

Lords Of The New Church, The Method To My Madness

(Bator/James)

I'm the picture of health

I'm called the evil one

We start a new religion

Now the fun's begun

Got the sex-beat from the Thunder T's

Got voodoo from our stars

We got a deadly weapon

We call it Bri's guitar

Chorus

There's a method to my madness

It's something only time will tell

There's a method to my madness

Look inside my hell

When we got a message

They try and stop our song

Subliminal suggestions

You learned to play along

Once I lit a cigarette

They threw me in a cell

I think the hotel's burning

I hear those siren's yell

Chorus

Said we should be nice boys

Like all those other wimps

I talk about conspiracies

Then you crack the whip

"Well boy, you better shut your mouth

You can't afford to bail

Now don't go telling secrets

This record's got to sell"

Chorus to fade