

Steel Teeth (The Metal Jaw)

Gama Bomb

Of the evening I sup the wine
It is made of brains
Soon your brains will taste like grapes
From the vat of bones

I crush your face with my metal jaw
Like a coconut stuffed with brains
I might tend the shrubs on Sunday
But really I'm insane!

Steel! Teeth! The metal jaw!
Steel! Teeth! Of metal!
Steel! Teeth! The metal jaw!
Steel! Teeth! Of metal!

Badminton with eyeballs soon
Snooker with victim's limbs
Murdering for sport, sporting for murder
Your guts are a trophy, my trophy of guts

I'll crush your head in my metal jaw
Like the witch in the tower of olde
Smoking jackets drenched in gore
After your brains I'll swallow your soul!

Steel! Teeth! The metal jaw!
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