

Tear Da Club up Thugs

"Empathy With The Devil"

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My flavor is the stuff of locusts. Hot chili firebrand
spitting volcano
Teeth. Bleeding skies, sulphur mines... The foul breath
of Satan's favorite
Gutter worm. You feel me when I'm close - an ice wind
of steel stilettos
Hammered in your spine. Quicksilver nausea spinning,
spewing forth and
Everything's a mess. every possession you ever had -
wrecked - lying at your
Feet. Telegrams that tell you God is dead piled high on
the TV. The
Incessant TV. Burbling. Distorted. A cheesecake nun
advertising 20 brands
Of sea cow lemon shit in 60 different languages. A
gargoyle handjives for
The hard of hearing. Subliminals. Criminals. Phoney
buisnessmen in thick
Rimmed glasses. Bad comedians. Laughing bags
aping the Hallelujah chorus -
The forgotton version - out of key (slightly). Just enough
to annoy you.
My flavor is cheap perfume on rotting Man-Ray
maggots! Dead maggots. My
Flavor's a wound re-opening by surprise, green fishes
eyes flowing out.
Wriggling things. Gelatinous. Still alive and screaming -
out of key
(slightly). Just enough to annoy you. My flavor's a
plunging elevator a
Millisecond before it hits the cellar. A cellar with
mutated rats. Old -
Very old - lost teeth. Abortions. Garbage. So pungent it
hums - out of
Key (slightly). Just enough to annoy you. My flavor's
your flavor. Deep
Within you. Hidden. Waiting to get out...

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