Mr. Crowley

Moonspell

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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