

These Evil Things

The Meteors

You think that you want it are you so sure
This aint no game were playing truly were pure
Your laughing but your lieing you don't understand
I hold the demons back your life's in my hands
I carry the word sometimes
wrapped in my pretty tunes
Sometimes the chosen hear
and they know just what to do
You must be like us
to penetrate this room

I cant see why you don't understand
I hold your life in the palm of my hand
These evil things I struggle to control
Are from the darkest place in my soul

My kin are all around
they cover you like pearls
Speak to me my demons bright
my hell spawned boys and girls
They'll seek you out my friend
and keep you from our world

I beg you please leave this thing alone
What you think is happening is to far from home
don't wake the demons I try to hide
Just take the other path and leave us out side