

Test Icicles, Dancing On Pegs

I keep on knocking, hands all bloody and raw
the captain approaches quickly
answers the door

he comes with his army of blathering fools
blood red eyes and loaded with tools

you're asleep inside all toastie and warm
get out of bed it's time to perform

long golden locks and as sweet as can be
you stole his gems and now he's coming for me

commander coming chop me down at the knee
come take my arm it's time we must flee
I hear he's coming to chop off my legs
next time you see me I'll be dancing on pegs

I think it's about time to head out (x4)

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