The Eighth Day

The Damned

Dead asleep the city dreams
Holding up its arms like limbs of steel
Mountains rise like mounds of sand
The boiling sea has swallowed up the landOn the eighth day
On the eighth day
Dancing dead are knocking on my door
In acid rain they came to mourn
To raise the flag to raise the tune
You know they'll be here soon
The eighth day
The eighth dayHollow homes and gloomy streets
The people next door are looking more like circus freaks
On the eighth day
Echoes of the midnight chime
The clock moves on but what a waste of timeOn the eighth day
On the eighth day
Dancing devil knocking on my door
It has to grey that came to more
To raise the flag to raise a tune
You know they'll be here soon
The eighth day
The eighth day
The eighth dayPure white heat and blood of sands
Two clouds of crimson mists are swirling round and round
On the eighth day
Pools of fear and eyes that shine
The mirrors craked but I know they'll be mine oh mineOn the eighth day
On the eighth day
Dancing devil knocking on my door
It has to grey that came to more
To raise the flag to raise a tune
You know they'll be here soon
The eighth day
The eighth day
The eighth dayThe eighth day

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