

Howie Dorough

"Jezebel"

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The mountans
At her back
The horizon
Gnawing at her throat
Slowing the butchers you planted
Bloom and swing the blades
Fumble with the ropes
As the twilight
Takes it's place

Gaze at the witch boiling inside

Broken nails
Grip feels frail
In sheets she'll sail
Close your eyes oh friend
I'll show you how
They did you
I'll make them fail

The scorn you left her
At pleasure's door
You fucking bastard
In sheets she sails

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