

Blackmouth Blues

Night In Gales

So I sing this blackmouth blues
And eat the scythe to pay my dues
Down the throat like the sweetest of lies
But time has come for me to die

The hearse is fueled, the path is set
A hollow grave is all I'll get
Got a dustcrown to wear
A villain vow no intruder could swear

So I sing this blackmouth blues
And eat the scythe to pay my dues
Down the throat like the sweetest of lies
But time has come for me to die

The path is set
There's nothing like a trail of blood
To find your way back home
Crimson footsteps on a snow white soul
Deathaddiction on the go

This is the blackmouth blues
A stain upon my black suede shoes