

Tension

Killing Joke

i've tried to understand the ways of men they taught me
they've lost their values as we define a wealth
semen and blood is all i've got, investments of a future
i'm searching for a new gold yes i'm searching for a new gold
a voice is calling
move closer to you - yeah
virile young men run down the street in havoc singing
"i wish to build, i penetrate, i penetrate"
restricted sexuality gives birth to worlds of terror
and all the time i'm trying to piece new schemes together - help me
architects erect erections, monoliths are raised
i love the swollen mound i love the swollen mound
all hail the new seed breeding from our hearts and wombs
and night and day run round in circles following sex instinct
push it between her legs and stretch the lips mother relieve me
bodies entwined in human tangle at the point of climax
shoot forth the new gold and at last reason makes perfect sense
i'm shooting, shooting forth
i'm shooting forth the new gold now - ha!