Born Villain

BV' 2012

Could give you a dozen
Fresh,
Cut,
Pink, or red, or white
I wonder if they knew what they
Would grow to become
I could give you a dozen
Fresh,
Cut,
Pink, or red, or white
I wonder if they knew what they
Would grow to become
Become become
Become become
Be be be become
You'll have to cut it down
And burn me into splinters
Or I'll unwrap the string
That was me
Around your finger
And I'll hang you in
Your bedroom burial ground
There is a taste for blood
And it's something deep inside
There is a taste for blood
And it's deep inside
Become become
Become become
Be be be become

I don't ever want god
To hear our screams
And mistake them for prayers
And you know I'm loaded
But not which chamber
Touch me and I'll go
Click click click click click
Click click click click click
Click click click click click

There is a taste for blood
And it's something deep inside
There is a taste for blood
And it's deep inside
Become become
Become become
Be be be become
And you know I'm loaded
But not which chamber
Touch me and I'll go
Click click click click click
Click click click click click
Click click click click click
I'm born villain
Don't pretend to be a victim
I'm born villain
Don't pretend to be a victim
I'm born villain
Don't pretend to be a victim
I'm born villain
Don't pretend to be a victim

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