

Crybaby Demon

Crocodiles

Crybaby demon with her plastic rose
did she let thorns tear her up head to toe

Fallen angel Sorrow with her perfume rose
it slithers like a snake into her nose

and she gets so high
she don't even notice me when I pass her by

She's the saint of garbage lying in her bed
did I let her holiness go to my head?

She's the virgin Sorrow, swallows up my trash
for now she's wide awake but soon she'll crash

and she gets so high
she don't even notice me when I pass her by

Down on the street I'm just another creep!
Down on the street that's where we meet

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