Rescue

The Blood Brothers

They're fucking after us,
my bathroom mirror is cluttered with colonial faces.
it's a fright, it's a sight, powdered chalky white.
You've got to rescue me
they're stalking me, hiding in mirrors like flesh jack-o-lanterns.
It's a tease, it's a shock, they shriek,
"The Redcoats are coming!" like a choir of boiling lobsters.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/