Maggots

Lars Frederiksen & The Bastards

Like zombies in the night, she's creeping around my house.
The moonlight burns my eyes, nocturnally hypnotizes.
She's just a memory that's got a thirst for blood.
She said she wants me dead, I know she wants me dead.She's makin jewellery from the maggots of my wounds.
She looks so lovely.
Jewellery, from the maggots from my wounds she looks so good to me.The devils come to roost. Well in my sleepless nights,
Well evil speaks my name. I read it in the lights.
The echo's of her voice like barbed wire round my eyes,
she says she wants me dead, I know she wants me dead.She's makin jewellery from the maggots of my wounds.
She looks so lovely.
Jewellery, from the maggots from my wounds she looks so good to me.

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