

Wumpscut, Torn Skin

How opulent you are, I saw you
As precious as gold, as precious as gold

But this guilty life for (now) will have to do
The nature of doubt, the nature of doubt

Gimme your warm skin now wrap it around
You will get it back when your corpse is found

Being cut-off by chants among the darkest skies
Cattle trace in the blood, cattle trace in the blood
I am caught by (the) lunacy a fever finds
Reacts in the mud, reacts in the mud

Gimme your warm skin now wrap it around
You will get it back when your corpse is found

It was out in the rain
It was out in the game
Can you remember her name?

Follow the way, her love will find a will
Follow the way, her love will find a will
Follow the way, her love will find a will
Follow the way, follow my way...

We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow
We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow
We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow
We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow
Tomorrow, tomorrow...