

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, Badlife

He talks in his sleep to the Ultra Violet Kind
He stalks to the beat in a violent state of time

He's the babble of badlife, words are words
no matter how you pay the price

He'll castrate your soul
and penetrate your mind
Fear his Fire eyes burnin'

Spirits are never destroyed
Fear his Fire eyes burnin'
Lost forever in the void
Fear his Fire eyes burnin'

He feeds on the loveless
in his sordid silent crime