

Give Me Your Soul

King Diamond

Give me your soul, give me your soul for the dead
I think I know that little girl, I wonder where I've seen her before
In a cellar down below, I see the little girl playing with a boy
They're having fun

In comes Daddy
He's in a rage
Screaming and yelling
He's not very nice
Cold as ice, an axe in his hand
Oh no, looks like he's going insane
Pictures in red
Pictures in red
The axe is coming down into his head
Pictures in red
Pictures in red
The little boy is dead

Give me your soul, give me your soul for the dead
It must be a dream
It must be a dream from below, oh
Give me your soul, give me your soul for the dead

13 judges on a bench, the little boy is screaming: "No, it's a mistake"
A suicide is what you are, the judges say
"You're going down, you're going down to hell"

Give me your soul, give me your soul for the dead
It must be a dream
It must be a dream from below, oh
Give me your soul, give me your soul for the dead

I think I know that little girl, I wonder where I've seen her before
In a cellar down below, I see the little girl dressed in blood
And the blood is not her own

Looks like he's going insane again
Pictures in red, pictures in red
Daddy's hands are squeezing her neck
Pictures in red, little girl is dead
And daddy's got a hole in his head