

Wolfsbane, Temple Of Rock

Knock the door and then descend,
Down the stairs and down again,
Into the Temple of Rock,
Tattooed backs and beer thighs,
Shadows laugh and make up lies,
In the Temple of Rock.

Tell me anything, I'll do it, she said,
As I passed in the hall,
Don't I know that good things,
Nearly always come packaged small.

I want the hard core.

Don't I know that I look cool,
Cos I'm drinking rocket fuel,
In the Temple of Rock.

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Smashed and blind but I feel fine,
Watered at that sacred shrine,
It's the Temple of Rock.

Tell me anything, I'll do it, she said,
As I passed in the hall,
Don't I know that good things,
Nearly always come packaged small.

I want the hard core.

I want a hard core bitch to worship,
I want the good times with the bad girls,
I don't mind if I beg,
Cos I want to lick their legs.