

Hell Written

Edge of Sanity

I got hell, can't you see
I got hell, written all over me

Riding with the living dead I'm riding high I'm riding free, ye
ah
The thoughts that fill up my head are wicked and obscene
So if you're riding with me, your riding damned, free from the
grace of god
Demoneyes yeah deamonlife, see with my eyes and keep yours shut

We all have beasts that dwell within, and I have set mine free
I've let loose my devil spree, to fill the emptiness in me
I've sold my soul to a carnal ghoul, the devil? I've shaken his
hand
I sold my soul and then time takes its toll, forever I stay dam
ned

Burning as I feel the flames getting higher, will I become a vi
ctim of my own desires
Still I'm more then satisfied, with my life, yeah the life of t
he wild side
As you carry on your pathetic existence, I'll be my own god and
master
And I'll keep on spitting on your beliefs, and I'll keep laughi
ng at your chosen one

Riding with the living dead I'm riding high I'm riding free, ye
ah
The thoughts that fill up my head are wicked and obscene
I've sold my soul to a carnal ghoul, the devil? I've shaken his
hand
I sold my soul to rock'n'roll, forever I stay damned