

# Marc Almond, Satan's Child

You always like to dress in black  
To mourn the feelings that you lack  
Sorrow, anger, hurt and pain  
Forever on attack  
Always saw the other view  
Didn't know what you should do  
Never got told the honest truth  
You feel it twisted up your youth  
Now your  
Satan's child  
Always running, mercy young and  
Satan's child  
On the darker side of wild  
(Yeah)  
Oh Yeah  
You tried to read the books they banned  
Colour to the life you planned  
Bigger highs to numb their lies  
They're always in demand  
Stability had turned its cheek  
Security's just for the weak  
Your life is for the moment  
And your future's looking bleak  
because your  
Satan's child  
Soul in trouble, hurt on the double  
Satan's child  
On the darker side of wild  
(Yeah)  
Secretly living in your shame  
Where they know you by another name  
Laugh or cry, live or die  
To you it's all the same  
Because your  
Satan's child  
Easily bruising, sorrow cruising  
Satan's child  
On the darker side of wild  
(Now you're)  
Satan's child  
Cold retribution the only solution  
Satan's child  
On the darker side of wild  
On the darker side of wild