

Dance Of The Black Tattoo

Magnum

Now every day the quiet dead
Will follow in your footsteps
They fill your dreams with awful dread
And walk in silence through
No holy names will comfort thee
Or justify your feelings
I'm only glad it's you, not me
Will dance the black tattoo

Your diary's empty
So there's no past
You can't remember
What you did last
Your diary's empty
No words to read
No misconception
It can't mislead

You take a chance and play the game
With deeds of blood and murder
Whatever comes, it's all the same
You know it's up to you
You live your life on borrowed time
It's playing tricks to fool you
Well, it's not like a nursery rhyme
With all good things and true

Your diary's empty
The pages white
So nothing happened
For you to write
Your diary's empty
Too late, you cried
No concentration
The thought has died

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