

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, Nervous Xians

you things things things of the flesh do it slow
down avenues f**k me lust my eyes
licking lips encouraging mr. careworn
to gaze upon a screen bask on after the flesh
we'll infect your carnal mind after the flesh
I walked through forests with ugly spirits
kissed their feet and found them calm calm calm
still I don't have any money money money
my body suffers after the flesh