

One Foot In the Grave

Winds of Plague

They say I've got one foot in the grave
But I won't fucking die
One foot in the grave, but I
But I won't fucking die

Snakes in the grass, we know your kind
Fair-weather friends turn their backs
We'll leave them all behind
The second coming, a forgotten son
Ask for an underdog, and I'll give you one

The world is still in the palms of our hands
And I will prevail
As I march through the valley of the damned

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Mark my words: You will know me as the enemy
Fallen one, you have been cast out
I now wear the mark of Judas
Crowned in the kingdom of hell

The path of victory is subject to attack
So cast your stones and I'll hand them right back
Lions are not concerned with the sheep
Because the strong will always devour the weak
The strong will always devour the weak

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Don't ever fucking count me out
Don't ever doubt my convictions
Because when it's all said and done
I'll be the last man standing

I am indestructible
You will know me as the enemy

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