

## 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