

PIECE BY PIECE

By Richard Paul

A blood-red tooth in your pocket

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Be sure she will come for you,

--*-- --*--- --*---

No one slips her snares and nets,

_ ---- ---*--- --*---

Your future is a toothsome stew.

-*_ --*--- --*---

Run to the hills or hide away

--*_-- --*--- --*-- *_---

For all the good it will do;

-*_ --*-- *_-

She will come and drag you away,

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Then she's going to eat you.

--*--- *_- *_-

CHORUS

Deep below the ground,

--*--- *_- ---*---

Never to be found,

*_-- *_- ---*---

Feasting on your jowls,

--*--- *_- --*---

Dancing to your howls.

--*--- *_- ---*---

For her kitchen fated,

-*_-- *_- *_-

Hope is lost to you.

--*--- --*-- *_-

She is never sated,

*_-- *_- *_-

Nothing you can do.

--*--- --*-- *_-

In her pantry you will dangle,

-*_- *_-- *_-- *_--

More meat to your left and right,

--*--- --*-- --*---

Screams are constant, stench will strangle,

----*----- *_- ---*--- --*---

But long you'll live in your plight.

--*_-- *_- --*---

Through the door she crawls impatient

----*----- --*-- ---*--- *_-

Fresh caught flesh she'll not resist.

--*--- --*-- *_- *_-

Bits of your meat so slowly rent,

-*_-- --*--- --*-- *_---

In her next dish so to twist.

--*_-- *_- --*---

(CHORUS)

She will not let you die too soon,

--*--- *_- *_-- --*---

She'll not let you go insane,

-*_-- *_- --*---

For as new meals see you hewn,

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No madness must dull your pain.

-*_-- --*--- --*---

A blood-red tooth in your pocket,

--*--- --*--- --*---

A blood-red mess you shall be.

--*--- --*--- *_-

No one slips her snares and nets

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And she is always hungry.

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(CHORUS)