

# Left Hand Black

Danzig

Kinda like a dog with seven pupils in it's eye  
kinda like a madness that refuses in subside  
Kinda like everything you want just with in your grasp  
Kinda like how a banshee-wail dances on a living heart  
I'm gonna stand at the top of the world  
And challenge the heavens  
Gonna bring you God, gonna bring you God  
In the palm of the left hand black  
Gonna bring you God  
Kinda like when the sun goes down  
And darkness makes it's climb  
Kinda like all your muscle  
Tissue starting to unwind  
Kinda like if you brave the hate fade it  
To the left hand black  
How I know I can take their power  
Send it back at Triple times the strength  
I'm gonna stand at the top of the world  
And challenge the Heavens  
Gonna bring you God, gonna bring you God  
In the palm of the left hand black  
Gonna bring you God  
How I see the battle and the bleeding human race  
How I miss the taste of it, it's sweet and warm embrace  
How I see the world's demise it's last and final gap  
How I see reality explode into another kind of life  
I'm gonna stand at the top of the world  
Challenge the Heavens  
Gonna bring you God gonna bring you God  
In the palm of the left hand black  
Gonna bring you God  
Gonna bring you God, gonna bring you God  
In the palm of the left hand black  
Gonna bring you God

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