

Western Stars & The Apocalypse

SpiritWorld

There is nothing left, nothing left
In this world just the pestilence
Sorrow and misery
Everywhere I look there's nothing

Unanswered prayers swinging on the breeze
Another noose in a cottonwood
I'd kill anything that walks or crawls
In the world just to get you back

Pray for death and the end times coming
I oughta stop but I won't know
The final truth 'til it's too god damn late
And I'm bleeding out on desolation row
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