

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 psycophants
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 psycophant with elastic 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

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