

Arm Your Fists

Kaospilot

Arm your fists with smashed bottles. Aim at the patriarchal portraits.

Repacked sex keeps your interest as we were living fuck machines. Nothing falls early or too late. Assault your
pity.

The revolted eye is closed. Her skin faints while this is your imagination of "lust". His language did not make us
any wiser.

Lift your eyes. Look trough new glasses. Get right-Sex is not for sale.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>