

W.A.S.P., Lake Of Fools

Fifty million miles below my feet
There's a lot of people
I'd like to meet
There's theives and killers
Harlots and whores
All were misguided
But not any more...

So I see their fate

In the black of the doom
Waves of fire in the storm
Creatures howl at the moon
They're screaming intensely
Their cries are heard for miles
A prince resides there
Lake of fools, burning wild