

Smoke Blow, Diabolical

I have been here before
But when or how I can not tell
I know the grass beyond the door
You have been mine before
then see my claws turn apart
guided by the golden heart
when time goes crawling by
and takes you in
and push you to the ground
you're damned to walk the line
is there no way
there must be one
you walked from the start
'til the end through the dark
all that time of my life
pain deep inside

why do you suffer
suffer like James Dean
why do we die
Die Die Diabolical

No doors lead out
of the Church of Misery
You must walk
Through this Overkill alone
We must crawl through
this time all alone
All that time of my life
Pain deep inside