

## Practice Suicide

## Pungent Stench

I'm the one who stands behind you  
Helping hand telling what to do  
The houseroof is the place we met  
Hear me whispering: "Fly - Do it - Feel free"  
Come on and fly!  
Come on baby touch the sky!  
I'm the passenger in your new car  
But with me you won't come very far  
This solution is the best to take  
Step on the gas forget the brake  
Faster, more gas!  
Practice suicide!  
I'm Mr Sandman in your bedroom  
Recommend the pills right for your doom  
These taste so sweet like  
candies from the store  
Give them a try - You need more to die  
Eat them and die!  
Eat them and die!