Aisha

Death in Vegas

Aisha
We've only just met
And I think you ought to know
I'm a murderer
Babies need bloodI have a portrait on my wall
He's a serial killer
I thought he wouldn't escape
Aisha
He got outWe live in a cemetery
A cold and damp place
And science runs through us
Making us GodsThe rules are all wrong
Every perversion is justified
They honestly believe dead bodies
Anything goes around hereI still want to to be human
What am I?
What am I?
I'm a murdererAisha
I'm confused
Aisha
I'm vibratingI'm a murderer
The Gods all suck

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