

# Black House

## Omnia

Black house  
Black house  
There's a place, called the black house  
It's a place I go when my spirits are low  
I can taste, in the black house  
Forbidden fruit and though it's evil I know all the people  
In the black house  
I can see it in their eyes, there's no need to disguise  
My thirst, in the black house  
This whiskey is real and makes me feel like heaven  
In the black house  
All the women are angels all the guys are swell  
And the music, in the black house  
Oh it soothes my soul like a harp from hell  
Oh black house, oh black house  
Oh the boss  
Of the black house  
Is a tall skinny guy in a long black cape  
And he smiles  
On the black house  
With a skeletal grim of his white skull face  
Raise my glass, in the black house  
You can tell me that it's wrong, too much whiskey, too much song  
Kiss my ass, I'm in the black house  
This I where I belong, give me whiskey  
Give me whiskey all night long  
Give me whiskey all night long  
Give me whiskey, give me whiskey all night long  
Give me streams of whiskey all night long

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