

Steve Vai, Dirty Black Hole

Creepind cross the canvass of color
Crawling in a cold delight
Bitter weet perversions
Paint their picture cross my precious sky.
And it's all I've been searching for
Wretched is the filth
That grinds the hole with its doubt
Embrace its heart
And tear it out.

Chorus :

Reach into the fire
See if you can feel my soul
Burning with desire
To be free from this
Dirty black hole.

Can you bring me liberation ?

Do you know the depth
Of my obscenities ?

Love is lost, Love is cold,
Love is sick, Love is dead

When Love is in the shadows of
Insanity.

And it's all I've been searching for.

Cursed are the
Bastard sons of stupidity.

Grind that knife
And slash their life.

Chorus :

Reach...