

The Whip

Carcrash International

From the oceans of this dead mind, dark and deep, to the Garden of Desire,
In church doorways, lost hallways, to caress this yearning, burning fire,
I was born with the instinct of a lizard, at the heart of my brain,
I lived in a doll's house, Papa worked at a place for the insane!

The Dream,
Begins to scream,
A nightmare,
The Whip

I was born with a cannibal instinct, bound up in the house of fear,
With sweet kisses love and affection, I had to eat myself alive!
Across and down, close to me, there obnoxious in the pit,
From prone and seething bodies a viscoid bile emits,
My mind analyzes, my body starts to roll,
Soul is in a torment fighting for control,
Control
Control
The Whip!

I was crucified with religion, the holy mother was afraid for my soul,
I was twisted, ugly, and distorted, all around me weapons spat carnal fire.

The Whip
The Whip
The exile of the Whip!

Lyrics Submitted by Dave Roberts

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