

# Virus-\_(Retro\_Version)

KMFDM

Now here you creeps, punks and freaks  
I'm talkin' 'bout virus from the street  
Spread that virus, go for hell  
Check out the resistance of your cellsSmoke some dope, waste your brain  
Kick your health outta the drain  
Fuel-injection makes you high  
Ram it up your poop-chute, you know whyYou catch it once, catch it twice  
Catch it with your love-device  
Man-eater, God-creator  
Collecting lives, paying laterRip that thing, do the right stuff  
Messing with the girls ain't not enough  
You can't lock it in, no walls too high  
It's busting out into the skyVirus  
Gonna kill y'all, gonna thrill y'all  
Gonna rock y'all, makes you highThis love ain't real, it's just a fake  
I don't care of what you make  
Got a keepsake out of all I'm saying  
Watch your style, better start prayingYou did wrong my dear, but it's too late  
It's all destroyed, what a state  
You're the victim, he's the master  
Beg for mercy, more and fasterVirus  
Gonna kill y'all, gonna thrill y'all  
Gonna rock you down, makes you highI'm a rock 'n' roll monster with a bass-guitar  
My face is all up, you've gone too far  
I've been sleeping for a million years or longer  
You woke me up, I'm even strongerCleaning up the face of earth, my mother  
You'll never ever, you'll never have another  
Blown to pieces, drowned in slime  
Not worth a tombstone, sign of the timeVirus  
Gonna kill y'all, gonna thrill y'all  
Gonna rock you out, makes you high

Songwriters

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