Demon

London After Midnight

Through darkened streets and blackened gloom
the candles dim in your bedroom
rain reflecting shadows in the nightthe moon is full and through the mist
I hear your voice I feel your kiss
the line grows thin between what's wrong and right.Burning flesh, pale as the stars
no one knows just who you are
drive the knife in deeper to my soulvelvet touch your mouth on mine
drunk on lust like drunk on wine
the world will end we'll hear the thunder roll.Don't even say it
don't even look away
haunted by
haunted by
black winged angel come to me
release my soul from this misery.In the candle light you'll see
just what all this means to me
the line grows thin between what's wrong and right.

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