

Rob Zombie, Creature Of The Wheel

Alone against the world
Twist a reckless life - straight
Into the heart of the ripper -
Trick of treat my mind to
A rebel ride - heldorado
Move like a monster

Creature of the wheel
Trigger wicked way -
Tangle like a web
Beneath me
Ankle-deep in hell
Through another way crucify
The sky above me
New God kill machine
And man say lord of the
Engines - yeah

Pocket full of dirt - frozen
In my hands - hold on to
The nameless
God yeah
Breathe
Into the deep
And dying light
Of day - overdose
On bloody wings

Splinter in the

Skin turn your
Eyes away - sick and
Swaggering - beneath me
Revolution mind ye of
Little faith
Rusty and dull
Cut me
New God kill machine
And man say lord
Of the engines

And o' brothers and sisters
I ask you to look at him. does
He have the marks? do you see
Them? no.

Demon-paper clowns
Stitched across my back
Easygoing dead black eyes
Microscopic giants on a chicken
Run - everybody dies laughing

Thrust into the drag on the
Edge and wait motivate the one
Inside you bastard kicker burn
Blow the ash away - heldorado
Gonna get you - get you
Get you - get you