

# Perfumes Of Doom

The Dead

Pants off  
Full moon rising  
Lovely stench  
Is terrorizing

A brand new fart hits the day  
Take a deep breath  
It doesn't smell like flowers  
But like Frederic and ass  
Face in the wind  
Take a nose full of love  
Breath or Glory!  
You're a wimp when you cough!

Straight from my heart  
And out of my ass  
The air is fulfilled  
With my glorious gas  
The winds are unleashed  
There's no turning back  
As you inhale all my love  
With your nose on my crack

Perfumes of Doom!

I create sonar sound  
With a special effect  
Two farts are better than one  
That is a fact!  
Sauerkraut and garlic  
Coleslaw and beans  
Guaranteed pure erotic  
You know what that means!

Straight from my heart...

My flatulence  
So immense

...

Fear my ass!