

## **The Bloodhound Gang**

### **"Something Diabolical"**

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Eventide rise for ritual  
With the thrill of a kill vengefully the engine will  
Roar forth steer the dead leave forced  
Driven by fear shift gears veer towards  
The foolishly equipped swift these  
Failed bids breathed taillights from the crypt  
Reflect upon the way beyond redemption  
Let the necronometer beckon for the destined  
Blessed when first lent sin then condemned to bear the  
burden  
Of this curse the consequence of which can never be  
averted  
Each tormented attempt that is made in vain  
To evade this debt which is certain to be paid  
Without question is met with a counterclocked surge  
In reverse as if backmasked words of the black mass  
were  
All heard by a clutch engaged  
Over trails blazed to the western gates

Heaven may be running on empty yet the devil rides  
Heaven may be running on empty yet the devil rides  
Heaven may be running on empty yet the devil rides  
Hell burns by angel turns her pillow to the cooler side

Something diabolical

Idle hands are bound for the  
Damned once sam went down to georgia  
Speed was forged of the divine salt  
Mined from the vaults of flame by the lost  
Named as those sought as faults rests beneath  
The wrong that was spawned from the tired screech  
Of essence halted engulfed in the scent of exhaustion  
A false witness with the sensed end is brought  
To bended knees when abandoned belief in  
The mephistophelian plea for wicked unleashed sends  
Heed to reap grim an infernally decreed  
Repossession vested in the fallen creed called on to  
retrieve  
Meed with the fueled intention of deprived intervention

The thundered calm that comes from the rattle of  
descension  
Numbs the panicked from a havoc that reeks of oil  
Barreling down this mortal coil

Heaven may be running on empty yet the devil rides  
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Hell burns by angel turns her pillow to the cooler side

Something diabolical

Tonight belongs to him  
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To him  
To him  
To him  
To him

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