

Writhen

Omnium Gatherum

"To get out of smell of mould, To get back on your feet again
Let every god have his day"
And again the leather is black as I lie on fragments of glass
More broke than ever, No more ti amo
Trying not to hate the guts we all have
'Cause I got the guts and I feel the guilt
Now we still hate it when we play the part of the Greek
Vanhaa suolaa siihen haavaan joka vuotaa edelleen
And who swore not to let it out in here
Just to see the boots rot away in one's feet
So better ring the bell of whoredom if it wants to ring,
Or just forget all perverse offerings
The writhing stays the same
Even if you got the guts and you feel the guilt
Now we still hate it when we play the part of the Greek
Vanhaa suolaa siihen haavaan joka vuotaa edelleen

Minne sattuu ihmiseen
Vanhaa suolaa siihen haavaan joka vuotaa edelleen