Down Home

Seraphim Shock

There's a place inside your head Where the demon crawls and creeps There's a voice just down the way And to hear it makes you weep And you know you'll never leave But you swore you'd never stay There's a gun beside the bed And you wonder who's to blame

Home... goin home

So she summons all the dead Saves the pictures in the hall Those ghosts they smile back As they hang from momma's wall And it's rumored that I'm next My days they say are few But I wouldn't count on it I've got things I'm paid to do

Home... goin home

So count your blessings now Cause they tally whom they prey And we're all just doin time At the 669 we wait

Home... goin home