

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