

Every Generation got its own disease

Fury In The Slaughterhouse

The more we take the less we give
That's the modern way to live
And someone says live fast die young
But the time runs always faster, son Diseases come, diseases go
Welcome to the final show
Let's shake hands with plastic gloves
And watch out for the last white doves And believe me every generation
Got its own disease
And I've got mine, so help us please I think that I'm too young to die
Love that girl and say goodbye
Change the girls like underwear
Using bodies without care
The love has gone and what we've got
A sweet perfume of sex and blood And believe me, baby
Every generation got its own disease
And I've got mine
So help me please

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