

Gluecifer, Lord Of The Dusk

Nightfall and his axe is gettin dull
Wanna burn a candle wanna burn it in a scull
Writin letters to a friend
Stains of make-up smeared out on the hand-made smokies end

What a way to be a winner
Hate thru the mail
What a live-home little sinner
Try him hell fail

Signin up for duty in black now
Hatin it from PO Box 4
Hear it from the Lord of the Dusk hes a bore

Screamin to an evil 4-track tape
Plug in to his headphones for a so-called aural rape
Demon posters at his wall
Posin in the snow wont let you hear the demons call

Workin on a date with the devil
Stood up for the twentieth time
Lord of the dusk fuck-up dressed like a mime

No rush tonite
Cant get it right
No vampire bite
Just a little fright