

# Voodoo

## King Diamond

A narrow path runs along the river  
From the burial ground you might see it  
Leading to a temple of secrets  
Where they meet once a week to dance and feast  
Lula is dancing to the voodoo drums  
Twisting, turning, all round and round  
She is ready to receive the loa  
She is ready for the God, this one is Damballah  
Voodoo, voodoo, voodoo  
Total emptiness inside  
As Damballah gets ready for her ride  
Casting out from Lula's head  
One of two souls that seems to be dead  
Traveling deep in a trance  
Lulas legs are getting weak  
The loa has seized it's horse  
Lula is not the one, she is not that's speaking now  
Lula is not the one, the one that's lying down  
Drink, drink girl, drink the chicken's blood  
Drink, drink girl, drink and feed the God  
If this is all you think they do  
Oh, you better think again  
'Cause there is so much more to voodoo  
Oh, than meets the eye  
Voodoo, voodoo, voodoo  
Voodoo, voodoo, voodoo  
Human hair on waxen dolls, pins through their knees  
Pins through their little heads and through their bellies  
Ahh, they're coming to get you, they're coming for you  
Ahh, they're coming to get you, they're coming for you now  
Voodoo, voodoo, voodoo  
Voodoo, voodoo, voodoo  
Voodoo, voodoo, voodoo  
Voodoo, voodoo, voodoo  
Voodoo

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