

Danzig, Left Hand Black

kinda like a dog
w/ seven pupils
in its eye
kinda like a madness
that refuses
to subside
kinda like everything you want
just w/in your grasp
kinda like
how a banshee-wail
dances
on a living heart
i'm gonna stand
at the top of the world
challenge the heavens
gonna bring you god
gonna bring you god
in the pain of the left
hand
black
gonna bring you god

kinda like
when the sun goes down
and darkness makes its climb
kinda like all your muscle tissue
starting to unwind
kinda like
if you brave the hate
feed it
to the left hand black

how i know
i can take their power
send it back at
triple times strength

how i see the battle
and the bleeding
human race
how i miss the taste of it
it's sweet
and warm
embrace

how i see
the world's demise
its last
and final gasp
how i see
reality
explode
into another kind of life