

Soul Preachers

"CUNT HUNT"

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Arms are sometimes shorter than they used to be

I try to reach out for some empathy

You drank champagne with your enemies

I get what is left of your broken glass

It's saturday night - It's a cunt hunt

One is a crowd

You are the artist, I'm in pain you paint

It's saturday night - It's a cunt hunt

It's white, made out of rice, distilled twice

Tons of footsteps, collectors's items

Cracking ice and melting hearts

Sometimes the crowd is yelling, give you advice (the crowd is wise)

Silence sometimes would be nice

It's saturday night - It's a cunt hunt

One is a crowd

You are the artist, I'm in pain you paint

It's saturday night - It's a cunt hunt

One is a crowd

It's white, made out of rice, distilled twice

Everything's a reflection of your mood

My teeth are filled - every hour - with your ache

You shine, I drink my wine, you read my mind

One is a crowd, two is a mess - you read my mind

It's saturday night - It's a cunt hunt

One is a crowd

You are the artist, I'm in pain you paint

It's saturday night - It's a cunt hunt

One is a crowd

You are an artist

It's a cunt hunt

It's a cunt hunt

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