

KMFDM, Full Worm Garden

A token left with judgement a memento left ajar
A secret never wanted death defying little charms
How to defend pretend selective piss-away so long neglected
Pretty-frozen underground from above the odor leering

Pass the meat from which I stink of
All those tethered whether-wise

A blood stain all the wiser desperation kicks the stool
A little bruise to lose demure a staple cut and dry
In the sink dissection decimation is the rule
In determining direction acting agent act the fool

Pass the meat from which I stink of
Putrid helping kept inside

Tincture Warning Second cousin to the new invention
Addictive so charming second only to a forced unfusion
Tincture of lead be said with no remorse full of confusion
Wish to enjoy this weightlessness lay me out full worm garden

A prick upon the finger looking back like hacking through
To develop in the mixture of a portion of a view
The distant elevation of a faded wicked high
Divination ask a question of a spirit for a thing you used to hide

Pass the meat from which I stink of
Passed out serving on the side
From the meat I'm suffocating
Cutting from the bone to hide

A noose-knit put on sweater tie it up around the arm
Looks to grip along the trigger down the barrel of a gun
Assume today a game to play cardboard house in dissaray
Tremble little joker think dig it deep don't be afraid...