

# 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