

KMFDM, Virus (Pestilence Mix)

Now here you creeps, punks and freaks
I'm talkin' 'bout a virus from the street
Spread that virus
Go for hell
Check out the resistance of your cells

Smoke some dope
Waste your brain
Kick your health outta da drain
Fuel-injections make you high
Ram it up your poop-chute
You know why

You catch it once
Catch it twice
Catch it with your love device
It's a man-eating God-creator
Collecting lives
Paying later
Rip that thing and do the right stuff coz'
Messing with the girls ain't not enough
You can't lock it in
No wall's too high
It's busting out into the sky

Virus!
Gonna kill ya
Gonna thrill ya
Gonna rock you up
Makes you high

This love ain't real it's just a fake
I don't care of what you make
Got a keepsake out of all I'm saying
Watch your style, better start praying
You did wrong my dear but it's too late
It's all destroyed
What a state
You're the victim, he's the master
Beg for mercy
More and faster

I'm a rock'n'roll monster with a bass-guitar
My face is all up
You've gone too far
I've been sleeping for a million years or longer
You woke me up I'm even stronger
Cleaning up the face of earth my mother
You'll never ever, you'll never have another
Blown to pieces
Drowned in slime
Not worth a tombstone
Sign of the time

Virus!
Gonna kill ya
Gonna thrill ya
Gonna rock you out
Makes you high

Virus!
Gonna kill ya
Gonna thrill ya
Gonna knock you out

Makes you high