

Ball-Room

Obsidian Kingdom

Let's put a "laughter" into "slaughter"
Turn those ambient red lights on
We'll drink warm bourbon off your feet
Take shots made of your sweat and soul We'll chew your skin until you scream
The name of your old-fashioned god
A feast of undulating hips
The ballroom madness has begun Layers of buzzing, cries and pants
Producing an exquisite drone
The air is heavy with the scent
Of pleasure, mead and pheromones
With eyes so wild and smile so wide
Our hall of fame awaits your call
You're such a perfect piece of game
You'll leave no trace but pools of gore
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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