

## Psychotic Waltz "Mosquito"

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crawling into my head, mosquito, mosquito red  
pieces, diseases, floating in the greases, but they  
smile instead

sting of the suckerfly  
in the dead of the night  
ride on the wings of a dragonfly  
sleep by the candlelight  
sucking the gutter dry  
taking flight  
now they dance on the open eye  
pushing the needle to the tiny bite

watching the circling sun, mosquito, mosquito run  
vision of a killing gun  
they sing with the voices of the angels son  
river is flowing  
the bloody wind is blowing  
the reaper they are sowing  
and i don't believe that they are going

crawling into my eye, mosquito, mosquito fly  
falling from the scientist slide  
eating at the walls from behind they hide

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