Mad Butcher

Destruction

Mad Butcher
Fire is burning in his eyes
His brain is in war, the evil will rise
His blood is black, it's scalding hot
He's got to ramble, he knows that's his lotThrough the Blackstreets of the town
His steps are clanging
Now he's wanton, oh, he's panting
In his hand a blade of solid steel
Now it's the time you got to feelMad Butcher
He feels his driving, satisfaction he needs
He's watching you pussy, he will get his food
And when he arises you think it's a lover
He's got strange practices to discoverYou lie on your bed, your view real seems great
But instead of his prick, he's drawing his blade, come on
Oh, he's so tender when he makes love to you
That you couldn't stand it, it's a pity for youThrough the Blackstreets of the town
His steps are clanging
Now he's wanton, oh, he's panting
In his hand a blade of solid steel
Now it's the time you got to feel

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