

The Damned, The Eighth Day

Dead asleep the city dreams

Holding up its arms like limbs of steel

Mountains rise like mounds of sand

The boiling sea has swallowed up the land

(chorus)

On the eighth day, on the eighth day

Dancing devil knocking on my door

It has to grey that came to more

To raise the flag, to raise a tune

You know they'll be here soon

The eighth day, the eighth day

Hollow homes and gloomy streets

The people next door are looking for life's circus freaks

On the eighth day

Echoes of the midnight chime

The clock moves on but what a waste of time

(chorus)

The eighth day (x3)

Pure white heat and blood of sands

Two clouds of crimson mists are swirling round and round

On the eighth day

Pools of fear and eyes that shine

The mirrors cracked but I know they'll be mine oh mine

(chorus)

The eighth day