

Foetus "Sick Man"

Visit "Sick Man" on MotoLyrics.com

Lurchin' round the parking lot, a man possessed (of not a lot)

Skin and bones and rings and crown, legs reach right down to the ground

Swivel hips and loose lips. Stab the dagger, turn it round

His life's an open boo scribbled in his own blood His constant companion always at hand Makin' entries in his diary... the diary of SICK-MAN Overcome by waves of lechery - one for you sixteen for

Kill the monkey on his back/he kisses BIG, he kisses **BLACK**

Profile of neanderthal/leaves his debris in the hall Pushover furniture-barroom brawls... takin' notes from toilet walls

His victim screams - he has a ball

THE BIGGER THE HEAD THE HARDER THEY FALL He lives a life of luxury, he lives a life of misery The entries in his diary are the entries of SICK-MAN His constant companion always at hand Makin' entries in his diary... the diary of SICK-MAN His pen's as mighty as his sword. Bites off more than he can afford

The torture-meister relishing - intimidating everything Typewriter rhythms drowning the newly acquired insecurity

Gets in fights/stays up nights/rends and mends companion's tights

Forcin' symptoms of his own disease A BOY FOR YOU, BLACK PLAGUE FOR ME His constant companion always at hand Makin' entries in his diary... the diary of SICK-MAN His constant companion always at hand

Makin' entries in his diary... the diary of SICK-MAN Blackheaded Blackguard with a blackjack Laced his coffee with spoons of RATSAC Hangs his trophies on walls of his place - hangs his carrots in front of his face Lust and greed has swallowed him - tearing limb from hymn to limb

He's worries how - he got a gun swallowed in his

clammy hams

All he got for Christmas was a chip on his shoulder

And a constant reminder

Left companion in pool of blood - she had tried to make

him taste his

own medicine

Gone down dead end alleyway

HEY SICK-MAN

SUCK THIS, SICK-MAN, EAT HOT LEAD... HE'S GRINDING

- SHAKING - DANCING

DEAD

Illegal entries in his diary... diary of SICK-MAN

His constant companion was always at hand... now

she's an entry in the diary

☐he diary of SICK-MAN

His constant companion always at hand... makin'

entries in his diary

The diary of SICK-MAN

Illegal entries in his diary... DIARY OF SICK-MAN

SICK-MAN... SICK-MAN... SIIIIIIIIIICK ----

MMAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNN!

Visit Foetus page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.