Bathory "White Bones"

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Patricia Lutz, aged 20, Baltimore, Maryland Hollywood bound in 1983 Leaving trashed marriage behind, budding happy full of life The city of sun and sin, the journey to hell begins

Robin D Waters impersonator of the homed one Cloaked in black, shaved head, ringleader of misguided youths Community of misfits surrogate family Drugs and mindgames at St. Griffith Park Observatory

He had made his choice, Patricia was the one He took her by her hand and led her down His private hell, caught in his command Patricia Lutz took death by its cold hand

She would give him a son, the child of Satan She now had shaved her young head clean His offspring growing for each day In the womb of Patricia his darkness queen

Angel dusted flashed-out wedding Midnight hour, black magic shop One hundred black candles lit By his hand the hour glass would stop

Psycho power, thought control
At day time waitress down the coffee place
The letters home but millions of riddles
At night time she'd prostitute herself

Acid hell more money craves The hold up fails, the misfits flee Refuse to be their federate slaves It's time to fulfill their destiny

St. Griffith Park Observatory Midnight hour, a pscychos last stand The world is for fools and hell is awaiting A shiny .38 in a fragile woman's hand Just one shot, it's all so easy
All will be well just aim at the head
Look into the eyes, the eyes of eachother
Just press that trigger and you're dead

Six years would pass, a Sunday came Sun bleached skulls laid to rest Patricia White Bones

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