

# 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 soulWe'll chew your skin until you scream

The name of your old-fashioned god

A feast of undulating hips

The ballroom madness has begunLayers 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.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>