

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult

"Dolly And Bb Will Not Wake Up Anymore"

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Dolly my little dog,
Fur in black and brown
She met her boyfriend Rocky,
They played in the ground.
One winter night,
A baby dog was born.
Unfortunately, Dolly died next morning.
I cried in the morning.

BB the baby dog,
Lost her mother Dolly,
Thus we fed her, pretend to be her mother.
BB grew up,
And had babies.
Maybe that's fate,
One day the wolf dog bite her,
The wolf dog bite her,
The wolf dog bite her.
The wolf dog bite her neck, and BB couldn't breathe.
She's puling on the floor,
Her blood sketched on her chin,
Her son's watching and barking,
He was too small to do fighting.
I didn't save my darling,
I was sleeping.

Dolly my little dog,
Fur in black and brown.
She met her boyfriend Rocky,
They played in the ground.
One winter night,
A baby dog was born.
Her name's BB,
Her name's BB,
Her name's BB.

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