

Tyla, North Of Darkness

The pagan rites of the wild bunch they stare at me from afar
Pointing the finger of evidence as I rage in my car
I drive around the city looking for victims to use
I drag them down with me in my world of self abuse
Silver tongued black witches who try to steel my soul as I sleep
They are thwarted by my strength of deception
That I've inherited from the meek
But somewhere north of darkness I hear wolves call
And somewhere north of darkness I hear her call
My etiquette was left dying at the door
The prozac haze that she swam through merely crashed out on the floor
Her eyes took the subway where the train of confusion caught her soul
It rode her to the edge of time and then it let her go
And somewhere north of darkness I hear wolves call
And somewhere north of darkness I hear her call