

# Delicate Terror

## My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult  
Delicate Terror  
Hypnotic mouth talks on fantasy phone  
Sanitarium Borderline  
Gone today and here tommorrow...  
Killed his taste for switchblades  
Locked in our room reliving old movies  
Oh how she adores Him  
Join the Children of Hell  
Where is our pill-krazed brother?  
It's only real when it's dark

Lyrics provided by  
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