

## Black Egg

Orange Goblin

You must be crazy  
Or could it be true that your memory's been so unkind  
So tired and lazy  
You never could search for the things that you wanted to find

Bound by a fear of a knife in your back  
The look on your face says your starting to crack  
You're putting it down to a dent in your pride  
But the misery's sticking to you like a thorn in your side

Can't face the demons  
Cos there's not a demon would want to be snared in your eyes  
So you say your leaving  
And you pack up your bags and you paint on a whole new disguise

Out of the door like a fox on the hunt  
There's fire in your eyes someone's gonna get burnt  
You're looking for somewhere to lay down and hide  
Cos the misery's sticking to you like a thorn in your side

Bound by a fear of a knife in your back  
The look on your face says your starting to crack  
You're putting it down to a dent in your pride  
But the misery's sticking to you, yeah yeah yeah

Out of the door like a fox on the hunt  
There's fire in your eyes someone's gonna get burnt  
You're looking for somewhere to lay down and hide  
Cos the misery's sticking to you like a thorn in your side

You burn bridges  
By doing it all for the sake of a little respect  
You cut the stitches  
By giving it all to the heart of a little black egg

Bound to the cross by the nails in your hand  
Your looking for someone you might understand  
Carrying on like your spirit has died  
Cos the misery's sticking to you like a thorn in your side