

## **Omnium Gatherum "Writhen"**

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"To get out of smell of mould, to get back on your feet  
again - let every  
god have his day" - and again the leather is black as i  
lie on fragments of  
glass, more broke than ever - no more ti amo - trying  
not to hate the guts  
we all have - 'cause i got the guts and i feel the guilt -  
now we still hate  
it when we play the part of the greek - vanhaa suolaa  
siihen haavaan joka  
vuotaa edelleen - and who swore not to let it out in here  
just to see the  
boots rot away in one's feet - so better ring the bell of  
whoredom if it  
wants to ring, or just forget all perverse offerings - the  
writhing stays  
the same even if you got the guts and you feel the guilt  
- now we still hate  
it when we play the part of the greek - vanhaa suolaa  
siihen haavaan joka  
vuotaa edelleen - minne sattuu ihmiseen - vanhaa  
suolaa siihen haavaan joka  
vuotaa edelleen

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