Motorpsycho

Skizoyds

Rolling down a Corridor which is long grey dark and dusty Hear the screaming sound of rubber wheels on plastic floors Crying out his need for blood the motorpsycho is mad and thirsty He will catch up on you too late to reach the exit door He is a motorpsycho of wire and steel a motorpsycho on rubberwheels, killing and pain the motorpsycho has done it again (and again!) He is a motorpsycho of wire and steel a motorpsycho on rubberwheels, killing and pain the motorpsycho has done it again (and again!) Razors on revolving arms are cutting slowly through your body Metal Laughter is echoing into a moonless night Motorpsycho happiness is a mas morbid and truly bloody This corridor to hell is his kingdom of delight He is a motorpsycho of wire and steel a motorpsycho on rubberwheels, killing and pain the motorpsycho has done it again (and again!) He is a motorpsycho of wire and steel a motorpsycho on rubberwheels, killing and pain the motorpsycho has done it again (and again!) He is a motorpsycho of wire and steel a motorpsycho on rubberwheels, killing and pain the motorpsycho has done it again (and again!) He is a motorpsycho of wire and steel a motorpsycho on rubberwheels, killing and pain the motorpsycho has done it again (and again!) and again!

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