

## Wumpscut "Torn Skin"

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I wonder which you are ?  
I saw you  
A masochists guilt a masochists guilt.  
But this guilty life for (now) will have to do  
The nature of doubt, the nature of doubt.  
Gimme your warm skin now wrap it around  
You will get it back when your corpse is found.  
Being cut-off by chants among the darkest skies  
Cattle trace in the blood, cattle trace in the blood.  
I am caught by (the) lunacy a fever finds  
Reacts in the mud, reacts in the mud.  
Gimme your warm skin now wrap it around  
You will get it back when your corpse is found.  
It was out in the rain.  
It was out in the game.  
Can you remember her name ?  
Follow the way, her love will find a will.  
Follow the way, her love will find a will.  
Follow the way, her love will find a will.  
Follow the way, follow my way...AH!  
We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow.  
We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow.  
We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow.  
We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow.  
Tomorrow, tomorrow...

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