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 Kill your Darlings, Kill your Darlings

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 with a mouthful, wasted terrors Kill your Darlings, Kill your Darlings