

Sirrah "Patron"

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Whore is the goddess tonight
Anal religion and pissing sacrament art
Dance! Dance! Dance!
Dance! Dance!...
Your body is your bread
Breasts will give the milk no more
but they you to live on
Grow them nice! Right on! Right on!
Till they waste and fade away
Many souls are lost in sleep...

For a better day!

Dance! Dance! Dance!
This place is mean and the smoke blends
with sweat
Thousands of male pricks
Are ready to lunge!!!
You are the star!

Where I come from

I wouldn't dare to bring my worst enemy,
nobody but me
Among the skeletons,
ruin and cold hand...
I'm too weak to die
Have no faith to raise

I'm looking for the key
Lost it by oversight
Million years ago
You send me a fleeing smile...

I love to see your dance
You stretch and shake, shake all over
Reflections on the wall
I scent you anywhere in this place

Why tell me why
I smell my mother on you?

Can't we stop the time?

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