

# 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 psychos 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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