

# Demonic Depression

Volbeat

You got demonic depression  
You got demonic defeated  
With your own kind of pressure  
Sad and about to derail

Striving for success without hard work is  
Is like trying to harvest where you haven't planted

Amplified with anger  
Self-inflected by fear  
A darker room you may enter  
They will call it the end

Corridors in ruins, are they real or not?  
Walking in a slumber, fever, dread, and cold

They call it the deep end of the water line  
Whatever it means  
But I feel like you're losing out on life  
Don't call it the end 'cause I know  
You'll be good for a second go

Wombic cries of temper  
Sing along in the deep  
Forgive me, Father, I pissed on  
Your crucifix without sin

Dancing with the tyrants, dirty, rotten filth  
Pool the breaks of horror, time to love yourself

They call it the deep end of the water line  
Whatever it means  
But I feel like you're losing out on life  
Don't call it the end  
'Cause you need to open up your mind  
Whatever it takes  
'Cause I feel like you're losing out on life  
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