

Tampa Red

"La Menthe Veneneuse"

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Fill her, Oceanize her with your fluid
French streets are not what you think they are...
You wanted... You wanted a french connection,
and a bitch barking at you all night long

She taste the smell of your death
You smell the fragrance of her poison
Aids given has a present
Caught in the fingers of poison mint

She is the graal of those horny bastards
and you're an apple without a skin
she is the plagues of those alleys
and you the rotten fruit of her revenge

YOU CAN GO LIMP YOU SWINE !
YOUR FINAL COUNTDOWN IS STARTING NOW !

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