

Propaan / Butaan "Cattlemarket Abattoir"

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The bass-line thumps as you stalk your prey,
Vengeance the catalyst of the day.
Your fantasies resembling a film noir,
The cattlemarket's turned into an abattoir.

G-H-B

G-B-H

Timing the essence of the charming routine,
The shoulder to cry on and the nicotine.
Confidence oozing through the veins,
The night evolves and creates more shame.
She's feeling woozy, she's feeling scr*wed,
The hunter prepares to make his move.
Your fantasies have moved beyond a film noir,
The cattle are screaming in the abattoir.

You're fooling yourself if you think you've passed the
test of manhood.
There is no test.

The bass-line jumps and the record skips,
Penetration of the trembling hips.
The mask has fallen from her eyes,
She's woken up and her hands are tied.

Waking up to find you are inside of me.

Please leave your message after the beep.
I like to tap-dance.

Timing the essence of the charming routine,
The shoulder to cry on and the nicotine.
Confidence oozing through the veins,
The night evolves and creates more shame.
She's feeling woozy, she's feeling scr*wed,
The hunter prepares to make his move.
Your fantasies have moved beyond a film noir,
The cattle are screaming in the abattoir.

Waking up to find you are inside of me.
Waking up to find you are inside of me.

Waking up to find you are inside of me, to find you are
in..

Waking up to find you are inside of me.

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