

In The Night Time

Death in June

In your eyes
Is the truth
Slip your head into the noose.
Okay?

There you lay
In your bed
I'll put an axe through your head.
Ecstasy?

As you smile
I'll thrust the knife
Into your paper bag
A new one, every night.
Another book on sale today
Killed 10 whores
With a food mixer
Hooray?

Books and films
Promote the scheme
That woman are only bred to be raped
Hear the screams on the screen.

She lays spread eagled
In the dark
Bound and gagged
Just a sound - a beating heart

He's the king
Mounting his throne
But in truth a nobody
All alone

Theres money to be made
From murder and sex slaves
Read the papers
Today?

Hitler made a bomb
From those now gone
To the open graves
Of yesterday