KMFDM, The Smell

[Sascha Konietzko / Raymond Watts]

Sniffin, Niffin, Swine

I am.

Into the room where reeking smells
Hide the haunting notes that swell
Leaks into the suffering cells
The consequences judged in Hell
Document the details, glance
I'll trip over gates, just not chance
Touch the tears, lick the dress
Bleed for me with one caress

Nothing spoken, nothing blamed
Nothing given, nothing gained
suck my finger, drop the gun
Twisted into me, the deed is done
The devil's friend, just like mine

Just one squeeze, you ain't breathing
Just one squeeze, you ain't breathing

Now,
Here the drunken dangers lie
Feed the fire and don't receive
Used to fear the hand of hate
My meaningless and empty state
Strength is equal to its need
Satisfy your spreading seed

My spreading seed
My spreading seed