

Masque "Of Lesser Dogs"

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Odd games he plays here
Does not mean to harm
Someone stalks the strange side
Soaked by soup that stinks
Curiosity your brother
Disclosing all the depths
But some things ought better
Not being found out
Don't give us anything reminding of age
'Cos though we do love you it's not far from rage
Pick all those nettles
Pick some for us too
But soup on a dog is far harder to make
Wait you're being used in
A proper drench of fear
But face reveals nothing
You're drunken on yourself
Don't give us anything reminding of age

'Cos though we do love you it's not far from rage
Yes to the depths
And yes to your health
But some things ought better not being found out
Wanting till bloodless
Four-legged bundle is back here
That is the truest
And the saddest part of all
No flesh can understand the wriggling ways within
Look in the ditches
Oh Lord, where is he lying strewn
Let's drop a black wreath
Where our dog most likely fell
Just sweep past evil smell of flesh that understands
(Words: Sahlin Music: Rellmark/EngstrÅm)

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