iann dior, dark angel interlude

I made a deal with a dark little angel Gave me fortune for soul Welcome to my twisted fantasy This is what I call my home

A hole never ending Listen to my wicked tone The darkness surrounding I can feel it take control

I know it's not smart

And now it's bad enough

That I'm a punk with a twisted brain

I'll die a rock star Like Marilyn Monroe

I'm feelin' bad for the damage when the deed is done

It's close I taste it

I'm ready to take over

I get impatient

A sickness I can't control