

Demons Die

Second Person

Demons die, and new ones grow
Elastic shadows that statues throw
Behind the back of a dying sun...
New demons come.

Demons die, demons fade
And from the dregs of the just decayed
Spitting rivulets of fire and fear...
New demons appear.

Demons die and new ones come to feed
And then every time you bleed...
You just give them what they need
Yeah ee yeah

Demons die and new ones join the fray
And they never go away
No they never go away

Ooohohohoh
Ooohohohoh
Ooohohohoh
Oh, oh, oh

Through arid oceans of frozen sand...
Across the avenues in no-man's land...
Down the channels of your agile hedge...
...New demons tread...

You thought you took 'em out long ago
Goes to show you how you never know...
'Cause they may die, but it's not for long
Well, a demons never truly gone.

You're harder, and sharper, and faster, and older
But still you are looking back over your shoulder
The image is slander, the shadows do gather
Like clouds...
Comin' together.

Moving in unison
Speaking in tongues.
Billow smoke from the back of their lungs.
Slow as a type, but you cannot outrun them.
They'll chase 'em
They'll face 'em
They'll never outrun them
No
Demons... Demons...
Demons... Demons...
Ooohohoh