

The Cumshots "Dead Mans Hand"

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Dark in the house of kindness...
Entering like a thief...
Closing the doors of treason: hoping to find relief

Huddling down beside her...
Stink of another she
Closing me eyes and telling the lies about the things
that will never be

I got a tombstone on my head
- just waiting to tip over
The vultures circle round my bed
- don't think I'll get much older

Sleep will make it never happen...
Take my sins and give them wings...
Lies are the truths of nighttime - truth is what morning
brings

Desperate by affection...
Love like a dying man...
Touching her lightly, holding her tightly, warm is the
dead mans hand

I got a tombstone on my head
- just waiting to tip over
The vultures circle round my bed
- don't think I'll get much older

I am one with my demons, seems they ate my soul
Still I dread the hour when all my sins unfold

Dead mans hand!
I got a tombstone on my head
Dead mans hand!
Just waiting to tip over
Dead mans hand!
The vultures circle above my bed
Dead mans hand!
Don't think I'll get much older

