

## Blue Oyster Cult "Seven Screaming Diz - Busters"

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They held their heads with laughs of pain  
They learned from men, who'd just refrain  
From glancing at a mirror's face

7 screaming diz busters  
Who lurked behind the rose  
Cast iron for a bloodstream  
And ice behind their eyes

On each and all those holy nights  
When dusters dust becomes the sale  
And Lucifer the light, the light

They're long, so long this time of year  
When stars be crossed by twirlin' fear  
You don't suppose I'd prove surprised

Well, 7 screaming diz busters  
Should go the route and die  
Without that warmth they've learned to crave  
With hardened smiles and evil signs, oh, well

Yeah, alright  
Bury me near the secret cove  
So they'll not know the way  
Bury me there behind the rose  
So they'll not rile my grave  
I'll not reveal whose name still lost

Well, their laughs of pain  
And their harder smiles  
And their rigid arms  
And their evil signs

Yeah, the longer days  
Ah, the longer nights  
Oh, yeah the longer  
Yeah, they're longer still

On each and all those holy nights  
When dusters dust becomes the sale  
An' Lucifer the light oh, yeah

Lucifer the light  
Lucifer the light  
Lucifer the light

One, two, three, four, five, six and seven

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