

# 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