

Toxic Shadows

Lucifer's Friend

Blackness sliding everywhere
you TOOK THE TRAIN TO COME UNDAUNTED
Cause it can'T BE LATE
Toxic shadows in the air
you find your own WITH A compulsion
Now It's too late

Tell me how'd you'd like to be
THEN I'D LISTEN AND THEN I'D SEE
With nowhere left to go inside of you
WOULD you know what should be done lying, DYING IN THE SUN
Praying for the rising of the moon

I smell coal dust in your hair
You who bakes in A house of fire
with YOUR FEELING finger
Take my hard rock, put it THERE
OOH BABE just a little bit higher