

The Mark Of The Devil

Pulp

"A disease that can strike at any age. How it is caught is a mystery but when one day you look in the mirror and see that mark upon your face... it's a sickener." (original sleeve notes)

The Mark of the Devil is upon you; your look is no happier than mine. Damnation is waiting in the mirror but you shouldn't mind. Their legs start a felling in your stomach, their eyes knock you backwards with a glance. Your pride sinks unnoticed in the river given a half a chance. And you past in just a befrom full of implements of cruelty and a list will bind your eyes as you grow old and you want to join the laughter sharing simple shreds of felling but you fidget and your heart is gorwing old. Simles left unfollowed start to haunt you; chance that perished long ago. The devil is waiting in your bedroom with your worthless soul. The years pull their weight down on your cheekbones, the nights out are hanging from your waist. The years float like dust held in the sunlight, with an aftertaste. And your past is just a bedroom, etc.

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