

# Incubus, Damnation

Follow me down.  
Swallow it down.  
A little bit of something instigating your frown.  
The moon on the town, the blood on your gown.  
You're always picturesque.  
Stomp the haunted mood in your crown.  
I used to think about it then I...  
Chose the word indulgence, now I...  
Just need some more to stand my own.  
Why I live this way? Who knows.  
Why I live this way? He knows.  
Is this damnation? Or a beginning?  
I'll take "B&quot;.  
To instigate the thought into my.  
And visualize the blood as the life.  
Is to bend the wheel of my own kind.  
I wish you'd see the hope in my eye.  
All in all sublime on this side.  
Then again you'd have to leave this life...  
....behind.  
Why I live this way? Who knows.  
Why I live this way? He knows.