

Nightmare / The Dreamtime

Motörhead

Lie back and dream of me,
Red death to set you free,
We turn the screws to make you die,
Soft flesh and razor blades, golgotha, ace of spades,
Steel needles kiss your pretty eyes,
All mine, all mine, nightmare, the dreamtime, Black terror stalks the night, claws to clutch and fangs to bite,
A dark and faceless crawling fear,
Despair, you can't resist, and now the lizard's kiss,
The reptile hisses in your ear,
All mine, all mine, nightmare, the dreamtime, Dead voices speak through me,
Of all the things they see,
The prince of wounds, the lord of flies,
Evil within ourselves, we need nobody else,
We tell ourselves the best of lies,
All mine, all mine, nightmare, the dreamtime.

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