

X

"Real Child Of Hell"

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Men of flesh hitch a ride
Shorts and tans and greasy thighs
At night drive into slimy bars
And piss it out on our front yards
They're looking in our window now

Real child of hell, nobody's seen him
Real child of hell, real child of hell
Nobody knows what shape she takes

St. Paddy's Day, old Irish man
Shamrocks painted on his face
He mumbles warnings from Ireland
In the back I sense a fight
And that old man has done his deed

Real child of hell, nobody's seen him
Real child of hell, real child of hell
Nobody knows what shape she takes

This stage I'm on gets repossessed
Vigilantes acting bored
The mindless fan wants my dress
And I can't tell which one is worse
And I can't see the cursing child

Real child of hell, nobody's seen him
Real child of hell, real child of hell
Nobody knows what shape she takes

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