

Black

Lita Ford

Black, is it dark enough?
Is it hot or cold or stark enough?
Black, is it dirty or sad?
Is it old or cruel or broken or bad?
Black, is it all you see
When you close your eyes, you think of me?
Black, black, black
Black, is it nightmare or dream?
Is it midnight sky or silent scream?
Black, is it the chains you wear?
Or the color of the cross you bear?
Black, is it what you hate?
The hangman's hood or the offering plate?
Black, black, black
Is it the shame that drives you back?
Is it the train that jumps the track
Just as you're slipping through the cracks?
Black, black
Black, is it your medicine
Your soul, your hole or the shape you're in?
Black, is it your wedding gown
Your eyes, your lies or the truth you've found?
Black, is it beautiful?
Is it animal or criminal?
Black, black, black
Is it the shame that burns your soul?
Is it the fear you can't control?
Is it the night that won't let go?
Black, black
Black, is it the enemy
That hides inside of you and me?
Black, is it the preacher's cloak
Your father's curse or your mother's joke?
Black, is it the pain you own
Or the plague that's eating at your bones?
Black, black, black
Is it the ashes of your dreams?
Is it the nature of your greed?
Is it the walls between you and me?

Black, black

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