

Little Red Riding Hood

Sparzanza

Loving alive, the living dead
Don't be bad, at night in bed
Blonde as light, summer wild
Snakes in her hair, a blood child
Her dirty looks, her filthy clothes
Makes you melt, your dream explode
Into a vivid kind of dream
Reality turns into a blood stream

HERE SHE COMES, THERE SHE GOES
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
THERE SHE IS, IN YOUR HEAD
LITTLE RED RIDING DEAD

Now ask yourself, are you the wolf?
In this bloody rendez vous
She's so alive, but full of sin
Wolf teeth, or snake bite, you cannot win