

# 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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