

Guillotine

Rival Sons

The guillotine is high and clean
Ready to cut short the breath of the beast
With his wicked teeth that I was taught to believe
Was the cause for all this misery

Fury older than the sand
Deny what you don't understand
Fury older than the sand
Destroy what you don't understand

Am I closer to heaven or closer to hell
The deeper I go, it's harder to tell
Am I closer to heaven or closer to hell
The deeper I go, it's harder to tell

The closer you get to the edge
There might be demons where your path used to be
So are you gonna fight or are you gonna fly back
To your mama for some sympathy

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