

Virus (Pestilence Mix)

KMFDM

Now here you creeps, punks and freaks
I'm talkin' 'bout virus from the street
Spread that virus, go for hell
Check out the resistance of your cells
Smoke some dope, waste your brain
Kick your health outta the drain
Fuel-injection makes you high
Ram it up your poop-chute, you know why
You catch it once, catch it twice
Catch it with your love-device
Man-eater, God-creator
Collecting lives, paying later
Rip that thing, do the right stuff
Messing with the girls ain't not enough
You can't lock it in, no walls too high
It's busting out into the sky
Virus
Gonna kill y'all, gonna thrill y'all
Gonna rock y'all, makes you high
This love ain't real, it's just a fake
I don't care of what you make
Got a keepsake out of all I'm saying
Watch your style, better start praying
You did wrong my dear, but it's too late
It's all destroyed, what a state
You're the victim, he's the master
Beg for mercy, more and faster
Virus
Gonna kill y'all, gonna thrill y'all
Gonna rock you down, makes you high
I'm a rock 'n' roll monster with a bass-guitar
My face is all up, you've gone too far
I've been sleeping for a million years or longer
You woke me up, I'm even stronger
Cleaning up the face of earth, my mother
You'll never ever, you'll never have another
Blown to pieces, drowned in slime
Not worth a tombstone, sign of the time
Virus
Gonna kill y'all, gonna thrill y'all
Gonna rock you out, makes you high

Songwriters

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