

Type O Negative, An Ode To Locksmiths

Been given the keys I knew I'd receive
Be careful what you're asking for
Thy rod and thy staff simply twelve-toned math
An earful opening all doors

Simon the Roman gone fission for man
If you're caught is to be freed
Come open your lock by using a rock
Or sowing the proper seeds

Woe to thee all woman of land, air and sea
Adam was the serpent apple 'tween his knees
Seduced by a snake worshiped by nations
Banished forth, from Eden it's the male who is Satan

From the tree of knowledge (a metaphor for sex)
Plucked a ripened glob of fruit that of her innocence
Since forbidden resisted forcing her to taste
Now I know why girls hate boys 'cause Eve was in fact raped

We ain't going home - got nowhere to go