Symphony For The Devil

Bodyhammer Bodyhammer Brain burn smoulder Soft head hard shoulder I've eaten dirt from the shakin' shiver boys I hid the hurts and my yellow liver voice The night stick beats the prayer and the poise My skin flicks at the sound of my voice Another pound "put it on the yoke" While a miscarriage of justice is lost on the ropes Bodyhammer I'm lost on the ropes Bodyhammer I'm lost on the ropes Bodyhammer I'm lost on the ropes This is the eve of agony and ecstasy This is the seed of terror times and tyranny my odyssey I can do anything This is the down of lunacy our legacy This is the root of vacancy and bigotry Bodyhammer Bodyhammer Bodyhammer Bodyhammer I can do anything I can see everything I can do anything I can see everything Bodyhammer Bodyhammer Bodyhammer Bodyhammer Give me the skin Give me the trouble Give me the skull Give me the bottle I can do anything I can see everything I can feel anything See there before the strutting state again revealed The oldest hate justifies and sanctifies its single aim to kill and maim This is the eve of agony and ecstasy This is the seed of terror times and tyranny my odyssey This is the down of lunacy our legacy This is the root of vacancy and bigotry Bodyhammer Bodyhammer Bodyhammer I can't think I can't feel I can't see what the fuck is real There's something burning in my skull There's something burning on my skin There's something burning in my skull There's something burning on my skin This is the prime of punishment This is the time of pestilence This is the ink inside my head The crumb of crime from which I'm fed There's something burning in my skull There's something burning on my skin

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