

The Damned, She

She knows - about all the evil in this world
She knows - what blackness lurks in our souls
She parts her lips and gives me a literary quip
Sharper and sweeter than any cat-o-nine tails whip

She makes me feel like a king
She is the reasoning that makes life swing

She says - come on and swing away from blue
She says - don't yeild to it's atmospheric hue
She's got the power to make things turn out right
Even in the darkest hour of the very blackest night

She makes me feel like a king
She is the reasoning that makes life swing

Eyes limped and pools of passion
Lips of deepest darkest damson
Fingers probing show white skin
Like a leather disciplinary
Looking rather predatory
Like an emissary of sin

She knows - we've got nothing more to prove
She knows - we're dancing in a dead mans shoes
She says let's check out of this haunted hotel
Where all the corridors and doorways are leading straight to hell

She makes me feel like a king
She is the reasoning that makes life swing
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She drags my world awake