

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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