

# Full Worm Garden

## KMFDM

A token left with judgment, a memento left ajar  
A secret never wanted, death defying little charms  
How to defend pretend selective, piss away so long neglected  
Pretty frozen underground from above the odor leering  
Pass the meat from which I stink of  
All those tethered whether wise  
A blood stain all the wiser, desperation kicks the stool  
A little bruise to lose demure a staple cut and dry  
In the sink dissection, decimation is the rule  
In determining direction acting agent act the fool  
Pass the meat from which I stink of  
Putrid helping kept inside  
Tincture, warning second cousin to the new invention  
Addictive, so charming, second only to a forced infusion  
Tincture of lead be said with no remorse full of confusion  
Wish to enjoy this weightlessness, lay me out full worm garden  
A prick upon the finger looking back like  
looking through  
To develop in the mixture of a portion of a view  
The distant elevation of a faded wicked high  
Divination ask a question of a spirit, for a thing you used to hide  
Pass the meat from which I stink of  
Passed out serving on the side  
From the meat I'm suffocating  
Cutting from the bone to hide  
Tincture, warning second cousin to the new invention  
Addictive, so charming, second only to a forced infusion  
Tincture of lead be said with no remorse full of confusion  
Wish to enjoy this weightlessness, lay me out full worm garden  
A noose knit put on sweater, tie it up around the  
arm  
Looks to grip along the trigger down the barrel of a gun  
Assume today a game to play, cardboard house in disarray  
Tremble little joker think, dig it deep don't be afraid

Songwriters

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