

Black House

Omnia

Black house
Black house
There's a place, called the black house
It's a place I go when my spirits are low
I can taste, in the black house
Forbidden fruit and though it's evil I know all the people
In the black house
I can see it in their eyes, there's no need to disguise
My thirst, in the black house
This whiskey is real and makes me feel like heaven
In the black house
All the women are angels all the guys are swell
And the music, in the black house
Oh it soothes my soul like a harp from hell

Oh black house
Oh black house, oh black house

Oh the boss
Of the black house
Is a tall skinny guy in a long black cape
And he smiles
On the black house
With a skeletal grim of his white skull face

Raise my glass, in the black house
You can tell me that it's wrong, too much whiskey, too much son
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Kiss my ass, I'm in the black house
This I where I belong, give me whiskey
Give me whiskey all night long
Give me whiskey all night long
Give me whiskey, give me whiskey all night long
Give me streams of whiskey all night long