

## In The Night Time

Death in June

In your eyes  
Is the truth  
Slip your head into the noose.  
Okay?

There you lay  
In your bed  
I'll put an axe through your head.  
Ecstasy?

As you smile  
I'll thrust the knife  
Into your paper bag  
A new one, every night.  
Another book on sale today  
Killed 10 whores  
With a food mixer  
Hooray?

Books and films  
Promote the scheme  
That woman are only bred to be raped  
Hear the screams on the screen.

She lays spread eagled  
In the dark  
Bound and gagged  
Just a sound - a beating heart

He's the king  
Mounting his throne  
But in truth a nobody  
All alone

Theres money to be made  
From murder and sex slaves  
Read the papers  
Today?

Hitler made a bomb  
From those now gone  
To the open graves  
Of yesterday