

Malice In Leatherland, Suburban Holocaust

And to think
I once groveled 'neath your steep eaves
And to think
That you walk around like there's holes in your hands
Got another pill to pop?
You act like you're livin' on Gaza Strip

Need a hand? I wont refuse!
To help you, help you tie the noose
And kick the chair to let you loose
Oh my dear my heart reeks truth
As you swing'n swing'n swoosh!

Take my sleeve
And I'll lead you, knock you on your knees
Follow Me
And I'll reveal the depths of reality
Gotta Shepherd your whore
I'll crown your false ideals with a wreath of thorns!

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And kick the chair to let you loose
Oh my dear my heart reeks truth
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