

# Behind The Scenery, Pure Evil

By the light of the moon  
Consumptive creatures awake  
Crawl through the dark  
Beware of parents awake  
A pilgrimage of pimpled hordes  
To worship satan in the woods

Poor evil -  
Tormented by a hydrocephalus  
And paranoid haemorrhoids

Poor evil -  
Worshipped by pale pimpled hordes  
With bloody plastic swords

Icy winds blow through the forest  
Satan's parish trembles with frost  
Purulent pimples in black and white  
Beaming through the gloomy night  
A fire within the mystic circle  
Straight from hell

A stench of diabolic transpiration  
Disturbed by puberty  
In dark winter nights  
They molest you  
Pre-school education  
Has to be done

Salvation army of evil force  
Celebrate Lucifer's rise  
Rotten beavers from the wood-path  
The sacrifice  
A penknife cuts through the flesh  
Entrails and blood  
Stinking clouds in the air  
Satan vomit into the woods

Unholy error  
Lucifer is a poor devil  
Rheumatism is the price  
For the nights within frost, snow and ice