

Welcome to Planet Motherfucker / Psychoholic Slag

White Zombie

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Woven in the surface
A premonition of a land erupting
A sparkling occasion
Of a city crash down overheadRevolving in a whirlpool
A drag-o-rama walking
On the sidewalk
So let me see ya howl'n
Through the keyholeGod damn, swept away
She shouted
("Now let's move")
She love it
("But let's take the back door")
Get in away, yeahI concentrate the midnight
Without the benefit
Of ceremony, whoever said
The one who strips your soul
Is the one that got awayA weather-beaten angel
Descending to embrace
The cemetery, got love so mystifyingGod damn, swept away
She shouted
("Now let's move")
She love it
("But let's take the back door")
Get in away, yeahGod damn, swept away
She shouted
("Now let's move")
She love it
("But let's take the back door")
Get in away, yeahVoodoo beat on the mind
The digs too deep to find
Something has got to give, man
Psych outRacketeer or star you

Are just what you are
Don't play the misty, baby
Get you Into a river sky
Electro nation cry
I need another, now Drift beyond the sleeping
The moon is shifting
Shadows on her figure Swamp time, locomotion
I can't take it anymore
Sunlight through the shutters
Illuminating moment to
The moment buzz a halo over God damn, swept away
She shouted
("Now let's move")
She love it
("But let's take the back door")
Get in away, yeah God damn, swept away
She shouted
("Now let's move")
She love it
("But let's take the back door")
Get in away, yeah "Do you have to open graves
to find girls to fall in love with?" Planet pretty kill motherfucker
Hang me on the thrills Psychoholic slag
Tomorrow is another drag
Yeah Picnic in the homeland
Like a Jesus super star
Yeah, kiss me deadly, baby
(Baby)
I know who you are
(Come on) Planet pretty kill
("Get up and kill!")
Motherfucker hang me
On the thrills, yeah No small heaven
I got the left hand of the keeper
Meet me in St. Louis, God
A one- way ticket's cheaper
Yeah, time travel I'm walking
I got a white line zombie fever, yeah
Time bomb the hero, yeah, get down "Hula fast shorts, swing with a gassy chick,
turn on to a thousand joys, smile on
what happened, then check what's gonna
happen, you'll miss what's happening.
Turn your eyes inside and dig the vacuum.
Tomorrow, drag"

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>