

Impellitteri, Slow Kill

In the papers I read how they found her
On her face was the look of death
In this house from hell
In the papers I read how they had found her
On her face was the look of death, a forgotten prisoner
In a small space under the stairs
Hidden away for so many years
No one would miss her
In this house from hell
Was an evil pill
For this mother's baby
Such a sweet slow kill
Slow kill
As they took them away, still said they loved her
But they both had abused their child, it was a murder
Dear Mom and Dad slightly insane
Their little girl locked up in chains
To be theirs forever
In this house from hell
Was an evil pill
For this mother's baby
Such a sweet slow kill
Slow kill
[solo]
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