

Psycroptic

"Enter, Prize Lolita & Expose Yourself To Kids"

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Hey, can we get some fucking water up here? Now,
clears throat Now, what I was trying to say before I
was so rudely interrupted is does anybody have a
fucking watch on and can tell me what time it is? 12:10.
So technically it is Sunday, so we should all pray.
Everybody get on your knees. They say the more
people you have praying, the more God will hear you.
C'mon, it's not that dirty. Get on your knees. C'mon, it's
OK. Get on your fucking knees. Even you, bartender,
come on! All right, that's enough. You ready?
Everybody repeat after me. Put you hands together.
Don't repeat that, just put your hands together. OK, you
ready? Dear God. Fuck Osama Bin Laden, and fuck
George W. Bush, too. Fuck Afghanistan, fuck the
Taliban, and fuck the White House, too! And especially,
fuck all the wrinkled, rotten bellied, senior citizens, who
have been boring us to death on CN-fucking-N! Arise.
Amen. Hey, can we get some fucking water up here
before we pass out? Feel free to spit on us, too. C'mon,
more! Show me all your fucking hatred, c'mon. Weak,
weak weak. *music starts* This song is dedicated to
my elementary school girlfriend and the first time she
said those three magic words: Don't hurt me.

Lolita, where are you? Open this
Fucking door right now. I'm out
Here, you're in there, and I'm
Coming down upon you. Her bloody
Vagina stained my sheets, prance
And dance in parade of a criminal,
Hang them outside for the neighbors
To see. Accursed taboos trespass
Festivity.

Low, low, low, low. LOW! LOW!
LOW! LOW!

What was my name? We evolved
From reptiles.

Worship her perfection, intimate

Selection, copulate and save her,
Fornicate and maim her. The child
Is resembling all I want of trembling,
Carnally defending, seducing and
Offending nature.

Lolita, relax now, close your eyes
And open up. I'm in you, beside
You, but never meant to hurt you.
Her famous rejection stained my
Soul, bury a hole to protect a
Pedophile. In the backyard no one
Ever suspects, a dozen little bodies
Hidden everywhere.

Low, low, low, low. LOW! LOW!
LOW! LOW!

What was my name? We evolved
From reptiles.

Worship her perfection, intimate
Selection, copulate and save her,
Fornicate and maim her. The child
Is resembling all I want of trembling,
Carnally defending, seducing and
Offending nature.

Let's fuck some kids. They can't
Say no. Molest them now before they
Grow up. Threaten them with oral
Sex. Expose yourself to incest.

It's alright to expose yourself
To kids. Do it now before they
Grow up and it's too late. Find
An elementary school at recess
Time. Pull your pecker out in
Front of them and masturbate!

I wanna do it. It's time to fucking clap, kids, like this.
OK, good beat. Good! Keep going, keep going, keep it
up. I need a drink. How the fuck do you expect them to
be on beat if you're not on beat!? You guys hot and
thirsty? Pass that around. OK, you ready? Here we go.

Suck on a little healer's crack.
Hold 'em down, they can't fight
Back. Hold 'em down, they can't
Fight back. Child abuse is on
My mind. Your little kids I'm

Sure to find.

It's alright to expose yourself
To kids. Do it now before they
Grow up and it's too late. Before
They grow up and they'll be too old.
Find an elementary school at recess
Time. Pull your pecker out in
Front of them and masturbate.

Ooohhhhhh. Wait, the song ended. Oh, shit.

You know where we're at now? The part of the set that
your mommies and daddies probably hate. See,
usually what I do is I ask people to give me...You're not
wearing a shirt. Your tits are exposed. Hold on.
Somebody's asking you a question. What'd he say? Did
he want you to put your tits away? Why? Is he your
brother or dad or something? Tits are good! Well,
anyway, usually what I ask people to do around this
time in the set-hey, if you keep talking, I can't. *music
plays* Shut up! Stop that! I'm talking! That was very
rude of you. Listen! I ask people to give us their pants!
To let go. To stop trying to control fate. To give up and
give us their fucking pants, because it doesn't matter if
you go home at all, much less if you go home in pants.
But, everytime we do this, we only get a few pairs of
pants, up to 30. So what I'm going to ask you to do is to
take your pants off and hold them in your right hand.
Everybody with fucking balls that doesn't give a fuck
take your fucking pants off. There's one. Oh, there's a-
isn't your dad here, little girl? Why are your tits
exposed if your dad is here? You have a really cool
dad. Remove your pants and hold them in your right
hand please. Everybody just do this...

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