

Something Wicked

Last In Line

Come heavy or don't come at all
The bigger they come, the harder they fall
Making mistakes at a hundred miles an hour or more

Shadows across the floor
Don't scare me anymore

Have I got your attention or broken your desire
Throw your intentions on the top of the pyre
Flesh, blood and bricks in the mix when I spit fire

The serpent inquires
She is a terrible liar
A terrible liar

On the rise, on the run
Something wicked this way comes
We divide, one by one
Something wicked this way comes
Something wicked this way comes
Something wicked comes alive
Comes alive

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