

# Gluecifer, Red Noses, Shit Poses

Well I will get in the cage  
and I will meet the rage  
Coz I aint got no choice now  
Gotta turn the page

And when I hear the roar  
You know I gonna soar  
I know it's comin down to the will yeah  
like it did before

I'm standin on the edge of my feet  
Gotta whip it till I break it down  
Got me dancin' to the animal beat when I  
want the death of a clown

What I hate is the goddamn nose  
Shit shoes and a sad excuse for clothes  
The time has come for your final fall  
So get up this is your curtain call

I gonna shit inside of your pants - You got it comin'  
Slap you with my mighty hands - You got it comin'  
Break you dammit break you down  
I want the death of a clown

God I hate your smile  
what a loser style  
Fallin over like a silly child  
man it drives me wild

So now you're rollin round in the dust  
You get ready for the ultimate trick  
Got me howlin like a trumpet baby  
(Got me) cuttin into your schtick

Tonight your show is off  
And I will take your stage  
When it's gettin tough  
you gonna need some rage