

Disciplines, The "Young Girl"

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We were young girls, in a small world
Im on your doorstep man
Ringin your bell again, Ringing your bell again

Im sorry Gerti Rouge, all that you're through
Looking for love that never stabbed your heart
and probably never will
Its a lie when you are telling the truth
Its the truth when you are selling a lie
Spread your legs then get down on your knees
And pray it never happens again

Well here i am on your doorstep again
I let the winds of time pass through my life
Maybe theres an end
who the fuck protects you
who the fuck is going to resurrect you
It's a sorrowed truth, the truth is not a lie
Come on up baby
Don't go and burn in the fire

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