

Stone Cold Soul

The Stone

I'm wearing a long black overcoat, a grey knitted cap
And I have a walking stick
Don't care who you are but you know me
You call me "Mr. Death"

My ambition is to destroy all the kids
Cos they are so malicious
Screaming little bastards just fooling around
But they sure look delicious
Delicious

Sugar Daddy's here to stay
Gonna take your kids away
I'm the cause of your weakened health
No use calling help

Stone ColdStone Cold Soul - eruption
Stone ColdI want more - emotion
Stone ColdStone Cold Soul - destruction
Stone coldReal hard core - devotion

Little children playing in their playground
No one watches over them, Sugar Daddy sneaks around

There's no one I can't corrupt
I've bought politicians and the police
Privilege to hunt in the shadows
And catch my colours the way I please
The way I please

I'm even sweeter than cream
But I'll make your children scream
You won't see me on the TV screen
I'm real, nasty and mean

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Aggressive needs are very hard to satisfy
Enjoy torturing kids and seeing them die
Depressive deeds, and you say this is just a lie
Lock up your kids or kiss them goodbye

I'm here to stay
Gonna take your kids away
You won't see me on the TV screen
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