

Savatage, Blackjack Guillotine

Blackjack guillotine
Razor sharp

Always clean
Gotta lie
Very wide
Once inside she knows what to do
She knows what to do

Skin tight

China white
Just another neon life
In the vein
Leaves a stain
All the time you know that it's true
You know that its true

So tell me what you had in store
It doesn't matter anymore
It never did, it never will
But I'll be out there waiting still

You're moving fast but leaving tracks
A compromise to your attacks
There comes a time you want to take it back
Back

Back

Back
But can't think of nothing I
Can't think of nothing I
Can't think of nothing I
Lack

Junkie

Credit card
Gotta vein
Goes for yards
Hypnotised
You decide
Every neuron's changing its view
Changing its view

Gentlemen

Summarize
Every lie
Well disguised
Don't forget

Neuron death
In the mind awaiting its cue
Awaiting its cue

And so we found it very mod
The worshiping of lesser gods
And lie they do
For lie they must
For they know it's the lie we trust

And so we're out there laying tracks

Wherever there's a vein to pack
There comes a time you want to take it back
Back
Back
Back
Back
But I can't think of nothing
I can't think of nothing
I can't think of nothing
I lack