

The Devil Hides Behind Her Smile

Lordi

I come home, and she's there waiting
So sweet and tender honest kind

Dim lighting, candles burning
That bitch must have something to hide

She's a bit too nice this evening
Suspicion makes me a bit vile

I'll skin her before morning
And find out what's behind that smile

It's nothing - It must be all in my head

I think the devil is hiding behind her smile
Darkness disguised as the morning light

What's there behind the closed door?
Imaginations spinning hard
She's hiding something hardcore
No choice, I'll rip that bitch apart

Blood drips down from the ceiling
She's spread around like modern art
How can I hear her calling?
"Come down dear, dinner's gonna start"

It's something - It can't be all in my head