

KMFDM, Blackball

I am the fake behind the door
The little worm that you ignore
That brittle rage the bitter rubble
Take your time and bring the trouble

And on this little poison river
The whiskey and wine that loves my liver
Ease it once sleaze it twice
My levy broke and so I choke

You do what you want to me
I give shit back to thee
Don't give one word I say
Now get out of my way

Blackball
Start the riot
They will never keep us quiet
Blackball
Flip the script
The veil of silence must be ripped
Blackball

I am the freedom that you flay
I am the guilt that you display
I am the scream you cannot help
I am the corpse that you felch

Blackball
Burn 'em down
Run the traitors out of town
Blackball
Wipe 'em out
Turn the triumph into rout
Blackball
Hang 'em high
Get them right between the eyes
Blackball
No amends
Shut up and muscle your defense

Willkommen zum ritt auf der rasierklinge
Machen wir der gepentischen veranstaltung ein ende
Lass uns den fettwanstigen kriegsgewinnlern die
Gefrassigen mauler
Stopfen
Zerreisse den schleier des schweigens
Wut und mut heissen die schonen tochter der hoffnung

I am the filth upon your fork
Your favorite cut of dirty pork
The second hand that stands so still
I am the clock that waits to kill

Blackball
Make 'em crawl
Blackball
Line 'em up against the wall