

They say the eyes am the windows of the soul  
but I love all the little dark holes in your  
BODY BAG.

Your little willie, he's oh, so pretty,  
And those titties, and those titties in the  
BODY BAG.

Nobody knows you and nobody wants to.

Willie's poised to dive into flesh,  
Something teils me he will leave a mess in the  
BODY BAG.

When we kiss my eyes am closed,  
my lips are full, I breathe through my nose in the  
BODY BAG.

Nobody knows you and nobody wants to.

See the children play in the mud,  
moulding balls of faces and blood from the  
BODY BAG.

All preise for corporal flesh;  
the smell of love the smell of death from the  
BODY BAG..