

Distillers

"Deathsex"

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Wooh!

Shoot your gun
Baby, I come undone
Shoot your gun
Baby, I come undone
Shoot your gun
Baby, I come undone
Shoot your gun
I'd do it and do it aah

I came down hard
I'd do it and do it again
Shoot your gun
Baby, now come on
I came down hard
I'd do it and do it again
Shoot your gun
Baby, I come undone

WRAAA!

WOW!
Fucker!

You're going down
You're going down
You're going down
Hahaha

The testaments a bloody knife
The rotting meats the butchers wife
I eat myself stupid
I starve myself smart
I thought she was a crow
'Cause she cried Tomorrow
Tomorrow

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