

# iann dior, dark angel interlude

I made a deal with a dark little angel  
Gave me fortune for soul  
Welcome to my twisted fantasy  
This is what I call my home

A hole never ending  
Listen to my wicked tone  
The darkness surrounding  
I can feel it take control

I know it's not smart

And now it's bad enough

That I'm a punk with a twisted brain

I'll die a rock star  
Like Marilyn Monroe

I'm feelin' bad for the damage when the deed is done

It's close I taste it

I'm ready to take over

I get impatient

A sickness I can't control