

...And We All Have A Hell

From First to Last

Every day gets worse
Locked in a vice my thoughts perverse
You must wonder why I look at you that way
(I looked at you that way)Tonight I'll make my way into your house
I must, I'm lustng for your body
Skin looks tight, think I just might have
To take a bite, but I know one will turn
To three or four or more my little whoreTonight, tonight, she's not alone
(Can you taste the wicked in the room?)
Bobbysoxer so pure, so young
By morning her soul will be gone, goneI did a beautiful thing
Relax baby, that's a good girl
You're like my work of art
I can control, I can contort any position that I wish
I make my fantasy reality, hold still, it will be over soonTonight, tonight she's not alone
(Can you taste the wicked in the room?)
Bobbysoxer so pure, so young
By morning her soul will be gone, gone, gone, goneI blend with the walls so I won't be seen
My love, you smell so
I took one good look
I followed you homeTonight, tonight, she's not alone
(Can you taste the wicked in the room?)
Bobbysoxer so pure, so young
By morning her soul will be gone

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