

White Bones

Bathory

Patricia Lutz, aged 20, Baltimore, Maryland
Hollywood bound in 1983
Leaving trashed marriage behind, budding happy full of life
The city of sun and sin, the journey to hell begins

Robin D Waters impersonator of the homed one
Cloaked in black, shaved head, ringleader of misguided youths
Community of misfits surrogate family
Drugs and mindgames at St. Griffith Park Observatory

He had made his choice, Patricia was the one
He took her by her hand and led her down
His private hell, caught in his command
Patricia Lutz took death by its cold hand

She would give him a son, the child of Satan
She now had shaved her young head clean
His offspring growing for each day
In the womb of Patricia his darkness queen

Angel dusted flashed-out wedding
Midnight hour, black magic shop
One hundred black candles lit
By his hand the hour glass would stop

Psycho power, thought control
At day time waitress down the coffee place
The letters home but millions of riddles
At night time she'd prostitute herself

Acid hell more money craves
The hold up fails, the misfits flee
Refuse to be their federate slaves
It's time to fulfill their destiny

St. Griffith Park Observatory
Midnight hour, a pscychos last stand
The world is for fools and hell is awaiting
A shiny .38 in a fragile woman's hand

Just one shot, it's all so easy
All will be well just aim at the head
Look into the eyes, the eyes of eachother
Just press that trigger and you're dead

Six years would pass, a Sunday came
Sun bleached skulls laid to rest
Patricia
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