

An unlucky dip in the bargain bin
A ghastly tape with daemons within
Written on the label was an ancient hand
Told of distant times and of worrisome lands
I played it backwards then in reverse
It told me things that were perverse

Evil voices, evil hands
Evil voices, evil commands

Who what would have thought my hand could do that
Gave me a wedgie, set fire to my flat
They start up quiet but end up talking loud
My hands grab the steering wheel, aims for a crowd
Horrorsome daemons trapped within
Bound by chromium, consumed by sin

There's a vortex in the fridge, the food flies about
Throttled by savages, I cannot get out
An unholy choir chants in my mind
Exposing predictions to destruct mankind