

## The Eighth Day

## The Damned

Dead asleep the city dreams  
Holding up its arms like limbs of steel  
Mountains rise like mounds of sand  
The boiling sea has swallowed up the land

On the eighth day  
On the eighth day  
Dancing dead are knocking on my door  
In acid rain they came to mourn  
To raise the flag to raise the tune  
You know they'll be here soon  
The eighth day  
The eighth day

Hollow homes and gloomy streets  
The people next door are looking more like circus freaks  
On the eighth day  
Echoes of the midnight chime  
The clock moves on but what a waste of time

On the eighth day  
On the eighth day  
Dancing devil knocking on my door  
It has to grey that came to more  
To raise the flag to raise a tune  
You know they'll be here soon  
The eighth day  
The eighth day  
The eighth day

Pure white heat and blood of sands  
Two clouds of crimson mists are swirling round and round  
On the eighth day  
Pools of fear and eyes that shine  
The mirrors craked but I know they'll be mine oh mine

On the eighth day  
On the eighth day  
Dancing devil knocking on my door  
It has to grey that came to more  
To raise the flag to raise a tune  
You know they'll be here soon  
The eighth day  
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