

Spiritual Front, Bastard Angel

Its embarrassing to see you wave that flag when you try to give yourself a navigated tone
You fix your damp collar a wring of blood to your dick you'd like it but it will not work
You try to make me feel guilty for never never having had an identity, a defined and conformed me
All the uniforms are shit
All the ideals are shit
Love and this nation have forced us
In a chain for sperm and blood
A bastard angel will take me away from fat tummy of god
He will be the precise sniper that will center my weak chest A bastard angel will lick my wound while
Walk around my smashed skull walk 'round my disabled strength
I don't want to die so I can see you your flesh crumble
You chest open the right road's the lie of intellectual and criminals love won't give life to
The children we've never had love won't give life to this job that will bury us dissidents, passionate
Don't ask me more questions because i've no memory
Because i'll never have... you'll leave me bleeding on the floor