40 Days

Emil Bulls

Yeah check one two ... now I`ve got the clue baby ... let`s danceThis garden was full of boxes filled with my favourite toys
I never felt remorse when I provoked the winds that blew them all away
I`m creeping on all fours again I`m begging for rain
To wash all my sins away...crosscountryNow it`s time to use my brain because
For fourty days I was caught in a room without a view
My head`s spinning around from all my dirty thoughts real filthy thoughtsI wanted to find peace of mind but all I got was hate and self deception
In the prime of life the dead of winter has arrived
I`m feeling fagged shagged and fashed
Come on treat me with a little love
You know I like it hard and dirty

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

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