

Let The Bitches Die

Lightspeed Champion

His new-found friends
got him sweating all night
He'll lick and kiss their necks
Until they come down his throat

Day by day
He wipes the crust from his eyes
Takes the bottle in his hand
oh, now, he's in demand

A thousand messages
but not a soul in his bed

Just shout and shout
He places them on a shelf
By two, he's getting off
Reaches for them again

Nakes limbs
A sweating chest
It takes more than ???
To keep this heart running
I give in!
It is nothing sure