

## Freedom Street

Sex Gang Children

A strangers' tale in a crowded place  
The stomach hangs on a beardless face  
Kings and Queens bow and cry no more, sorrow be  
Wails in empty halls  
Marianne, all over you, these devil souls are the death of me  
Mortal thoughts of you did sex me there  
Thick my blood upon me, no peace between us  
These serpent wounds, bare for all to see  
Carry the flag to Freedom Street