

# Mad Butcher (live)

## Destruction

Mad Butcher  
A fire is burning in his eyes  
His brain is in war and the evil will rise  
His blood is black, it's scalding hot  
Now he's got to ramble,  
He knows that's his lot Through the Blackstreets of the town  
His steps are clanging  
Now he's wanton, oh he's panting  
In his hand a blade of solid steel  
Now it's the time you got to feel Mad Butcher  
He feels his driving, satisfaction he needs  
He's watching you pussy, he will get his food  
And when he arises you think it's a lover  
But he likes strange practices, you'll discover You lie on your bed, your view real seems great  
But instead of his prick,  
He's drawing his blade  
Oh he's so tender, when he makes love to you  
That you couldn't stand it,  
It's a pity for you

Songwriters

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