

Beausoleil, soleil soleil soleil soleil  
Beausoleil, reaping Nirvana in a desert land  
Beausoleil, Thine anger rising like a scorpion  
Beausoleil, dune buggy baby on a fairground slide  
Beausoleil, the taste of honey and the swirl of lies  
Beausoleil, jackbooting wide-eyed in the widest pit  
Beausoleil, looking at smiles and seeing only grins  
Beausoleil, did dead Gods smell the dog's blood rose  
Beausoleil, now all Thine summers turn to menstrual winters  
Beausoleil, kill kill kill kill kill kill kill kill kill kill  
Beausoleil, did dog's blood rise when the dead Gods died  
Beausoleil, beautiful sunshine whose shadows hides  
Beausoleil, white brothers planting burning crosses  
Beausoleil, the sharpest flavour is the one that stains  
Beausoleil, when dog's blood rises does it also dance  
Beausoleil, grey benediction of the Final Church  
Beausoleil, it's just your habit of culling time  
Beausoleil, a Death in June under a menstrual moon  
Beausoleil, Scorpio rising but the Light Bearer falls  
Beausoleil, the squeaky laughter of a giddy world  
Beausoleil, still waving black flags from a stubble field  
Beausoleil, a maltese cross is pierced by the Blood of Christ  
Beausoleil, hiding from cancer crabs and cracking jokes  
Beausoleil, arson archbishop makes the deserts burn  
Beausoleil, the dead are grateful -- all you need is love  
Beausoleil, fat Buddhas smiling with the widest grin  
Beausoleil, candy floss surgeon with the golden hair  
Beausoleil, a brand new Process for a brand new age  
Beausoleil, a black Messiah wearing buckskin boots  
Beausoleil, assassin creepy-crawls through Hebron's Vale  
Beausoleil, there's no business like the devil's business  
Beausoleil, another martyr for the Noddy Apocalypse  
Beausoleil, que sera, sera  
Beausoleil, we want to sink into the deepest basin  
Beausoleil, fils de perdition, Luciferens  
Beausoleil, seven and seven is the hidden key  
Beausoleil, a train to Clarkesville in the menstrual night  
Beausoleil, Dsineyland darknes with your Armageddon smile  
Beausoleil, sangs rGyas chos dang tsogs kyi mChog rNams la  
Beausoleil, you hide your candle on Golgotha's hill