

# A Heart as Black as Coal

## Nocturnal Rites

There's something in those eyes  
A thing you can't define  
Two burnt-out blackened holes  
All full of dying

A twisted little mind  
Scheme and telling lies  
Showing you the trails  
You never thought you'd find

If you wake when you are sleeping  
Pray the Lord your soul to keep

Through the gateways of the unknown  
The black holes of the mind  
Dark places, strange faces  
When you cross the line  
Lost your way  
Lost yourself  
And dream became what's real  
A broken soul  
A heart as black as coal

Afraid of what you'd find  
If you talked to Mr. Hyde  
Looked into your eyes  
And saw a liar

In the mirror glass  
A dead hand of the past  
The double-face of you  
That never dropped the mask

Come alive when you are dreaming  
Pray the Lord your soul to keep

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