

Voodoocult "Die Erotik Der Maschine"

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Let hope and trust feel down on you - and smile let time
die hard no you -
and simle!

How do I know if your simle is true? Your civil-mask lets
nothing through.

This is the age of tasmanian smiles the return of the
laughter-master.

What do you want? Is it despise?

Is THAT what you want? Then mind your head if you go
ahead -

I reply with a demon-smile

we better slap hands before I release my angry tribe

But maybe we can scorn together

find a way and fight our way to another wonderful day
(who needs war in a world of wars?)

Let time die hard on us - and smile!

It's a great honour that you put your trust in me!

And smile!

And if I feel obsession can I lean on you?

I feel you hard.

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