

An Ode to Locksmiths

Type O Negative

Been given the keys I knew I'd receive
Be careful what you're asking for
Thy rod and thy staff Simply twelve toned math
An earful opening all doors

Simon the Roman Gone fission for man
If you're caught is to be freed Come open your lock
By using a rock Or sowing the proper seeds

Woe to thee all women Of land, air and sea
Adam was the serpent Apple 'tween his knees
Seduced by a snake Worshipped by nations
Banished forth from Eden It's the male who is Satan

From the tree of knowledge (a metaphor for sex)
Plucked a ripened globe of fruit That of her innocence
Since forbidden, resisted Forcing her to taste
Now I know why girls hate boys Cause Eve was in fact raped

We ain't goin' home, got nowhere to go