

Genesis, Going Out To Get You

I can pacify your violence
I can guarantee no pain
Feel the ugly force of motion
Deep inside your guilty brain

Going out to get you
Going out to get you
Going out to get you
Pulpit of the Python
Chasing out the innocents defiled

Leave your weapon in the cool stream
Rest your body on the stone
Multitude will beckon to a clear sky
Rise again to follow all who came
Are you really evil?

I saw you in the Devils Kitchen
Cooking for the Queen of Spades
Hiding in your pretty laces
Licking fingers sunk in jam

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Curl your flimsy leaves around me
Sorceress you cannot still command
Burning in the orifice of Hades
Sacrifice your magic to my hand
Are you really evil?

I saw you in the Hermit's garden
Picking fruit to fill his flesh
Tacking spells to take his body
Trapping him inside your mesh

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