

I The Bitchfinder

The Dead

reek of filthy sin
breathing from your skin
quest for salty sweat
invitation for the "Dead"

the yellow rubber-glove
will heal you from the inside
the jar of vasoline
provokes the final scream

juice dripping from your wound
I found the nasty mark
unleashed from your womb
it's well & truly art!

reek of filthy sin
breathing from your skin
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the womb-raider seeks inside ya
here I am the Bitchfinder
don't need a witness of your sins
no excuse pay the price!

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here I am the Bitchfinder
don't need a witness of your sins
no excuse pay the price!

I, the bitchfinder
I'll cleanse her sins