

Clarisse what perfume you wearing today no don't tell me I know
And the soap that you washed with
Come to me don't feel scared I'm not going to bite
Well maybe just a little maybe just a mite
You know without windows without the wind the rain or snow
I feel somewhat strange but of course all this you know
Tell me about the lambs Clarisse tell me why you're scared
I know when your father died something died in there
To see simplicity in any mortal thing is a gift few men have
What makes a killer a madman it's not disgusting it's sad
I dream of trees now I smell the sea don't you find that fun
You have the pleasures of the flesh Clarisse you can feel the sun
But on the darker side you feel the anger rise you feel the satisfying hate
And if you had to kill against your strongest will you wouldn't shoot that bullet late
Please don't judge me so wait just before you go come up closer to the cage
Let me taste the smells of your own body cells you mustn't cover me with rage
I ate to feed I killed in kind you believe me don't you hear the echoes in your mind
They say I'm insane don't they but do they really know why
They say I'm nothing but a cannibal can't understand or even try
For in the night when I whisper from my cell and play my psychiatric game
In the morning when the inmate's dead they hang a new one to my fame
If I walked the streets a free man in the heat I couldn't terrify a crowd
But in a silent home where we'd be all alone you'd need to freshen up a shroud
Please believe I couldn't hurt you I'd try to make you feel welcomed like a friend I'd have you over for a meal
Then I'd tear at your silken breast rip out the heart beating and bloody
Gnaw with lust at your soften neck cutting and spitting and cooking you slowly
Feed you up like a blooded boar fruit in the mouth and garnished with roses
Feel nothing for you anymore deader than hell a meal for a hungry man