

... And We All Have a Hell

From First to Last

Every day gets worse,
Locked in a vice my thoughts perverse
You must wonder why I look at you that way (that way)
Tonight I'll make my way into your house
I must; I'm lusting for your body
Skin looks tight, think I just might have
To take a bite, but I know one will turn
To three or four or more my little whore

Tonight, tonight she's not alone
(can you taste the wicked in the room?)
Bobbysoxer, so pure, so young
By morning her soul will be gone, gone.

I did a beautiful thing,
Relax baby, that's a good girl
You're like my work of art
I can control, I can contort any
Position that I wish,
I make my fantasy reality
Hold still, it will be over soon

Tonight, tonight she's not alone
(can you taste the wicked in the room?)
Bobbysoxer, so pure, so young
By morning her soul will be gone, gone, gone, gone.

I blend with the walls so I won't be seen
My love, you smell so..
I took one good look,
I followed you home

Tonight, tonight she's not alone
(can you taste the wicked in the room?)
Bobbysoxer, so pure, so young
By morning her soul will be gone