

Clean Moon

Cloakroom

Condemned
Forever crawling
I'm crawling on the ground for good
This work I do detest
But I serve my purpose
Swinging my rusty blade through the night
In Satan's service
Living off what the wilds provide me
Live a life of leisurely intrigue

I've heard the witches calling
A spectre howling back the stars
I walk a left-hand path
Yeah, my deeds need doing
Either way I'm alright
I'll unwind
There is nothing to it
I'm your child I'm your black cloud baby
Live a life of leisurely intrigue