

Saint of Killers

he fought in the civil war
and many died by him
he lived on blood and gore
fed off the fear of men
his aim was always true
his colts were full of hate
he'd kill your only son
he'd never hesitate

saint of killers had a heart so cold
that he froze the depths of hell
he stared the devil right in his eyes
and got thrown back from where he fell
his guns are deadlier than a hundred thousand men
the lord is runnin' and hidin' from him
saint of killers wants revenge

searchin' for the preacher
to find the word of god
he knew that he would find him
nothing could make him stop
he crashed the gates of heaven
to satisfy his crave
it'll happen on the sabbath
god better dig his grave

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doesn't matter what you say
no matter what you do
saint of killers
he's comin' after you

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