

Mr. Crowley

Coph Nia

Mr. Crowley, what went down in your head?
Oh, Mr. Crowley, did you talk with the dead?
 Your life style to me seemed so tragic
 With the thrill of it all
 You fooled all the people with magic
 Yeah you waited on Satan's call
Mr. Charming, did you think you were pure?
 Mr. Alarming, in nocturnal rapport
 Uncovering things that were sacred
 Manifest on this Earth
 Conceived in the eye of a secret
 And they scattered the afterbirth

Go

Mr. Crowley, won't you ride my white horse?
 Oh, Mr. Crowley, it's symbolic of course
 Approaching a time that is classic
 I hear the maidens call
 Approaching a time that is drastic
 Standing with their backs to the wall
 Was it polemically sent?
 I want to know what you meant
 I want to know
 I want to know what you meant
 Go.

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