

Cult of Loneliness

Those Poor Bastards

Oh I've been in such a rut
Man I feel like giving up
Blues as black as dirty coal
Never felt so f*ckin' low
At the cult of loneliness
The cult of loneliness and fear

The sky offends I pluck it out
What's this whole mess all about?
Seen you there with chains and locks
Trapped inside an empty box
At the cult of loneliness
The cult of loneliness and fear

Satan is real I see him everywhere
The night so still his hoof upon the stair

Dirty hair of yellow gold
The truth forever stays untold
After that deluge of rain
The clouds were never quite the same
At the cult of loneliness
The cult of loneliness and fear

The sun is setting light grows dim
I'm hanging from a hickory limb
The dirt is turning bloody red
As if the earth itself has bled
At the cult of loneliness
The cult of loneliness and fear
Satan is real I see him everywhere
The night so still his hoof upon the stair