

Catch a shooting star, burn it to a crisp
Born into death, will you take the risk
See buckets and buckets, yeah buckets of sin
You'll never end and can never begin

Welcome to your death
Welcome to your death
Welcome to your death

No forest of pleasure or fields of pain
High-rise at night see the pavement of stain
A beckoning hand from those who were slain
Now you can sleep again

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I take the night and I stretch it wide
And I see all, you hide, I died
So slip right in, sip the wine
The caution flashes but the water's fine

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