

Vicious Passion

Kashmir

I'd like to tell the secret story
Of my vicious passion.
You might turn your back on me,
And find it out of the fashion.
I've tried to hide it all my life
So that no one would find me here,
While I was hiding in my hut
Biting Maggie's blackie doggie ears.
It turns me on,
It hards it on.
I catch the poodle on the grass
Tie him up to the flagpole.
Press my teeth through his ear
And feel relief from my black soul.
I wake up from my xtc
And find the poodle is bleeding.
My neighbour Maggie hears the sound
Of the poodle screeching.
It turns me on,
It hards it on.
Oh how I adore this taste of sommer breeze
Oh how I adore this taste of sommer breeze