

Writhen

Portal

"To get out of smell of mould, to get back on your feet again - let every god have his day" - and again the leather is black as i lie on fragments of glass, more broke than ever - no more ti amo - trying not to hate the guts we all have - 'cause i got the guts and i feel the guilt - now we still hate it when we play the part of the greek - vanhaa suolaa siihen haavaan joka vuotaa edelleen - and who swore not to let it out in here just to see the boots rot away in one's feet - so better ring the bell of whoredom if it wants to ring, or just forget all perverse offerings - the writhing stays the same even if you got the guts and you feel the guilt - now we still hate it when we play the part of the greek - vanhaa suolaa siihen haavaan joka vuotaa edelleen - minne sattuu ihmiseen - vanhaa suolaa siihen haavaan joka vuotaa edelleen

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