

Devy in the corner of his teen year
Born to run away
Children in the middle with the village idiot
So he never made the potty grade

Now maybe he pulled a little closer
Cold in a mousy way
Boom boom as they came a little closer
Put a bolt in the curse today

Now Devy has to eat it in his own way
Broke in a dirty way
Boom boom is the beating that I hear in the night
But no one hears, so no one knows and no one fucks with me

Devy wants a word with the master
I got no need to run away
Down on the road isn't easy
But I never would back away

Boom boom in the morning with the night sounds
No way to run away
Boom boom as the boredom of monogamy
Hits one more time...

No one must know...
No one must know...
No one must know...
No one must know this machine...

Devy got a taste of some black shit
Born in another way
And it probably would have been easy
But it never worked out that way

Boom boom in the corner with the well-soiled
Bound to amalgamate
Boom boom as it kills the inhibitions
...no more games
No one must know...