

Acid Drinkers, Primal Nature

A jailer gave birth to me
My mother was too frightened
Jack the ripped (a stroke of luck)
Stood godfather to me
And I lived with gorillas
My foul language didn't repel them
And my mates were hyenas
Because we were of a kind

Feel my primal nature
Feel my primal nature
Look in my barbaric mind

I studied with desperados
There really was no other way
I nomadized with the tribe
Whose chieftain was a sheer twirp
And I entered through the window
The place I left through the door
And I only slept with artists
Because we were of a kind

Feel my primal nature
Feel my primal nature
Look in my barbaric mind