

## Woe Of Tyrants

### "Jekyll & Hyde"

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Alone in the house since his parents die  
Talking to himself  
Sneaking away from the neighbors eyes  
Quiet and reserved  
All the girls from school always were so cruel  
Nothing like the ladies at the morgue  
Shall we do it in the coffin in the back of the church?  
I know you'll keep a secret and you won't say a word

No one knows me, I like to keep to myself  
I've got hundreds of faces on the shelf

He is the voice of the oppressed and the weak  
Wearing the face of justice  
Until Friday night when his dick is hard  
He throws that face away  
Feel the force like the hammer of Thor  
Pounding against the flesh  
He's the hook in the hooker, pulling her down  
Raping the night away

No one knows me, I like to keep to myself  
I've got hundreds of faces on the shelf  
For how long can I keep the monster inside  
I feel the Jekyll and Hyde are about to collide

Mr Pentecostal Pastor with his pretty young wife  
Preaching like a pro  
An apostle of disaster with a great appetite  
Feel his healing hands  
Let us pray, and he preys on their sweet young flesh  
Offering his pastoral care  
Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's wife  
But wasn't it strange when his second wife died?

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