

The Black Things

Metal Church

You're playing with your magic cards
And laughing at the dark
The devil sends his best regards
To your own amusement park

For now it's all just fun and games
And none of this is real
Until you find yourself in chains
'Cause you just spin that wheel

You have no idea and you don't know what it means
You're just a puppet on a string
Just because you don't know what these little games will bring
You've been messing with the black things, black things

There is no truth inside the night
That light will soon reveal
And step by step you walk the line

A pain you will never feel

Behind the curtain evil grows
It's time to pull it back
We've got the devil on the run
And he's never coming back

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