

# Velvet Acid Christ, Crushed

When sex is a pretext to a disease  
We'll crawl inside  
My head was broken off  
Blistering on this separate faith  
Now crawl outside, we look away  
To find a pretext, lead away  
Oh I see you, so low  
I'm fine here, doing nothing for the sense  
Sex is the disease  
Sex is the disease  
Sex is a disease  
Longing, you tell me life for you is bliss  
So strange, oh a bottle of piss  
No one to satisfy, no one will realize  
Sex is the disease  
Birds flew over me  
Over me, gave me visions  
Of the end of the world  
The end of our world  
No, no life  
Just disease  
Sex disease  
Sexual pain on your weak mind  
A cut inside  
You blow out your mind  
It's nothing, into nothing  
Into your brain, into nothing  
Into your brain, into nothing  
Into your brain, into nothing  
All crushed into space  
I've said enough  
To you, right now