

Double Fang

Bile

A wang, dang, dang and a double fang, put you six feet underground.

Flush all the fashion and your old school passion, our world lives underground.

Living for the money, so dead fuckin' funny,
with your three piece suit and your wife that calls you honey.
You're raw meat, now ain't that sweet?

Our world lives underground, SHUT THE FUCK UP, SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO!

You're my bitch, now do what you're told to do.

SHUT THE FUCK UP, SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO!

Get down on your knees and thank me.

Vampire folklore old stone age, hypodermic wet dream narcotic stage,

an undead anthem to the blackest days, a tribute to the original.

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Get down on your knees and thank me.

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You're my bitch, now do what you're told to do.

SHUT THE FUCK UP, SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO!

Get down, lick my boot and thank me.

I was taken on a Tuesday night, a summer's night, around midnight.

Blood flows silently to candlelight, yet I re-animate in shadows.

Purveyor of the horror, tormentor in technicolor,
governor to the terror but still I'm trapped in limbo.