

Cutsman

HORSE the band

INTRO:

What's that? (Fire from the gods)

I don't know.

Power glove...THAT LITTLE BASTARD,

with his tricks and vile forms of play

hacking shaving slicing mutilating

all that gets before him,

all that gets in his way.Coming around down the stairs.

wood cracks beneath my feet,

my hand slips across the rail

collecting dust on my finger tips.

I came into a dark room

the smell of wet stone of many years

then there was a bubonic retard's blank empty stare...LITTLE ANDROID MAN

HALF THE SIZE THAT I AM

SCISSORS ON HIS HEAD

SCCCIISSSSOOORRRRSSSS ON HIS FUCKING HEAD!Little android man

-born without a soul

without that force of reason-

the scissors took control.

Little android man-

born without a heart

if he's in your vicinity he'll cut you apart!Here he comes

bring it down

it's just a game

Don't look back he's right behind

and here's your piece of mind.(cut cut cut cut

cut cut CUT CUUTT!

CUT! CUT! CUT! CUT!

CUT! CUT! CUT! CUT!

CUT! CUT! CUT! CUT!

CUT! CUT! CUT! CUT!)little android man,

born without a soul

without the voice of reason

the scissors took control!

little android man,

born without a heart

if hes in your vicinity

he'll cut you apart.

Counting it down until your death counts on his fingers.

1 2 3 4

LITTLE ANDROID MAN

NEVER- NEVER - NEVER TRUST A

LITTLE ANDROID MAN

HE'LL CUT CUT CUT CUTOUTRO:

jeez, I love the power glove. It's so bad...

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