

Spit Sperm

KMFDM

I keep account of my hits and my misses
The bottle makes the final call
Fuel me with some of your kisses
Turn towards the weeping wall Distilled within your discipline
Return to go and start again
Bleeding on your hallowed ground
I'm gonna lay this sodden soul right down in Spit sperm, spit, spit sperm, spit Your TV is my teacher
Confessional and preacher
Forgive me, Lord, for all this hate
I simply am inebriate See the gun, pick it up
All day long you'll have good luck
See the gun, let it lie
And you'll want that gun before you die (Spit sperm)
This moral bankrupt stinking vat
(Spit sperm)
Of shit-fueled lies and empty highs (Spit sperm)
Bled between these piss stained lines
(Spit sperm)
And hid behind my glazing eyes I keep account of my hits and my misses
The bottle makes the final call
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Turn towards the weeping wall Distilled within your discipline
Return to go and start again
Bleeding on your hallowed ground
Lay this sodden soul right down Spit sperm, spit sperm
Spit sperm, spit sperm Your TV is my teacher
Confessional and preacher
Forgive me, Lord, for all this hate
I simply am inebriate Spit sperm, spit
Spit sperm, spit See there's gun, pick it up
And all day long you'll have good luck
See there's gun, let it lie
You'll want that gun before you die

Songwriters

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Published by
KMFDM ENT US Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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