

# Dog Fashion Disco, Love Song For A Witch

I fell in love with a blue faced girl as I fell to my knees at the  
crossroads,  
She descended to earth in a plastic bubble speaking in tongues of false  
prophets,  
Ugly as sin and possessed beyond hope we made love as we flew through the  
sky,  
Cursed to one day crash and burn because we fly so goddamned high,

To my surprise she was a witch from Salem Massachusetts,  
A high priestess of the occult in the church of Satan,  
A demon and unholy ghost, the parasite had found its host,  
Inside the cold and vacant soul of this one and only love,

Between the devil and deep blue sea,  
The story of us reads just like a graveside eulogy,

This is a love song for a witch,  
A romantic remembrance for,  
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Spinning crucifixes on the bedroom wall of the possessed,  
As words appear in blood like deep incisions on her chest,  
Her head gyrates and turns three hundred and sixty degrees,  
As poison apples in the garden fall down from the trees.

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