

Poor Moon

"Heaven's Door"

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Found myself in the strangest spot
At the time all I knew was where I was not
In a clean white robe instead of my clothes
On a great big cloud in a street of golden stones

There was a big black gate and a wise old man
With a pretty thin book held in his hand
Which he opened up to the very last page
And he shook his head as he looked my way

And the words were blistering in my ears
I was face to face that day
My time had come

Nowhere to run
I had to pay for the sins that I loved too much
And I hung my head
Standing at the edge
Of Heaven

Once was lost, but I haven't been found
Crawled up from the dirt
Now I'm standing my ground
Don't have much, but I'm saving some pride
For the man with the pitchfork
Waiting outside for me

Got a friend of the devil living in my soul
And the taste of flames in the back of my throat
As I bow my head to surrender control
To the master plan
Softly spoken words come whispering
All my shame
Fallen angel calling my name
At the edge of Heaven's door

I never paid for the sins that I loved too much
I would be damned if I gave it up
To walk through Heaven's door

I never paid for the sins that I loved too much

I would be damned if I gave it up
To walk through Heaven's door

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