

Velvet Acid Christ, Sex Disease

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 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
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