

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]