

## Warmen

### "Confessions"

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Lyrics by: Kochon

If you have something to confess,  
Do it now, give yourself some peace

Of course I knew god had arranged it all.  
That was obvious one, one, minute I was here,  
Frustrated boy, in an obscure little town  
The next I was here

But what did it matter?  
He adored my music  
Everybody like me,  
I like myself  
Until He came

My music, it started without me!

What was god up to?  
My heart was filling up  
With such hatred for that little man.  
For the first time in my life  
I began to know really violent thoughts

All i ever wanted  
Was to sing to god  
He gave me that longing  
Then made me mute!

Why?  
Tell me that

If he didn't want me  
To appraise Him with music  
Why implant the desire?  
Like a lust in my body  
And then deny me the talent!

Naturally, the Italians! Of course!  
Always the Italians!

They are musical idiots!  
And you want them,  
To judge my music?

Because you choose for your instrument  
A boastful, lustful, smutty, infantile boy  
And give me for the reward only the ability  
To recognise the incarnation.

Because you are unjust!  
Unfair, unkind!  
I will block you  
I swear it!

Maestro Salieri  
At last!  
Such an immense joy. Diletto straordinario!

Grazie Signore

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