

## Twat Machine Gun

Isacaarum

Eins, zwei, drei, vier, fünf, sechs, sechs, sechs...  
Aus... Maschieren marsch!  
Eternal passion, infinite absurdity. The false  
prophecy of love. We have the machine guns,  
punishment is goal. We have the machine guns, some  
twats and fucking balls. Eins, zwei, drei...  
Kill all those who betrayed, just count them ein,  
zwei, drei. They castrated our hearts, so crush them,  
and crush them twice. They did it shamelessly,  
murdering without compunction so reload the twat  
machine guns, our time is about to come...  
Fuck 'em, twat machine gun, fuck 'em, fuck 'em  
twat machine gun... Eins, zwei, drei, twat machine  
gun.  
Eins, zwei, drei... We are approaching. Rising  
from the narrow beds... Eins, zwei, drei. Our hearts in  
shallow graves... Eins, zwei, drei.  
Insanity sets us free, that's all we had. Despair  
and misery, same you will get. Tragic dismay, such  
precious keys, just count with me. Worried? We are  
almost there. So... Eins, zwei, drei