I hear voices, they tell me to stop
Why should I listen? They've never felt the drop
They hide in corners behind the pretty girls
In their gold, in their gold, in their gold

One minute to a, one minute to a one minute to midnight

My soul, you can have it 'Cause it don't mean shit
I'd sell it to the devil for another hit
And midnight is coming
and I wish that you were here

I hear voices echo in my brain
They don't like it 'cause I'm not dressed the same
They hunt for rabbits just like Yosemite Sam
Say your prayers, say your prayers, say your prayers

One minute to a, one minute to a one minute to midnight

My soul, you can have it
'Cause it don't mean shit
I'll sell it to the devil for another hit
And midnight is coming
and I wish that you were here

My soul, you can have it 'Cause it don't mean shit
I'll sell it to the devil for another hit
And midnight is coming
and I wish that you were here

There's no need to fall there's no need at all

Out of control on my own trying to find my way back How did I end up here? And into darkness I walk as the world goes on by

Out of control on my own trying to find my way back How did I end up here? And into darkness I walk as the world goes on by

I hear voices they tell me to stop I hear voices they tell me to stop I hear voices they tell me to stop I hear voices they tell me to stop