

An Ode To Locksmiths

Type O Negative

Where the fuck are my keys
Been given the keys I knew I'd receive
Be careful what you're asking for
My rod and my staff simply twelve toned math
An earful opening all doors
Simon the Roman gone fishing for man
If you're caught is to be freed
Come, open your lock by using a rock
Or sowing the proper seeds, yeah
Woe to thee, all women of land, air and sea
Adam was the serpent, apple 'tween his knees
Seduced by a snake, worshiped by nations
Banished forth from Eden, it's the male who is Satan, Satan
From the tree of knowledge a metaphor for sex
Plucked a ripened globe of fruit that of her innocence
Since forbidden, resisted forcing her to taste
And now I know why girls hate boys
'Cause Eve was in fact raped, raped
You ain't goin' nowhere
Everybody, ready, let's go
We ain't goin' home

Got nowhere to go
We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go
We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go
We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go
Nowhere to go
Nowhere to go
Come on, you come on
We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go
We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go
We ain't goin' home
Got nowhere to go
We ain't goin' home

Got nowhere to go
Nowhere to go
Nowhere to go
Nowhere to go

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