

Double Fang

Bile

A wang, dang, dang and a double fang, put you six feet underground. Flush all the fashion and your old school
passion, our world
lives underground. Living for the money, so dead fuckin' funny, with your three piece suit and your wife that
calls you honey.
You're raw meat, now ain't that sweet? Our world lives underground, SHUT THE FUCK UP, SPEAK WHEN
YOU'RE SPOKEN TO! You're
my bitch, now do what you're told to do. SHUT THE FUCK UP, SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO! Get
down on your knees and
thank me. Vampire folklore old stone age, hypodermic wet dream narcotic stage, an undead anthem to the
blackest days, a tribute
to the original. SHUT THE FUCK UP, SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO! You're my bitch now do what
you're told to do. SHUT THE
FUCK UP, SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO! Get down on your knees and thank me. SHUT THE FUCK
UP, SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE
SPOKEN TO! You're my bitch, now do what you're told to do. SHUT THE FUCK UP, SPEAK WHEN
YOU'RE SPOKEN TO! Get down, lick
my boot and thank me. I was taken on a Tuesday night, a summer's night, around midnight. Blood flows silently
to candlelight, yet
I re-animate in shadows. Purveyor of the horror, tormentor in technicolor, governor to the terror but still I'm
trapped in limbo.

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