

The Vladimirs

"In The Arms Of Misery"

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Cry Little Dead Again, Cry Little Dead
Stare Into Black T.V.'s And Wonder When
These Things Alone At Night, They Bring Me Death
If I'm Alone Tonight, My Thoughts Will Bend

Can't Bring Me Any Closer,
Can't Bring Me Any Closer

So Dance On Spirit Things
You Held My Heart In Hand
Expel A Thousand Snakes Where All Blood Ran
Awaken Into Shadows, Surrounding My Bed
Death Knocking At My Door, Embrace My End

Can't Bring Me Any Closer,
Can't Bring Me Any Closer.
My Heart Can't Get Any Colder,
My Heart Can't Get Any Colder.

A Dead Man Walks At Dawn To Let His Spirit Flee
Draped In Chains Of Sorrow, A Corpse That Looks Like
Me
I Should Have Saw When Everything Went Wrong
But There's No One Here To Save Me, When I'm In The
Arms Of Misery

Married To The Burn Of Feeling No One Cares
I've Felt That Torment Thru And Thru
Talking To Darkness And The Shadows Of My Room
Praying That Someone's There, But Knowing That My
Soul Is Doomed

Cry Little Dead Again, Cry Little Dead
Some Try To Stare Into Me, They Wonder When
I Sit Alone At Night And Drink With Death
When I'm Alone At Night, My Thoughts They Bend

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