Malice In Leatherland, From Under The Floorboa

Though it's true I get real nervous A madman I am not You've got nerve say'n I've no purpose I serve the bond that you've since long forgot!!

On Halloween These teeth sink their love in vein On Halloween Your heart's got gaud to beat again.

So you lock and load presumptions Whilst I shoot em down, unhinged - unflailed! Now you're slave to resolution To tweedle praise trapped in my wicker cage!!

On Halloween These teeth sink their love in vein On Halloween Your heart's got gaud to beat again.