

Dark Side Cowboys "Autumn Song"

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Oh drizzle, oh thunder, a feather stitch
So pale and painted, occult you look my dear
So shady, unveiling, so worthy my son
So splendid, mysterious, your way f turning (what?)
black
So call your God of darkness
Yes, call your God of darkness
And see if he can help you now!
A theatre performance, a sharp tooth clown
Needles and filthy signs
Play your death march, take me dancing, you practical
jokes
Snake skin bitch, propose to me...
So call your damn God of darkness
Yes, call your God of darkness
And see if he can help you now!
Children gather round here, to hear this tale end
Of you I thought so much more, better
All here nets and hollow eyes
Whigs, sticks and a devil's workshop

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