

## Dickinson Bruce

### "Road to Hell"

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(Dickinson/Smith)

Slowly bleeding, watch the vortex feeding  
Like a swirling vulture on your face  
Every hour the unseen rays devour  
Your screaming eyes cry out but they are blind

Father, forgive me my sins  
Give me the nails, I'll hammer them in

The road to hell is full of good intentions  
Say farewell, we may never meet again  
The road to hell is full of good intentions  
Get on the left-hand highway with no sinister regrets

Brave new world of secret fantasy  
That hovers just beyond your bloody grasp  
Close enough to thrill, the danger of the kill  
Price for failure of your will

Father, forgive us our sins  
'Cause we're all the junkies who never can win

The road to hell is full of good intentions  
Say farewell, we may never meet again  
The road to hell is full of good intentions  
Down the left-hand highway with no sinister regrets

Father, forgive me my sins  
Give me the nails, I'll hammer them in

The road to hell is full of good intentions  
Parody of hope is the one that I must kill  
We all have to live with our family inventions  
Down the left-hand highway with no sinister regrets

The road to hell is full of good intentions  
Say farewell, we may never meet again  
The road to hell is full of good intentions  
Down the left-hand highway with no sinister regrets

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