

OH! DEATH TO NANCY

What is this taht (sic) I can see,
Cold icy hands taking hold of me,
For Death has come, you all can see.
Hell has open it,s (sic) gate to trick me.
 Oh! Death, Oh! Death, can't you spare
 me, over for another year!

I'll stuff your jaws till you can't talk
I'll blind (sic) your leg's (sic) till you can't walk
I'll tie your hands till you can't make a
stand.

And finally I'll close your eyes so you
can't see
I'll bring sexual death unto you for me.

B.T.K.