

Crooked Fingers, The Devil's Train

Stranded in an empty glass
You came to drown but drank too fast
And sunk into a coma state
And dreamt of everything you hate
But when you woke your head was numb
And in your chest your heart came crumbling
Down defeated as you reached
To wrap your flesh around a stranger

Burned out from the workday light
You slipped into the dead of night
And wanting shelter from the rain
You stepped on board the Devil's train
You took a ride and you took it well
And headed towards the pit of Hell
All unconcerned you crashed and burned
To smash into a crowd of strangers

And hoping for an early death
You swam so far you lost your breath
And struggling in the ebb and flow
I took your hand but you let go
And now the ocean fills your lungs
And now you've got what you had come for
Resting peaceful as you sink
To drown under a sea of strangers