

Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Sthlm Stalker

The Sthlm stalker goes out tonite
To have a ball and to take a life
You're gonna end up in a filthy ditch
Mutilated by that heartless bitch

She's got a red dress on

Give her stillborn brain a fix
Coz the Sthlm stalker needs her kicks

With your head stuffed on her wall
The incarnation of rock 'n' roll
Her hunger has run amok
Now dinner's ready on your block