

Soulwax, Kill Your Darlings

There's a script - but I ain't writin'
Left that stage all in my mind
Cause I'm not hip to your sign language
Sticky fingers of a different kind
The same word, foreign language
In the same season, they killed you twice
For the sake of human nature
Sweet smell shotgun for the hip and blind

She strokes the gun - feel how it's warm
Got a mouthful dirt and razors
It'll cut right through last month's flavour
with a mouthful, wasted terrors
Kill your Darlings, Kill your Darlings

Cause I tried bein' helpful
Sayin' things I don't understand
Can't come up with no new lines
from their sweet surfaced mouths

She strokes the gun - feel how it's warm
Got a mouthful dirt and razors
It'll cut right through last month's flavour
with a mouthful, wasted terrors
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Kiss the gun, bite the bullets
Get off the stick - get on
She can
Well I've seen all their faces
Shakin' hands full of napalm traces

She strokes the gun - feel how it's warm
Got a mouthful dirt and razors
It'll cut right through last month's flavour
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