

18 Years

The Black Angels

She's got control of you,
and you love it
Controlling the pain of you,
with the palm of her hand
Yeah she's got control of you,
and you need it
She comes in red,
with a linen dress
Who knew

The door opens up,
and lets some light in
Someone calls,
and takes the blindfold off
You are home,
to see a woman standing
Someone holds to knock you out,
Who knew

A heavy beating,
the pounding of your heart
You start to sweat,
and you scream out
Something black answers back,
from the dungeon,
and you smile

The curtain surrounds you,
you begin to forget
The hammer cracks
the iron core of your mind