

## 18 Years

### The Black Angels

She's got control of you,  
and you love it  
Controlling the pain of you,  
with the palm of her hand  
Yeah she's got control of you,  
and you need it  
She comes in red,  
with a linen dress  
Who knew

The door opens up,  
and lets some light in  
Someone calls,  
and takes the blindfold off  
You are home,  
to see a woman standing  
Someone holds to knock you out,  
Who knew

A heavy beating,  
the pounding of your heart  
You start to sweat,  
and you scream out  
Something black answers back,  
from the dungeon,  
and you smile

The curtain surrounds you,  
you begin to forget  
The hammer cracks  
the iron core of your mind