

The Rapture

The White Buffalo

Well, I'll tell you I got secrets
I know you got yours, too
But mine are a little more sinister
Done things I can't undo
I bury all my secrets
In the deep, dark woods of the pines
Covered in mud and timber
They come callin' me at night

They say, come to the rapture
We'll fill up your soul
You better come to the rapture
Callin' me back home

So I stifle all my urges
But the poison only grows
The hunger boils inside of me
Till the evil overflows

Come to the rapture
Fillin' up my soul
Here comes the rapture, woo!
I lose all control

So I hunt the streets for idle beasts
Baited by my Lord
Drag 'em to the ground and I sink my teeth
Feast on the flesh so warm

Here comes the rapture, woo!
I'll fill up your soul
Well, here comes the rapture, woo!
I've lost all control
Well, here comes the rapture
Fillin' up your soul
Well, here comes the rapture, woo!
I've lost all control
I've lost all control
I've lost all control
I've lost all control