Scour to find new ways of love
Denounce moralisers
Ethic without prohibition and laws
Give no credence to church
Satisfaction in the sign of crime
The meaning of my life
There is no sin all down the line
No repentance pay the price

Number one in the list of misdeeds
Persuade my sister
She shook and gasped in licentious greed
Turned by mutual whisper
Wrapped up in bewitched body shower
Forbidden fruits taste better
Primitive caress to burn out the power
Nymphomania dressed in leather

Incest Incest Incest

You take your virtues in a tow And commit a sin By defects in your character You will always imagine The number of all your virtues Wipe out the stains and outrage Realise your exceptional dreams Incest grin and bear it

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My inclination is a portrait of myself When I look inside the broken glass Enjoy sweetest lust and I am feeling well Moral dilemma without wrath Crave for you in ecstasy of my mind Love you to the quick Don't know what has happened to me The condition of a bitch

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