

Horns

Children of Bodom

Bloodshot eyes and a dead beat stance
Shit for brains I'm a game of change
One cut, two cut counting scars
Three cut horns up behind the bars I'm not your patron saint
I'm not your patron saint
Horns up or down and now horns up
I am your warpaint You're not my angel dear
You're not my angel dear
Lets make this crystal clear
Horns up I am your worst fear It's not the cough that carries me off
It's the motherfucking coffin they carry me off in
It's not the cough that carries you off
oh, it's the coffin they carry you off in I'm not your patron saint
I'm not your patron saint
Horns up or down and now horns up
I am your warpaint You're not my angel dear
You're not my angel dear
Lets make this crystal clear
Horns up I am your worst fear One shot, ten shot just in case
what it takes to get you out of my face
If I wake up strapped up in my bed
You can slit my wrists I'd rather be dead I'm not your patron saint
I'm not your patron saint
Horns up or down and now horns up
I am your warpaint You're not my angel dear
You're not my angel dear
Lets make this crystal clear
Horns up I am your worst fear

Songwriters

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