

Velvet Acid Christ

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when sex is a pretext to a disease, we'll crawl inside,
my head was broken off, blistering on this separate
faith,
now crawl outside, we look away, to find a pretext, lead
away,
oh i see you, so low, i'm fine here, doing nothing for
the sense.
sex is the disease, sex is the disease, sex is the
disease, sex is
a disease, longing, you tell me life for you is bliss, so
strange, oh
a bottle of piss, no one to satisfy, no one will realize,
ohh, oh, sex
is the disease. birds flew over me, over me, gave me
visions, of the
end of the world, the end of our world, no no life just
disease, sex
disease. sexual pain on your weak mind, a cut inside,
you blow
out your mind, it's nothing, into nothing, into your
brain, into nothing,
into your brain, into nothing, into your brain, into
nothing, all crushed
into space. i've said enough, to you, right now!

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