

Alice Cooper, Second Coming

I couldn't tell if the bells were getting louder
The songs they ring, I finally recognize
I only know, hell is getting hotter
The devil's getting smarter all the time

And it would be nice to walk upon the water
To talk again to angels on my side

Time is getting closer
I read it on a poster
Fanatical exposers
On corners, prophecy

It would be nice to walk upon the water
To talk again to angels at my side

I just come back to show you
All my words are golden
So, have no gods before me
I'm the light