

# Hellcopters, The Exorcist

In the night you feel  
Somewhat unreal  
And it ain't fiction

It's catching up, with you  
Nothing you can do  
No!

And the hurt begins  
Leeches on your skin  
As you're standing by  
The sun's eclipsed by a thousand flies

It's time to fall, you'll see  
It ain't no misery  
And it will not end

It's a fact, and it's cold  
Just like you've been told  
You!

And the hurt begins  
Leeches on your skin  
As you're standing by  
The sun's eclipsed by a thousand flies

Your stomach turns  
Your eyes, they itch and burn  
Pray to god get them off of me  
Alone on bloody bending knees  
Despite the fact you scream and shout  
No one reacts or cares about  
They say it's all just in your head  
It's plain to see you're left for dead

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