

# 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