

W.A.S.P. "Lake Of Fools"

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Fifty million miles below my feet

There's a lot of people

I'd like to meet

There's theives and killers

Harlots and whores

All were misguided

But not any more...

So I see their fate

In the black of the doom

Waves of fire in the storm

Creatures howl at the moon

They're screaming intensely

Their cries are heard for miles

A prince resides there

Lake of fools, burning wild

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