

7 Screaming Diz-Busters

Blue Öyster Cult

They held their heads with laughs of pain
They learned from men who'd just refrain
From glancing at a mirror's face

Seven screaming diz-busters
Who lurked behind the rose
Cast iron for a bloodstream
And ice behind their eyes

On each and all those holy nights
When dusters dust becomes the sale
And Lucifer the light
The light

They're long so long this time of year
When stars be crossed by twirling fear
You don't suppose I'd prove surprised

Seven screaming diz-busters
Should go the route and die
Without that warmth they've learned to crave
With hardened smiles and evil signs

Bury me near the secret cove
So they'll not know the way
Bury me there behind the rose
So they'll not rile my grave
I'll not reveal whose name still lost

Well their laughs of pain
And their harder smiles
And their rigid arms
And their evil signs
Yeah, the longer days ah, the longer nights
Oh, yeah the longer
Yeah, they're longer still

On each and all those holy nights
When dusters dust becomes the sale
And Lucifer the light