

Temple Of Metal

"Vanhaa suolaa"

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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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