

Sodom, Fellows In Misery

She is searching for
A secret love affair
She hopes to find it
On the street
Do not care about the
Words of moralisers
Immaculate conception
Should it be

She can't control her
Abnormal inclination
But she found a congenial fellow

Fellows in misery
Fellows in misery

Rutting suitors are
Standing around
They'll go along with
Whatever she wants
But she prefers a cooch to eat
She likes to feel a butterfly queen

She can't control her
Abnormal inclination
But she found a congenial fellow

Fellows in misery
Fellows in misery

They get down to practice
Their ferocious games
These little ladies are going insane
Taking the chance and feeling so nice
Ecstasy, maltreated bodies brutalised by spite

She can't control her
Abnormal inclination
But she found a congenial fellow

Fellows in misery
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