

x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>

Dark Country

Author : x2beetree

Categories : [Musik](#), [Uncategorized](#)

Tagged as : [dark country](#), [satan is watching](#)

Date : Mai 14, 2017



The Devil Makes Three – [Working Man's Blues](#)

They say times are gettin' hard on a workin' man

Well they say times are gettin' hard on a workin' man

x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>

I don't care what time it is

I want what's mine and not what's his

I wanna pull my wagon with my own two hands

They say there's not near enough here to go around


They say there's not near enough here to go around

I don't mind sharin' bread and supper

But when it comes to tobacco it's each man's own

And if you brought your own bottle,

Come on and sit right down



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>

Sometimes it seems like everybody wants to bring you down

Yeah sometimes it seems like everybody wants to bring you down

Don't go home and slash your wrists

Come out fightin' with both your fists

I know you don't believe me,


But things sure could turn around

Seems like I've been down this lonesome road before

Seems like I've been down this lonesome road before

Sometimes I get to movin' and I fall down flat

You know you I took a beatin' but I ain't dyin' yet



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion

<http://x2b3.de>

Something keeps me gettin' up and coming back for more

Well they say times are gettin' hard on a workin' man

Yeah they say times are gettin' hard on a workin' man

I don't care what time it is

I want what's mine and not what's his

I wanna pull my wagon with my own two hands

I wanna pull my wagon with my own two hands



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>



Those Poor Bastards – [Satan is watching](#) (full album)



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>



Goddamn Gallows – [Y'all Motherfuckers Need Jesus](#)

Ya'll motherfuckers need jesus

better end your wicked ways

x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>

well you know that he's comin'

and you're gonna be runnin'

when we're at the end of days

ya'll motherfuckers need jesus

put you deep down in the hole

the father, the son, and the holy ghost!

ya'll motherfuckers need jesus

I see satan in your eyes

well I see you standin' there

in your fancy clothes

don't you know that you're gonna die



ya'll motherfuckers need jesus

x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>

but the devil's in your soul

the father, the son, and the holy ghost!

ya'll motherfuckers need jesus

whether if you're rich or poor

well you know he's gonna spite you


cuz you're such a motherfucker

and he don't like you no more

ya'll motherfuckers need jesus

but you keep your bible closed

the father, the son, and the holy ghost!



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion

<http://x2b3.de>

ya'll motherfuckers need jesus

would he ever lie to me

well he don't like evil

and he don't like sinnin'

and he don't like sodomy

ya'll motherfuckers need jesus

but you keep your bible closed

the father, the son, and the holy ghost!

ya'll motherfuckers need jesus

would he ever lie to me

well he don't like evil



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion

<http://x2b3.de>

and he don't like sodomy

ya'll motherfuckers need jesus

but the devil's in your soul

the father, the son, and the holy ghost!



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion

<http://x2b3.de>

Blues Saraceno – [Dogs of War](#)

Hear the devil callin, hear the devil callin

When I hear the devil callin' God will pay him for what he's do



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>

I can't stop the Dogs of War, I can't stop the Dogs of War

See the fields burnin, see the fields burnin'

When I see the fields burnin cause

hell is coming through

I can't stop the Dogs of War, I can't stop the dogs of war

Feel the river risin, feel the river risin

When I feel the river risin devil coming up from you

I can't stop the Dogs of war



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>



The Goddamn Gallows – [7 Devils](#)

Old Mr. Shadow, Old Mr. Rain

7 devils callin', Whispering my name

Old Mr. Shallow, Old Mr. Vain

x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>

Tryin' to outrun you, On a graveyard train

He laughs as he leads you astray

In Satan's arms he told me that he stays

He has a blackened heart

As he wallows in the dark

And forever he'll be searchin' for the day


Old Mr. Shadow, Old Mr. Rain

7 devils callin', Whispering my name

Old Mr. Shallow, Old Mr. Vain

Tryin' to outrun you, On a graveyard train

Them blue skies are turning into grey



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion

<http://x2b3.de>

A boxcar full of souls is on its way

We'll ride the rails til dawn

And your soul will now belong

To the devil, well I guess you should have prayed

Old Mr. Shadow, Old Mr. Rain

7 devils callin', Whispering my name

Old Mr. Shallow, Old Mr. Vain


Tryin' to outrun you, On a graveyard train

If you cross the gates while sleeping on the floor

Leavin' all your worries at the door

God left you all alone

I see the devil on his throne



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>

Old Mr. Shadow, Old Mr. Rain

7 devils callin', Whispering my name

Old Mr. Shallow, Old Mr. Vain

Tryin' to outrun you, On a graveyard train


He laughs as he leads you astray

In Satan's arms he told me that he stays

He has a blackened heart

As he wallows in the dark

And forever he'll be searchin' for the day



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion

<http://x2b3.de>



The Devil makes Three – [The Bullet](#)

Well he opened up this shop at the age of nineteen

Stealing anything the eye could see

Said gather ,round you people, anything you need

Keep my name on your lips

And put the word out on the street

x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>

And I will rob ,til my fingers they are down to the bone

Wander ,til I can't remember my own home

Drink ,til I don't know the meaning of alone

,Til that bullet flies to carry me home

,Til that bullet flies that bullet flies that bullet flies


That bullet flies that bullet flies to carry me home

,Til that bullet flies that bullet flies that bullet flies

That bullet flies that bullet flies to carry me home

Well he never ever smiled

But he always seemed pleased



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion

<http://x2b3.de>

Said I'll never live down upon my bended knees

I see the game and the game it sees me

We will dance until they bury me

I will rise like the ashes from a building as it burns

Screaming all my enemies you'll all have your turn


The more pain I feel, the less that it hurts

The more I move on the more I am sure

That I will rob ,til my fingers they are down to the bone

Wander ,til I can't remember my own home

Drink ,til I don't know the meaning of alone



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>

,Til that bullet flies to carry me home

,Til that bullet flies that bullet flies that bullet flies

That bullet flies that bullet flies to carry me home

,Til that bullet flies that bullet flies that bullet flies

That bullet flies that bullet flies to carry me home

Highlonesome – [Devil at my door](#)

Well all around my bedside spirits like vultures wait well all inside, inside my mind mass graves
of all hope sleeps mass graves of all hope sleeps And the devil is at my door can't stall him,
stay clear no oh oh by his side now, I've been running round' yes it just goes to show god, no
he'll never settle down settle down Well all around my tired eyes galivants in your poison words
as the slither of a serpent

he's a snake in the grass coming on and moving fast

coming on and moving fast And the devil is at my door can't stall him, stay away no oh oh by
his side now, I've been running round' yes it just goes to show god, no he'll never settle down
settle down Well all around these muddy streets skeletons and safety sun goes down, it's
sinning time moving down that old crooked line moving down that old crooked line And the devil
is at my door can't stall him, stay away no oh oh by his side now, I've been running round' yes
it just goes to show god, no he'll never settle down settle down



x2b3

vulnerare humanum est - fully acknowledging the absurd: revolt, freedom, and passion
<http://x2b3.de>



Sons of Perdition – [Blood In The Valley](#)

The sick of the fold turn their backs on the flock

To wander the wasteland so grim.

They pray to false idols of wood, gold and rock

When they ought to raise voices to Him.

The blood in the valley is Thine Lord, not mine,

So guide my hook and hand as I reap from the vine.

The faithful up front and the sinners behind

O Lord, let Thy glory shine.

They poison the wells with their venomous lies.

The crops in the fields turn to coal.

Like a gangrenous limb on the body of Christ,

Their stain brings Hell on the whole.

The blood in the valley is Thine Lord, not mine,

So guide my hook and hand as I reap from the vine.

The faithful up front and the sinners behind

O Lord, let Thy glory shine.



(Screaming angry crazy preacher voice: "Satan is among us tonight, friends! Can you see the fire? Can you see the brimstone? Get down on your knees! Get down on your knees and crawl like the filthy beasts you have become! Back into the pits! Back into the caves! Put the bible to your head and pull the trigger! The Lord requests, and so he shall receive! Glory! Yeah! This valley will flood with your hypocrite blood! This valley will flood with your hypocrite blood! Fuck you, Satan. Fuck you, Satan!")

The moon of the harvest is steeped in red hue,

And from the mouth of the valley, no sound.

The dregs on the ground pay the Devil his due

As he lights on that pale sunken mound.

The blood in the valley is Thine Lord, not mine,

So guide my hook and hand as I reap from the vine.

The faithful up front and the sinners behind

O Lord, let Thy glory shine.

O Lord, let Thy glory shine.

O Lord, let Thy glory shine.



Teilen mit:

- [Klick, um über Twitter zu teilen \(Wird in neuem Fenster geöffnet\)](#)
- [Klick, um auf Facebook zu teilen \(Wird in neuem Fenster geöffnet\)](#)
- [Zum Teilen auf Google+ anklicken \(Wird in neuem Fenster geöffnet\)](#)
-