

## Gluecifer "Lord Of The Dusk"

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Nightfall and his axe is gettin dull  
Wanna burn a candle wanna burn it in a scull  
Writin' letters to a friend  
Stains of make-up smeared out on the hand-made  
smokies end

What a way to be a winner  
Hate thru the mail  
What a live-home little sinner  
Try him he'll fail

Signin up for duty in black now  
Hatin it from PO Box 4  
Hear it from the Lord of the Dusk he's a bore

Screamin to an evil 4-track tape  
Plug in to his headphones for a so-called aural rape  
Demon posters at his wall

Posin in the snow wont let you hear the demons call

Workin on a date with the devil  
Stood up for the twentieth time  
Lord of the dusk fuck-up dressed like a mime

No rush tonite  
Can't get it right  
No vampire bite  
Just a little fright

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