

Demons

The Scabs

I feel her presence
I've seen her shadow late at night
Heard her breathing
Sending shivers down my spine
Come the morning
It'll be alright
There must be demons
Playing voodoo tricks with my heart
There must be demons
Casting demon spells
Touch her fingers
Fragrant perfume fills the air
Her spirit lingers
I wake to find there's no one there
There must be demons
Playing voodoo tricks with my heart
There must be demons
Casting demon spells
If I'm dreaming
Draw the blinds and let me sleep
Tell ya something
Dreams are thoughts that run too deep
Frozen image
Secrets that we keep
There must be demons
Playing voodoo tricks with my heart
There must be demons
Casting demon spells