

Uninvited Guest, The Devil's Toybox

You can get away with murder
If your heart is cold and black
When you are a toy you can't be blamed
Although it is quite absurd
Occasionally a smile will crack
On the wooden faces
There's no shame

We are here to bring chaos
And disrupt all your order
And to frighten your children
We've got lots and lots to do
We are ugly and spiteful
And deranged oh just slightly
And perverse well we might be
Very similar to you

In the devil's toybox we reside
In a world full of manikins
Puppets and skeletons
We're dead and cold inside
We're freaks and miserable Goths
In the devil's toybox where we hide
Yeah we've all been to hell
But then we came back again
Undead, unsanctified
We're freaks and miserable Goths
And we live inside a toybox

Do you really know for certain
Just what dwells beneath your bed
In the witching hour
While you're at rest
Devil dolls the spawn of Satan
Forging nightmares in your head
Anything to add to your distress
We are evil incarnate
Oh so cute, and ungodly
And quite beautifully, horribly
Unflinchingly taboo
We are playful, sadistic
And quite hatefully twisted
We are just like a mirror
That we're holding up to you!

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When the night turns to day
And you think we've gone away
Take a look in the mirror
We'll be staring back at you
We are there in your eyes
We're forever in your lives
No escape, you can't hide

We're forever part of you!