

HAVOK, From the Cradle to the Grave

Trapped!
Scared to death!
As you're running out of breath
Don't you feel my eyes?
I've been this way.
From cradle to the grave.
Taking life.

I was born with the devil in me
He's been with me ever since
Checking in but you can't check out
I'll burn all the evidence

I was born with the devil in me
My soul cannot be saved
Sick fascination with the dead
From the cradle to the grave
From the cradle to the grave
From the cradle to the grave

Fill the cold earth
Stealing every eny that you're worth
Keep my conscience clean.
I've been this way
From the cradle to the grave.
The Arch Fiend

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