

Tadpole, White Horsie

In solitary devilment
We find solace, but bring me hearts content
With masochistic tendencies
Put on my lipstick,
Deliver me...

Deliver me

With predatory resonance
Regularly begin this dark descent
With realistic urgency
We dance ballistic,
Deliver me...

Deliver me

Cast off monastic liveries
Although weary greedily relent
In light fantastic lay me down
I can't resist it
Deliver me