

Alsatian

White Rose Movement

Kill, comfort kill
I'm infidel
A simple sound
A scream to the sky
Slam, sacharine Sam
Pushing my pram
With your harlequin words
You turned and said
"Sicko psycophants"
With a poisonous rant
And a requiem of fear
The guns and teeth
Of London streets
Come on!

C-c-come on!

(Ohh) Kill, comfort kill
I'm infidel
All the fireworks
Explode in the sky
Slam, fashion-cazam
Pushing my pram
With your harlequin words

You run in the dark
Cos it makes you feel free
And the wind cuts your face
Cos you wanna believe
Cos you wanna believe
Cos you wanna believe
Cos you wanna believe
That out there something is real
The elixir of life
He licks down a knife
To her wet apperture
To her wet apperture

(Yaw!)

Kill, comfort kill
I'm infidel
Give me fireworks
Explode in the sky
Slam, Fashion-Cazam
Pushing my pram
Turning the wheel too fast
They're all Sicko psycophants
With elastic banks
Kiss me with the kiss of death
Tell me I'm an individual boy
Come on! (Come on!)

You run in the dark
Cos it makes you feel free
And the wind cuts your face
Cos you wanna believe

(This is pure)

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