

Stonewall Jackson

"Demon Dust"

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It's hard to come to grips with what I am
An unnamed demon holds my right hand
He promises the promised land, but delivers only sand
It's hard to come to grips with what I am

I try to turn away but its no use
I have not the strength for this life I choose
No drink can cure my endless thirst and no sin can
quench my lust
I've got to break free of this demon dust

Chorus
Cause I am not the man you thought I was
I can't just turn and walk away
Kills me slow with every breath you take my love and
take my trust
I've got to break free of this demon dust

I fear the icy sting of his frigid hand
His pain is real he bows there to no man
To die by him is to die in vain, but go to live is hell on
earth
I've got to come to grips with what I am
repeat chorus

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