

Stone Cold Killers

W.A.S.P.

Think about the sorrow
You brought
Think of all the horror
You made
Lying to a world
That you wrought
Dying for the world - oh
That you made What'd you get for
Souls that you bought
The bloody dead in the trades
Don't never blame
The souls that you lost - on
The whores of Babylon
That you laid Johnny get your guns
You'll need all those prophets you pay
Oh yeah Johnny get your guns
I've come to kill the god that you made Im gonna murder superman
Murder superman
Stone cold killer's what I am
Your widowmaking ones come
You can't hide
I'm gonna murder superman
Murder superman
I got a heart breaker in my hands
Yeah here I come
Oh - You're gonna die

Songwriters

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