

Deadman, The Monsters Of Goya

i'm haunted by the monsters of goya they haunt me in the dead of the night
they scratch at the panes of my windows they loom in the el grecco sky
they wound me with poison arrows they pitch in my fevered mind
they punish with insults and doubting they bite at my heels all the time
i'm hoping someone can save me some saint with some remedy
but all that i'm living with lately is the thought that i'll be released
in the deaf man's house hang black paintings the images of a darkening mind
when saturn comes to devour you where the witch's wild eyes will shine
i dreamt i took refuge in paris where things are comfortably sane
and the hooves of the beast all have silenced and the monsters are exiled to spain
i'm hoping someone can save me some saint with some remedy
'cause all that i'm living with lately is the thought that i'll be released
oh my love
oh my love
oh my love
oh my love
oh my love
oh my love
don't you get down
oh my love
oh my love
don't you cry
don't get down
oh my love
don't you cry
oh my love
oh my love
oh my love
oh my love