

KMFDM, Bullets, Bombs & Bigotry

One for hatred two for hell
Three for the lowest high that you sell
Gotta four for a try but don't stop the lie
Five for the piss and poke in your eye
Six for the silver that you wrench
Seven for the gold that'll never quench
Eight and nine for the thirsty fly
And ten for the one who drinks 'til I die

I must receive and I'll believe
Come on trust in me
With all my greed give to those in need
Come on lust with me
I will be true but shall deceive
Come on lie with me
My little pill my guilty thrill
Come on die with me

Sin sex sodomy
Time to end this parody
Terror torture tyranny
The carcass of democracy
Power pills poverty
Victors rewrite history
Bullets bombs & bigotry
Brace yourself for world war three

This testament to the truest torture
Beg for release from the lie that I bought you
You started high your endings nigh
Get it hard for the lord of lard
I'm a vacuous and a callous whore
Bend right over and beg for more
A lie for a lie and a noose for a noose
Don't complicate yourself with the truth

I'm designing I'm the master
Keep on waiting as I die of laughter
Get on down covered in fleas
I screw best in twos and threes
The teasing pleasing little thrill
The twisted knife that begs to kill
Wistful thinking and whiskey drinking
It all makes sense when your fists are thinking