

Scaterd Few, Witchcraft

(Some religions think that the egg is the symbol of the soul)

"Saints Alive I can't believe my eyes"
Is what Mama told me
"Don't you dare end up rotten
Like the slime your father was until he died"

Father of mine
Father of mine
Father of mine

(Abba Father)

Cup of tea from a Gypsy: "Will you marry me
I dont love You - You don't have to It's His destiny
Tell nobody its our secret And I'll be your man
Take the other cup that's Shaking in my mothers hand"

(What do you know about symbolism?)
(What do you know about the egg...)

Father...
Father...
Father of mine

(Death... How do you know about death?)

Abba father left for dead as a picney though He held my hand
I wouldn't breathe when sleeping doctors couldnt understand
So Demons took me places children know as hell
Until the Gypsy Lady broke the Spell that mede me ill

(A product of Whichcraft)

Gypsy Woman ran an egg over my naked flesh
all the while mumbling something underneath her breath
Cracked the egg in water bloodied eyes looked over me
While my Mommy watched the demons dance so patiently

Bloody Heath Robinson