

Frankenbok

"Under The Kurgan's Kilt"

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How did we learn to love you?
Now that we've learnt the outcome it's your kind
that's taught me hate...
Nerp. Nerp. Nerp. Nerp.

Whore is not the name to give unto your traitor,
copulator you're damned with the things you
can't aggress from your heart.

Your forty highs to forty lows you thought on
best but guess again you've slipped to the point

of blunt and there is no return...

You've worn your heart on your sleeve, starched
now from the cruel outcomes. It's your kind that
has taught me hate...

For copulation or cunt distorts your ways and
co-eds your patience you can't undo what's
done...
A neppa nar per nar per neppa neppa neah...

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