

This heat is hotter than the sun  
These people got no clothes on  
They eat in the shade of trees  
Because they don't use frozen peas  
Will you stomp out their fire?  
So that they freeze  
Will you stomp out their fire?  
So that they freeze  
I don't mind this party  
Blood is my desire  
Blood is my desire  
And we won't have to talk walking about

L'assiettes and water  
Brought to you by the people  
Of shying culture  
They're careful what they say  
And cannot we touch  
Outside the windows the air is spewing up  
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Outside the windows the air is spewing up  
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