

History

Bush

gave my love 2 thousand yesterdays
nothing is wrong
i am always a little late
probably will probably won't
get this disease cut out of my throat
all of a sudden
you come my way
baby believer i won't be saved by morning
after struggling my name slave turned to
master
history moans
mouth of father
edge of my bed
benzedrine telephone
struggling to speak
sicker than the sickest dog
falling faster than a liar's grin
we need to be saved from the shit we're in
i believe in you i have found the perfect
way
to bring me down i won't be saved
by all your yesterdays piss on my grave
piss on the the underlay
history moans
mouth of our father
it's the movement we're after