Jim

Tales Of Terror

I don't wanna die quiet
I just wanna die in pain
I'm on a perversion diet
I've got a twisted brainStanding in the cold
Lurking in the rain
Like a green thick mold
I'm permanent stain
Stand in the back
Watching you undress
Look through the crack
Well you know the restI'm like a festering scab
I won't go away
You'll only be safe in the light of day
No matter what you do
No matter what you say
I'll climb inside your mind
I'm here to stayHa, ha, ha

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