

## Daddy's Dracularity

John 9

It's one thing Daddy  
sending me to my room.  
But Daddy, it's another thing,  
sending children to their graves,  
while telling me, "Go get the gun."

Oh, Daddy I'm your deviant son  
since you started courting Dracula,  
and living in a coffin-world.  
I won't follow when you roam.

Know this Daddy,  
I'm the leader of the mob  
sitting right outside your door  
barricading you without pitchforks  
from your supervision over death.

My, my Daddy,  
you want to keep it squeaky clean.  
This disobedient son of yours,  
mudding up the clothes you bought,  
disrobing your authority.

But listen Daddy,  
we were sent to bring you news.  
Our eyes were opened yesterday,  
this mud on your doorstep will wash away,  
if you choose your disobedience to death.  
w Dan Worley on the electric solo