

# Dio, The Last In Line

We're a ship without a storm  
The cold without the warm  
Light inside the darkness that it needs, yeah

We're a laugh without a tear  
The hope without the fear  
We are coming - home

We're off to the witch  
We may never never never come home  
But the magic that we'll feel  
Is worth a lifetime

We're all born upon the cross  
The throw before the toss  
You can release yourself  
But the only way is down

We don't come alone  
We are fire we are stone  
We're the hand that writes  
Then quickly moves away

We'll know for the first time  
If we're evil or divine  
We're the last in line  
We're the last in line

Two eyes from the east  
It's the angel or the beast  
And the answer lies between  
The good and bad

We search for the truth  
We could die upon the tooth  
But the thrill of just the chase  
Is worth the pain

We're off to the witch  
We may never never never come home  
But the magic that we'll feel  
Is worth a lifetime

We're all born upon the cross  
The throw before the toss  
You can release yourself  
But the only way you go is down