

# 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