

## Death Dance

Sevendust

Plastic scars,  
The pig dictifies who you are,  
Blonde addiction and your silent scenes,  
You run easy in the skin you chain.

You couldn't laugh for long,  
There's no soul to claim,  
Never been not a single thing,

You're talking on the book that drives you on.

So reach down far below,  
And see yourself explode,  
Let's destroy this common threat,  
You better believe I'm gonna dance with the dead!

Constant threats,  
You dig deeper in the filthy broil,  
The door shuts and then the angel sleeps,  
We all know that that's a damn wrong raid,

You're talking on the book that drives you on

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