

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