

# 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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