

# The Devil Hides Behind Her Smile

Lordi

I come home, and she's there waiting  
So sweet and tender honest kind

Dim lighting, candles burning  
That bitch must have something to hide

She's a bit too nice this evening  
Suspicion makes me a bit vile

I'll skin her before morning  
And find out what's behind that smile

It's nothing - It must be all in my head

I think the devil is hiding behind her smile  
Darkness disguised as the morning light

What's there behind the closed door?  
Imaginations spinning hard  
She's hiding something hardcore  
No choice, I'll rip that bitch apart

Blood drips down from the ceiling  
She's spread around like modern art  
How can I hear her calling?  
"Come down dear, dinner's gonna start"

It's something - It can't be all in my head