

## Thorns

Wumpscut

Once someone told A story about these small desert birds  
Throwing themselves In thorns when copulating in lust

And while embraced by death They sing so fine than never  
And while embraced by death They stay on love forever

Like martyrs do They dedicate their lifes in deep vein  
Of ancient vows And die of flaring ardour in haze

Thorns they lurk on roses stem They do intend no harm them

Squeezing me hard In thorns that burn like a fire inside  
Thrilling my head Until they rip my shivering skin

Thorns they lurk on roses stem They do intend no harm them  
They lurk on bodies stem They make my heart arise them

Tonight you sleep in hell