

806 Main St. "Tormentor"

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tormentor, your home is a bull-fighting ring
where spears can be thrust into innocent things
and all the spectators will stand and throw roses
you're the bringer of death in a proud performance
tormentor, your home is a tavern in hell
where the bar-keeping drunkards all know you so well
you play the piano and they sing along
and the hellfire's crackling to the time of the song
tormentor, your home is in southern lyan(?)
dreaming of all the places you've been
rubbing the gravel dust out of your eyes
you'll look for the moon but it's lost in the sky
tormentor, your eyes are as blue as the sea
but you've never been nothing but trouble for me
so go on and forget that i live in this town
find a lonelier place, throw your stakes in the ground

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