Headstone

Deatheater

Under your spell
Haunted by your face
Tattooed an image
Of barbed-wire and lace
and the deception
Give me abrasion
I want the real you
I want the real you
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)
You had it commin' should be written on your headstone
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)
You had it commin' should be written on your headstone
Your silhouette
Up on the mantle
Your Sadist smile
Painted on my lips
Your pale flesh
And your heartbeat
They're always calling
They're always calling me
The thorn that's in my side (echoed)
Resembles you (echoed)
This hole that is my life (echoed)
Is only here because of you, right!
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)
You had it commin' should be written on your headstone
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)
You had it commin' should be written on your headstone
You had it commin"
The thorn that's in my side (echoed)
Resembles you (echoed)
This hole that is my life (echoed)
Is only here because of you, Right!
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)
You had it commin' Should be written on your headstone
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)
You had it commin' Should be written on your headstone
You're the thorn that's in my side
You're the hole that is my life

Oh the thorn that's in my side (echoed this thorn that's in my side)
Resembles you (echoed)
This hole that is my life (echoed)
Is only here because of you

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