

Helltrain, Heaven And Helltrain

speaking of tells between heaven and hell
i have a demon in my forehead
when damage is done i am the seventh son
feeling like the living dead
i'm going out on a cold december night
spreading out the evil seed
if you're doing it right black will turn to white
metal might is all you need

i cut the lases the beast is torn
the devil in me will reap what's sown
goin' straight down the white line
i walk the devil's path
i can see it clear now so close to the gates
i am one with darkness and hell awaits
goin' straight down the white line
i walk the left hand path

speaking of saints while we dry out the paint
a pentagram is on my back
like a monkey to speak and you listen to priests?
do you really think that god is fat?
i was left out the can well i'm the boogie man
do you dare to do the beat?
i never listened to priest though it seems like a feast
here we go and off the heat

i don't speak of the devil
oh it's the devil that speaks to me