

# ...And We All Have a Hell

## From First to Last

Every day gets worse  
Locked in a vice my thoughts perverse  
You must wonder why I look at you that way  
(I looked at you that way) Tonight I'll make my way into your house  
I must, I'm lusting for your body  
Skin looks tight, think I just might have  
To take a bite, but I know one will turn  
To three or four or more my little whore  
Tonight, tonight, she's not alone  
(Can you taste the wicked in the room?)  
Bobbysoxer so pure, so young  
By morning her soul will be gone, gone I did a beautiful thing  
Relax baby, that's a good girl  
You're like my work of art  
I can control, I can contort any position that I wish  
I make my fantasy reality, hold still, it will be over soon Tonight, tonight she's not alone  
(Can you taste the wicked in the room?)  
Bobbysoxer so pure, so young  
By morning her soul will be gone, gone, gone, gone I blend with the walls so I won't be seen  
My love, you smell so  
I took one good look  
I followed you home  
Tonight, tonight, she's not alone  
(Can you taste the wicked in the room?)  
Bobbysoxer so pure, so young  
By morning her soul will be gone  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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