

Snuff

"The Imposture"

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BIG TIME HADES APPROACHES

Tracking me down and cracking me up

They appear as reflections, as the glint in your lover's
eye

They're gravediggers sent from the Common Cellar
To riddle the ceiling upon which we walk

Hope's the bribe I was given to comply

Cross my heart and hope to die

I can't trust what I feel

Touching me so gentle makes me doubt you're real

Big time Hades approaches

Tracking me down, cracking me up

And the crying of children from our stovepipes fills the
air

You told them they'll fly to Heaven high.....you lie!

I'm stepping into the hitherto darkest night

Viscous mascara covers the colourless inward-looking
eye

There's no light in the attic of Hell tonight

Crying of children from the Stovepipe fills the air

The Furies split up in rats and bats

To sniff out the monotonous humming in the air

The earthly daily distant noise of a thousand people's

Last shrieks of terror before their ruin

...Someone poisoned my toothpaste...

BIG TIME HADES APPROACHES

Tracking me down and cracking me up

There's no light

In the attic of Hell tonight!

All Snuff Pop Inc. music and lyrics written by Ant Mozart

Khadaffi

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