

Old Scratch

Axe

Old Scratch came knockin' on my front door
Left a burn on the paint
Where he'd knocked many times before
I've seen him walkin' round my place at night
But I've never seen a sign of him
Walkin' in the broad daylight

In a world where there ain't no reason
It's like I'm living in a witchin' season
I hear the wild dogs howlin' in the dark

Wheels are turnin'
My soul is burnin'
I can't fight this alone
(Can't fight this alone)
The air I'm breathin'
Tastes like darkness
Are the righteous all gone?

Storm clouds are growin'
North wind blows cold
If the circle is broken
Doesn't matter how the bones are rolled
You'll come up empty
In a loveless land
All your choices will be over
Just the minute that you take his hand

In a time where there is no balance
Where there's nothing but deceit and malice
You look around and you find you've lost your way

Wheels are turnin'
Fires are burnin' (oh, burnin')
No way to fight this alone
Air you're breathin'
Tastes like darkness (tastes like darkness)
Are the righteous all gone?

There's a bloodshot sunrise from a dirty sky
All the prophets and the liars
Gonna talk until the well runs dry
Old Scratch keeps laughin'
At the fools he's made
And he's gonna keep knockin'
'Til there ain't a soul left to save

I'm in a world where there ain't no reason
It's like we're living in a witchin' season
Hear the people cryin' in the dark

Wheels are turnin'
Fires are burnin'
We can't fight this alone
(Can't fight this alone)
Air we're breathin'
Tastes like darkness (like darkness)

Are the righteous all gone?

Old Scratch come a-knockin'