

KMFDM, Pity For The Pious

The pious pour their pity pure
I can sell a little cure
The burning flesh
The sweetest smell
I kiss the angel
Burnt in hell
I watch your fallen boring fate
As you sweat and you masturbate
I'm touching you but cannot feel
But one small poke and you will squeal

Constantly commit consume
Creep on to your closing tomb

No whiskey welcome at your door
Not a light for your whore
Not a word that I can hear
The stench of shit tells me you're near

Your god is gaping
Your god is waiting
Your terror rises
To no surprises

Mirror mirror on the wall
Doberman's are in the hall
Mirror mirror on the wall
Take off that blindfold face them all
Mirror mirror on the wall
Dope bonanza in the mall
Mirror mirror on the wall
Hold on tight i'll fuck you all