

Perfumes Of Doom

The Dead

Pants off
Full moon rising
Lovely stench
Is terrorizing

A brand new fart hits the day
Take a deep breath
It doesn't smell like flowers
But like Frederic and ass
Face in the wind
Take a nose full of love
Breath or Glory!
You're a wimp when you cough!

Straight from my heart
And out of my ass
The air is fulfilled
With my glorious gas
The winds are unleashed
There's no turning back
As you inhale all my love
With your nose on my crack

Perfumes of Doom!

I create sonar sound
With a special effect
Two farts are better than one
That is a fact!
Sauerkraut and garlic
Coleslaw and beans
Guaranteed pure erotic
You know what that means!

Straight from my heart...

My flatulence
So immense

...

Fear my ass!