

Infected

"Back To The People"

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Cucumbers, milk, garlic, honey, tomatoes
Cream, chocolate, vodka, melon, potatoes
Eat it my friend, you'll enjoy future feelings
Cork up your asshole and gaze at the celing

Diarrhoea
Private affair
W.C.
That's all you can see

Liquid shit
Never eat
All this food
In my mood

Eat just fried potatoes with meat
And you'll newer have liquid shit
Understand it don't be so fool
Diarrhoea isn't so cool

Brown death
Inside her ass
Spoiled day
Who will pay?

Don't you think somebody is in
Toilet's busy that's what I mean
And this words on that door "don't push!"
So come on defecate in that bush

Crouds of people arae walking the street
There is no place where you can put your shit
Brown tormentor is pressing your ass
Shit hits your pants - it is your brown death

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