

The Exorcist

The Hellcopters

In the night you feel
Somewhat unreal
And it ain't fiction

It's catching up with you
Nothing you can do, no

And the hurt begins
Leeches on your skin
As you're standing by
The sun's eclipsed by a thousand flies

It's time to fall, you'll see
It ain't no misery
And it will not end

It's a fact and it's cold
Just like you've been told so

The hurt begins
Leeches on your skin
As you're standing by
The sun's eclipsed by a thousand lies

Your stomach turns
Your eyes, they itch and burn
Pray to God, ?Get them off me?
Alone on bloody, bended knees

Despite the fact you scream and shout
No one reacts or cares about
They say it's all just in your head
It's plain to see you're left for dead

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