

The Tiger Lillies, Terrible

On Mondays murder children, little girls and boys
I put my hands around their throats till they don't make a noise
Tuesdays torture animals, pluck off small birds wings
Watch them as they bleed to death, then they don't sing
Wednesdays I defecate on the priest's front door
If the priest he does complain, I just do it some more
Thursdays I Molatov the local orphans home
Love those little orphans, charred down to the bone

I'm terrible, terrible, shouldn't be allowed
To sing my songs of filth to a decent crowd

On Fridays sodomize tender virgin nuns
Tie them up, lear at them, and then I have my fun
Saturdays I stand and sing my sad, sad, sick, sick songs
To anyone who listen, who in the head is wrong
Sundays, Sundays, the day I love the best
Rape, murder, pillage while other people rest

I'm terrible, terrible, shouldn't be allowed
To sing my songs of filth to a decent crowd
I'm terrible, terrible, shouldn't be allowed
But when I do offend someone it makes me feel so proud