

Malice In Leatherland

"From Under The Floorboards"

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Though it's true I get real nervous
A madman I am not
You've got nerve say'n I've no purpose
I serve the bond that you've since long forgot!!

On Halloween
These teeth sink their love in vein
On Halloween
Your heart's got gaud to beat again.

So you lock and load presumptions
Whilst I shoot em down, unhinged - unflailed!
Now you're slave to resolution

To tweedle praise trapped in my wicker cage!!

On Halloween
These teeth sink their love in vein
On Halloween
Your heart's got gaud to beat again.

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