

## **Legitimate Business "One Hell Of A Ride"**

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Well take a breath, step right up.  
The barker's words will suck you in.  
The damned can throw a damned good party.  
Go on and glance behind the curtains.

The blood, the smoke, the flesh and lights.  
The scent of sin is in the air.  
Leave your morals at the door.  
The dead are here, let down your hair and...

Whoa, step into our carnival.  
Where hell is never distant.  
And the blood it always flows.  
Scream and save a dance for me.  
If heaven's pure perfection.  
The freak show's always where I'd rather be.

The tattooed lady sways her hips  
As serpents weave around her chest.  
The dancing girls are all for sale.  
A payment in a pound of flesh.

The devil grinds his calliope.  
I'm a zombie dancing on a string.  
Join this fucking spectacle.  
Cries for help don't mean anything.

The screams.  
A sweet, dead symphony.  
Damnation still beats apathy.  
Your life, your soul, your beating heart.  
The price is steep but once you start.  
You won't look back.  
Regrets are gone.  
We may be dead, but we go on.  
You can't resist the marquee's glow.  
So sing with us.  
Sing with us, as we go.

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