

If I had to say it's all a lie
I'd do it with a certain mojo
All stories fail and end someday
Until that day I'll keep on chanting
A crow is my sign
Leading the way to "Hell House Inn"
I'll take you to darkened lands
No time to stop and smell the flowers
All evil here is from your past,
That beast can slay you like a tigon
There all the cheer
Suddenly stop as we arrive,
Then they laugh
And sing words of the Grim:
"We're the tyrants of this legacy
All for your tame conspiracy
We belong in halls of destiny
We're the tyrants of conspiracy
All for the sake destiny
We belong in your fading legacy"
Come on little hellish dwarf and
Dance and drink and then cut of your
Hands and while you see the way I
Kill know I'm magnificent still
They tempted you with holy lands
And lovely fragrance from the flowers
But angel and beast
Walk hand in hand in the mud
The story ends in all it's might
And still we do it with a mojo
Their glory fades and ends someday
Until that day we keep on chanting