

Barbara Dickson

"Malignant"

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A helping hand from an ignorant father, results in your misery
Born and race with saying grace, oh please god help thee!
Your private parts are missing skin, how sacred you are

Seeing in believing, unfortunately my friend, your digging your own grave
No matter how, no matter what, at the end all just puppets in this lifelong
Circus
Blindfolded eyes, with heavenly disguise

liiaaahhh

You backstabbing son of a bitch, how can you live with who you are?
Dedicate your life to the greatest lie of all?
Judging men for thinking different!

Casting your shadow over human landscape
Catching every moment for a chance to destroy
Oooohhh it's not meant to be
To fold your hands and get down on your knees

Oooohhh help me father 'cause I have sin
I think we better cut of some more of my skin

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