

## O.D.'d on Life Itself

Blue Öyster Cult

How could I fool you, rest and assure you  
Take you off from here and put you on the line  
Your back's to the pistol, iron bullets whistle  
Landscapes open and the world it's mine, it's still mine

OD'd on life, life itself [repeat twice]

Writings appear on the wall  
Curtains part and landscapes fall  
It's the writings done in blood  
Like a mummy's inscription  
And a bat wing tongue

Well then the mouth of the cave  
Will open up wide, wide as the world  
That's mine, mine, still mine

So don't you fear the trade in lives  
Life loves force and force loves lives  
This wedding in heaven was made up in hell  
This victim as bride and life, life itself

OD'd on life, life itself [repeat ad nauseam]