

# Malice In Leatherland, From Under The Floorboards

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.