

Aisha

Death in Vegas

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

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