

Type O Negative "An Ode To Locksmiths"

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Where the fuck are my keys

Been given the keys I knew I'd receive
Be careful what you're asking for
My rod and my staff simply twelve toned math
An earful opening all doors

Simon the Roman gone fishing for man
If you're caught is to be freed
Come, open your lock by using a rock
Or sowing the proper seeds, yeah

Woe to thee, all women of land, air and sea
Adam was the serpent, apple 'tween his knees
Seduced by a snake, worshiped by nations
Banished forth from Eden, it's the male who is Satan,
Satan

From the tree of knowledge a metaphor for sex
Plucked a ripened globe of fruit that of her innocence
Since forbidden, resisted forcing her to taste
And now I know why girls hate boys
'Cause Eve was in fact raped, raped

You ain't goin' nowhere
Everybody, ready, let's go

We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go
We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go

We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go
We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go

Nowhere to go
Nowhere to go
Come on, you come on

We ain't goin' home

Got nowhere to go
We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go

We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go
We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go

Nowhere to go
Nowhere to go
Nowhere to go

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