

I can't read these *Hell* love letters anymore those *Jesus Punk* affairs that wake me up in the morning from my unrelated past caressing the newspapers of my pussy *Yet* throwing infected orgasms that *Jesus* I am going to smell and perspire *For Ever* yet guess what is *Now Hell* happening in my gut *Jesus* you dirty stage from the king's toilet *Right Punk* tinitus locked in my left ear *For Ever* can't feel my honest taste and I already got *Jesus* signs of urticaire losing the colours of my sight *Yet Blimey* I am alive but *Jesus* it did sung several times in my single pocket of faith and I am now lying to my lover *Right* because what *Bloody Hell* is left on my *Jesus* christmas plate is total diarrhoea of reheated beliefs *Jesus* too late *Right Now* I woke up with a *Shit* romantic tattoo published in between my pillow and my sex muscle that looks like a *Bloody* foreign business invading my lonely dancepole and *Shit* Roxy and Presley *Jesus* dirty mouths *Yet* first spreading recorded diseases *Right* all over my trunk like unprotected slow dances *Yet* totally incurable melodies of dirty drolesses *Right* but *Bloody* Now they all beat the clock *For Ever* under my white skin this *Bloody* dirty laundry sweating in a hot bath *For ever* shot in black and white scripts.