

Hunters & Collectors, Mouthtrap

Here we go down, down, down
Down upon all fours
We'll make it true, this is exactly what we do
When we're making true confessions
With our blood cuddles and piggy-back kisses
We make the beast with two backs and nothing ever misses
As we ride, ride, ride
Ride upon, ride upon
Ride upon the mouthtrap
What is this hungry thing
What is this turgid little thing
That's crawling around in my backyard again
Into it's hole, I think my hair will fall
As it goes round and round in my backyard again
Here we go round and round this squeamish town
We are making true confessions
And if it's true it is exactly what we do
When we're making true confessions
With our blood cuddles and backyard kisses
Upon this two-backed beast and nothing ever misses
As we ride, ride, ride
Ride upon, ride upon, ride upon
Ride upon the mouthtrap
Oh big brother mouthtrap
You sit upon my knees
You sing on my confessional the things you get for free
Oh dearest spirit we are sorry for having offended thee
Because thou art so good
We will never sin again
We will just go down
Down upon all fours
We'll make it true, this is exactly what we do
When we're making true confessions
With our blood cuddles and piggy-back kisses
We make the beast with two backs and nothing ever misses
As we ride, ride, ride
Ride upon the dog-trap, deathtrap, blood trap, mouthtrap, dog-trap
Deathtrap, blood trap, mouthtrap, dog-trap