

Practice Suicide

Pungent Stench

I'm the one who stands behind you
Helping hand telling what to do
The house roof 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!