

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 o 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!