

Blimey

Ramadanman

At home, we're bored
Just got off another shitty tour
Moat filled with flaming pus
Sleazy, he won't talk to us
Fondle fish in way illegal
Coffin filled with dirty needlesBlimey! Blimey!
What do you do when you feel like that?
Blimey! Blimey!Bio-Mutant Sexy made
Heave it down the balustrade
Give it fish, tell it to run
We indulge in naughty fun
Sexy's flanks are torn and rent
Slimey's on the rag againBlimey! Blimey!
What do you do when you feel like that?
Blimey! Blimey!That's right folks
Here in the hall of human hatred
We've got some of your most inspired brethren
Genocidal maniacs who carved their way
Through the history books straight into your heartsWe got Caligula
Mad emperor of Rome whose purges
Consumed thousands on his blazing altar of syphilis
Or how about Giles Laval, medieval crusader of GodsWill whose search for the elixir of life
Led to the ritual satanic killings of thousands of Parisian youth
Or Julius, religious despot, whose slaughter
Of the intelligentsia of Milan gave him
The nickname of "The Warrior Pope" That's right
Some of the greatest mass murderers in you
Sad, yet vibrant history
Are here enshrined, impaled
And pumped with agonizing lifeTummys tingle, tongues a-mingle
Forced extraction of corn-choked shingle
Bristling amoeba hole matching cunt for every bowl
Madly failing porno cow, get me on the road right nowBlimey! Blimey!
What do you do when you feel like that?
Blimey! Blimey!

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