too
Coming through to straight motherfucking bury you
Someone's gotta die and I'm fucking bulletproof
Let me tell you a story, it's about a little kid
Who never really understood much of anything he did
He had a chest full of heart and a body full of scars
In a broke down palace on a broken boulevard
And he was faithless, but he lived through all the hurt
'Cause every time he did he knew he got what he deserved
Had to hold onto the fire even if he had to burn
Any pain became the only way that he could ever learn
So thankless, but he knew that he could take this
Everything then came apart so one day he could make this
It's a song for the nameless, that's ageless
Hold onto my hand, I'll show you scripture in these pages

[Danny & Johnny 3 Tears:]

Hold on, hold tight, it's not your turn to die yet
So long, goodnight, there's not always tomorrow
Hold on, hold tight, it's not your turn to die yet
So long, goodnight, goodnight, goodnight
Johnny 3 is gonna put you in the dirt!
Johnny 3 is gonna put you in the dirt!
Johnny 3 is gonna put you in the dirt!
Now it's your turn to die
Johnny 3 is gonna put you in the dirt!
Johnny 3 is gonna put you in the dirt!
Johnny 3 is gonna put you in the dirt!
Johnny 3 is gonna put you in the dirt!

[Johnny 3 Tears:]

Feel the fire, the heat, the pyre
The angel you know is the devil admired
Everything ends like a voice in the choir
Telling the truth to you motherfucking liars
Listen, calm down, I know I gotta hold out
Can't fucking fall down, he mirror says I sold out
God had a vision, and that vision is me
And I hold it in my heart every second that I breathe
So Holy Ghost, hold me, please
I don't need these needful things
What are these songs that I'll need?
I see this image when I dream
So I'm living 'cause it's the only motherfucking thing I got
'Cause I'm motherfucking Three, and you're motherfucking not
I got a motherfucking gun, and the motherfucker's cocked
And I'll point it to my head until I motherfucking drop
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[Johnny 3 Tears:]

Most men lead lives in quiet desperation
Eventually, that desperation has to end
But first, head back to the crucible
The resistance will come to pass
Now it's your time to die
Put you in the dirt
Put you, put you in the dirt
Put you in the dirt
Put you, put you in the dirt
Now it's your time to die