

This Is Desperation

Those Poor Bastards

Pull up a chair, crooked sinner
I see the blood stains coverin' your boots
and I see the scars coverin' your face
Do you feel the Lords hands slowly crushin' your throat?
Do you feel the Devils claws tearin' holes in your legs?
That's why you stumble when you walk
yeah, this is desperation
the only drug I've found to ease the hurt
are songs of desperation