

Black Label Society, Graveyard Disciples

Graveyard Disciples
March into the fields
Existence through destruction
The bodies beneath the wheels

Ohhhhhh,
The trip into the black
Ohhhhhh,
Life's dying fall.

Born to pull the trigger
Fueled to feed the hate
Innocence is shattered
The part that cripples the hand of fate

Ohhhhhh,
The trip into the black
Ohhhhhh,
Life's dying fall.

Solo

Ohhhhhh,
The trip into the black
All,
Life's dying fall.