

# Murder Song

## The Cooper Temple Clause

The God, the gun, the vasoline  
You dirty pig, I'm cuming inside you  
The pain, the fear  
The flash, the scream  
You dirty whores, I'll murder all of you I monster living sin  
I hate myself the way it slips in  
Taste the black, it's on my lips  
So I can cum again again Little death will run inside you  
Little death will run inside you  
Little death will run inside you  
Little death will murder all of you Murders, murders, murders, murder suicide  
It will surely find you Murders, murders, murders, murder all of you I, devil done with you  
I want the breath you hold inside you  
Lust for trashy filthy whores  
My love for sin, the need for more The God, the gun, the vasoline  
You dirty pig, I'm cuming inside you  
The pain, the fear  
The flash, the scream  
You dirty whores, I'll murder all of you Murders, murders, murders, murder, suicide  
It will surely find you Murders, murders, murders, murder all of you Murder, suicide, murder, suicide  
Every single one of us the devils inside  
Murder, suicide, murder, suicide  
Every single one of us are going to die Murder, suicide, murder, suicide  
Every single one of us the devils inside  
Murder, suicide, murder, suicide  
Every single one of us are going to die Murders, murders, murders, murder all of you

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