

# Hell's Motel

MD.45

An old man cuts his face  
But not because the razor's dull  
It's from his hands shaking  
From the lack of what he's taking  
Not like an old man's memories  
His wrongs are still and forever

Hoping mistakes will fade with the sun  
But no surprise, they never do  
Hoping mistakes will fade with the sun  
They never do at Hell's Motel

Lord, please spread my wings  
I want to fly away  
I don't want to die on the vine  
Lord, please smile on me  
I don't want to live forever  
But I don't want to die on the vine

Never talks about the past  
How he could hold a scalpel  
Mighty hippocratic oath  
How he sold himself for naught  
He lived when they lived  
And he died when they died, too

Accepting the new sacred calf of the pagans  
As we all die on the vine  
Accepting the new sacred calf of the pagans  
That's life in Hell's Motel

Oh Lord, please spread my wings  
I want to fly away  
But I don't want to die on the vine  
Oh Lord, won't you smile on me  
I don't want to live forever  
I just don't want to die on the vine

And tonight he'll close his eyes  
Hoping the sun will rise again  
And all will be forgiven  
And this was all just a dream  
But the walls to the motel are thin  
And next door someone's getting beaten

Tears for the unknown are seeds that are sown  
And we're all on the run  
Tears for the unknown are seeds that are sown  
This ain't life at Hell's Motel

Hell's Motel

This ain't life  
In Hell's Motel