

Red Noses, Shit Poses

Gluecifer

Well I will get in the cage
and I will meet the rage
Coz I aint got no choice now
Gotta turn the page

And when I hear the roar
You know I gonna soar
I know it's comin down to the will yeah
like it did before

I'm standin on the edge of my feet
Gotta whip it till I break it down
Got me dancin' to the animal beat when I
want the death of a clown

What I hate is the goddamn nose
Shit shoes and a sad excuse for clothes
The time has come for your final fall
So get up this is your curtain call

I gonna shit inside of your pants - You got it comin'
Slap you with my mighty hands - You got it comin'
Break you dammit break you down
I want the death of a clown

God I hate your smile
what a loser style
Fallin over like a silly child
man it drives me wild

So now you're rollin round in the dust
You get ready for the ultimate trick
Got me howlin like a trumpet baby
(Got me) cuttin into your schtick

Tonight your show is off
And I will take your stage
When it's gettin tough
you gonna need some rage