

# Alsatian

## White Rose Movement

Kill comfort kill  
Im an infidel  
A simple sound  
A scream to the sky  
Slam-sacharine sam  
Pushing my pram  
With your harlequin words  
You turned and said  
Sicko psycopants  
And with a poisonous rant  
And requiem of fear  
The gums and the teeth of the london street  
Come on!You run in the dark  
Coz it makes you feel free  
And the wind cuts your face  
Coz you wanna believe  
That out there something is real  
The elixir of life  
He licks down a knife  
To her wet apperture  
Kil comfort kill  
Im infidel  
Give me fireworks  
Explode in the sky  
Slam-fashion cazam  
Pushing my pram  
Turning the wheel too fast  
They're all sicko psycopant with elasic banks  
Kiss me with the kiss of death  
Tell me im an individual boy  
Come on!You run in the dark  
Coz it makes you feel free  
And the wind cuts your face  
Coz you wanna believe  
That out there something is real  
Put you dog on a leash  
Put your dog on a leash  
Just keep that sound away from me  
Just keep that man away from me

With your surgical tears that callous in me  
And when the people say  
Yor better out than in  
Cuz your mouth is undone  
Your mouth is undone  
But your blood is alive

Lyrics provided by  
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