

# Souls

## Occult

It all started here, she was a girl from the Midwest  
He was a stranger in a strange land, same old story  
He came for the glory  
She came looking for a young man's hand But they found bright lights, endless nights  
And men just used her innocent ways  
He found it all so pretty, hypnotized by the city  
They lost sight of the reason, they lost count of the days And they were two souls searching for each other  
One spirit looking for the other  
Caught between a hard  
Hard place and a rock Two souls searching for heaven  
Rolling the dice looking for a seven  
To the tick, tick, ticking of time  
Gotta beat the clock Too many nights on the ledge, he acquired a knife-edge  
Still the city didn't acquiesce to his demands  
Some nights, she cried for pity in the heart of the city  
The city smacked her hands He met her one endless night, her eyes had a light  
There was something familiar about the smell of her skin  
He held her tighter and tighter as he danced inside her  
She knew from the moment that she let him in They'd been two souls searching for each other  
One spirit looking for the other  
Caught between a hard  
Hard place and a rock Two souls searching for heaven  
Rolling the dice looking for a seven  
To the tick, tick, ticking of time  
Gotta beat the clock Beat the clock  
Beat the clock  
Beat the clock Two souls searching for each other  
One spirit looking for the other  
Caught between a hard  
Hard place and a rock, yeah Two souls searching for heaven  
Rolling the dice looking for a seven  
To the tick, tick, ticking of time  
Gotta beat the clock Two souls searching for each other  
One spirit looking for the other  
Caught between a hard  
Hard place and a rock Two souls searching for heaven  
Rolling the dice looking for a seven  
To the tick, tick, ticking of time  
Gotta beat the clock

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