

# Spiritual Front, Bastard Angel

Its embarrassing to see you wave that flag when you try to give yourself a navigated tone  
You fix your damp collar a wring of blood to your dick you'd like it but it will not work  
You try to make me feel guilty for never never having had an identity, a defined and conformed m  
All the uniforms are shit  
All the ideals are shit  
Love and this nation have forced us  
In a chain for sperm and blood  
A bastard angel will take me away from fat tummy of god  
He will be the precise sniper that will center my weak chest A bastard angel will lick my wound while  
Walk around my smashed skull walk 'round my disabled strength  
I don't want to die so I can see you your flesh crumble  
You chest open the right road's the lie of intellectual and criminals love won't give life to  
The children we've never had love won't give life to this job that will bury us dissidents, passionate  
Don't ask me more questions because i've no memory  
Because i'll never have... you'll leave me bleeding on the floor