

From The Cradle to the Grave

Havok

Trapped, scared to death.
As you're running out of breath....
Don't you feel my eyes?
I've been this way.
From cradle to the grave.
Taking life.

I was born with the devil in me.
He's been with me ever since.
Checking in but you can't check out.
I'll burn all the evidence.
I was born with the devil in me
My soul cannot be saved.
Sick fascination with the dead.

From the cradle to the grave.

Fill the cold earth.
Stealing every eny that you're worth.
Keep my conscience clean.
I've been this way.
From the cradle to the grave.
The arch fiend

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