

Tackhead

"The Vacant Lot"

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Underneath lie barely seen and rarely touched All
things untold Stone upon
Stone So foul, so cold A shadow of old
Into the night Driven by what none can see Scarcely
bound but hardly free

A shadow of old A story untold A gathering rot The
vacant lot

A stray dog send shivers down your spine The remnant
wall stand ever the
Same Hair of the dog won't help you at all

The street's all deserted We'll swallow you whole
Our minds intermingle a raven so black A spiralling
stairway keep calling
You back Tentacles, tentacles tighten their grip
Downwards in circles the
Deadliest trip
We mould you impassive all tainted and sore Abiding
our master keep calling
You Tentacles, tentacles tighten their grip Downwards
in circles the
Deadliest trip

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