

Rolling down a Corridor which is long grey dark and dusty Hear  
the screaming sound of rubber wheels on plastic floors Crying o  
ut his need for blood the motorpsycho is mad and thirsty He wil  
l catch up on you too late to reach the exit door He is a motor  
psycho of wire and steel a motorpsycho on rubberwheels, killing  
and pain the motorpsycho has done it again (and again!) He is  
a motorpsycho of wire and steel a motorpsycho on rubberwheels,  
killing and pain the motorpsycho has done it again (and again!)  
Razors on revolving arms are cutting slowly through your body  
Metal Laughter is echoing into a moonless night Motorpsycho hap  
piness is a mas morbid and truly bloody This corridor to hell i  
s his kingdom of delight He is a motorpsycho of wire and steel  
a motorpsycho on rubberwheels, killing and pain the motorpsycho  
has done it again (and again!) He is a motorpsycho of wire and  
steel a motorpsycho on rubberwheels, killing and pain the moto  
rpsycho has done it again (and again!) He is a motorpsycho of w  
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he motorpsycho has done it again (and again!) He is a motorpsyc  
ho of wire and steel a motorpsycho on rubberwheels, killing and  
pain the motorpsycho has done it again (and again!) and again!