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

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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

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