

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",
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.