

Patrick Wolf "The Childcatcher"

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I was still a child when you caught me and tied me to
your bed
you gave me shoes and pretty clothes, and i gave you
what i had between my legs
Just a rite of passage, you held me down and said
"I'm gonna be your right of passage, so boy you better
spread, spread em"

You said.."run run run as fast as you can but you cant
run run from the childcatchers hands"

I wrote your name in my shit across the town to warn
the kids of your bloodshed
when i chased you with a burning cross, my mother she
wanted you dead
she said "run run run as fast as you can but you cant
run run from our law given hand"

you said
"well i've got no time for victims and i don't think it was
all that bad
and if you can't run to save yourself well then you
deserve to be had
this is the age of constipation, this is the age of
martyrdom
I think you even enjoyed it, I think I even saw you come"

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