

Snuff Pop Inc., The Imposture

BIG TIME HADES APPROACHES

Tracking me down and cracking me up

They appear as reflections, as the glint in your lover's eye
They're gravediggers sent from the Common Cellar
To riddle the ceiling upon which we walk

Hope's the bribe I was given to comply
Cross my heart and hope to die
I can't trust what I feel
Touching me so gentle makes me doubt you're real

Big time Hades approaches
Tracking me down, cracking me up

And the crying of children from our stovepipes fills the air
You told them they'll fly to Heaven high.....you lie!

I'm stepping into the hitherto darkest night
Viscous mascara covers the colourless inward-looking eye

There's no light in the attic of Hell tonight
Crying of children from the Stovepipe fills the air

The Furies split up in rats and bats
To sniff out the monotonous humming in the air
The earthly daily distant noise of a thousand people's
Last shrieks of terror before their ruin

...Someone poisoned my toothpaste...

BIG TIME HADES APPROACHES

Tracking me down and cracking me up

There's no light
In the attic of Hell tonight!

All Snuff Pop Inc. music and lyrics written by Ant Mozart Khadaffi