

## Torn Skin

:Wumpscut:

I wonder which you are ?  
I saw you  
A masochists guilt a masochists guilt

But this guilty life for (now) will have to do  
The nature of doubt, the nature of doubt

Gimme your warm skin now wrap it around  
You will get it back when your corpse is found

Being cut-off by chants among the darkest skies  
Cattle trace in the blood, cattle trace in the blood  
I am caught by (the) lunacy a fever finds  
Reacts in the mud, reacts in the mud

Gimme your warm skin now wrap it around  
You will get it back when your corpse is found

It was out in the rain  
It was out in the game  
Can you remember her name?

Follow the way, her love will find a will  
Follow the way, her love will find a will  
Follow the way, her love will find a will  
Follow the way, follow my way...

We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow  
We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow  
We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow  
We are the sex, the sex of tomorrow  
Tomorrow, tomorrow...