

## **Mandator**

### **"A.I.D.S."**

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Searching for contacts around and around  
Squeezing the lovely Adonis you've found  
Hiding, not caring 'bout stench or bein' frozen  
Despising the life for which you have chosen

A.I.D.S.

Make the impression as if you are sound  
Concealing the red stains on body, you've found  
Now live a dead life and do as you're told  
Hair's falling out, you soon will be bald

A.I.D.S.

We'll get A.I.D.S., aids

The Adonis was married to a chick without style  
Messing around and expecting a child  
She used to say, I do as I please  
And so it went on, the spread of disease

A.I.D.S.

We'll get A.I.D.S., aids

We build up a life so short  
Big plans are made to abort  
We may try to flee  
Right out of the maze  
But it won't help a thing  
We will all get aids

She first had her left breast bein' taken away  
Then prayed for the good one  
The right one, to stay  
Brain waves of death made her do quiver  
And soon after that she gave up her liver

We'll get aids, we'll get aids, we'll get aids  
We'll get fucking aids, aids, aids  
We'll get fucking aids, aids

If only we listened to what they preach  
It's the good lord's revenge

Soon we'll be gone  
Addiction to sex  
And new things to teach  
Make the growing threat  
What's being done

A.I.D.S.  
We'll get A.I.D.S., aids

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