

All my friends are embryonic
All my friends are dead and gone
All my friends are microscopic
All my friends wake up alone

Girl germs eat your little virus
Revolution come and die
Elitists who eat the virus
Sleep with me, wake up alive

Gutless...you're gutless
You're gutless...you're gutless

You can try to suck me dry
But there's nothing left to suck
Just you try to hold me down
Come on, try to shut me up

Step and fetch, grease my hips
I don't even have to pause
I don't really miss god
But I sure miss Santa Claus

Gutless...you're gutless
Gutless...you're gutless

I want to drink the honey blood
I want to drink the honey blood

Gutless...you're gutless
Gutless...you're undressed
You're gutless...you're gutless
You're gutless...you're undressed