

# 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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