

Acryptylyse **"Lambs"**

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I observe from the shadows,
Never letting myself be seen.
There I dwell until my opportunity,
Lusting over your bountiful body.

Pre-Chorus:

I'll trap you in my van,
I'll put you in my whole,
I shall say this little poem.

Chorus:

It rubs the lotion on it's skin
Or it gets the hose again.
It does this when it's told,
I want your skin with no mold!

I wear your skin and pretend to be a female.
I will get away with this and shall not fail.
You're just another victim in my eleven foot whole.
In my unfinished basement I will steal your soul.

Pre-Chorus

Chorus

Would you fuck me? Would you fuck me?
I'd fuck me. Oh, I'd so fuck me!

It puts the lotion in the basket. It puts the lotion in the
basket.

I said It puts the lotion in the god damn basket!

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