

Guardian "Mr. Do Wrong"

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With the setting of the sun
Something wicked this way comes
Black on black
Got a wicked stride
Hounds of Hell are by his side
Feeding on the lusts of man
Shake him off but he's back again
Promises and hidden dreams
Oh how sweet your poison seems
You are the tempter of my soul
Do Wrong
Mister Do Wrong
Don't you whisper in my ear
Tryin' to sing your love song
I know it's sweet
Like honey on my lips
But I know who you are
Death is on your fingertips
And everything you do is wrong
Demons seed by the light of the moon
Hell bent...he's on your door
Pull an ace...a crazy face
Serpent chase...the lion roars
Promises that break like glass
Lead you down the crooked path
Turn you around
Steal your soul without a sound
You are the enemy of old
One for the money
Two for the show
Here's something you all gotta know
Wrondoers fail
The right prevail
Darkness crushed by three small nails
With the rising of the son
The chains of death have come undone
So ring the bell both loud and deep
The lord ain't dead nor does he sleep

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