

La Sexorcisto, Thrust!

(Yeah...) Thrust in deep there are no limitations!
Wing shaped constellations everywhere now!
Creep, babe, creep your life's a suicide and I said "I'm gonna ride it"
She don't care now
Yeah! Maybe - the night ride gonna bleed
Yeah! Maybe - this is what ch'all need!
Sink'n deep into your destination gid the demolition everywhere now!
Creep, babe, creep into your ring 'o' fire!
Burned out on the wire!
She don't care now
Yeah! Maybe - the night ride gonna bleed
Yeah! Maybe - this is what ch'all need!
(It has been established that persons who have recently died have been returning to life and committing acts of murder. Wide spread investigation of reports from funeral homes, morgues, and hospitals has concluded that the unburied dead are coming back to life and seeking human victims. It's hard for us here to believe what we're reporting to you, but it does seem to be a factor.)
(Yeah!) Open the darkness an hour later to the minute (moment)

Move under the guilty she went deep into the corner.
Snap dog city hypnotize and break the mercury!
Rig test. Oil inject - freak hallucination
Shot through the backdoor buzz a whirling locomotion
West straight to another
Through the sea of...love.
(Yeah...) Life on the line. Still in time. You will find "She has gone away."
Don't ask why - supersky - live or die "She has gone away."
Figure this - no more, sis - Spanish kiss. "She has gone away."
Thrust into a diamond generation.
Dexceleration everywhere!
Up from hell a missile to the moon and zero to the 3 and 4 and 5 and
Yeah! Maybe - the night ride gonna bleed
Yeah! Maybe - this is what y'all need!
How fast can you really move me (yeah...)
Come on, come on, come on, come on, yeah!
A ritual electro-nation - (sh)YOW!!