

Down Home

Seraphim Shock

There's a place inside your head
Where the demon crawls and creeps
There's a voice just down the way
And to hear it makes you weep
And you know you'll never leave
But you swore you'd never stay
There's a gun beside the bed
And you wonder who's to blame

Home... goin home

So she summons all the dead
Saves the pictures in the hall
Those ghosts they smile back
As they hang from momma's wall
And it's rumored that I'm next
My days they say are few
But I wouldn't count on it
I've got things I'm paid to do

Home... goin home

So count your blessings now
Cause they tally whom they prey
And we're all just doin time
At the 669 we wait

Home... goin home