

Conscience Killer

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

I'm a constant sinner, a conscience killer
I'm a righteous heartache, never gonna let you get close to mine
I'm a punk every time, give me little room
And I'll spit in your eye 'Cause it don't mean all that much
Does it, boy? We never really had a choice
No, it don't mean all that much to us, boy
We never really had a choice, we're conscience killers
I'm a red blooded sickness, there was no way around it
I'm a fine line teaser, never been nothing but a cheater
I'm a son of the night, give a little room
And I'll spit in your eye 'Cause it don't mean all that much
Does it, boy? We never really had a choice
No, it don't mean all that much to us, boy
We never really had a choice, we're conscience killers
Don't want no conscience at all I'm nails, I'm a knife
I'm a preacher with a gun, I'm a one man lie
I'm a king, I'm a ruse
I'm born again with no life to lose 'Cause it don't mean all that much
Does it, boy? We never really had a choice
No, it don't mean all that much to us, boy
We never really had a choice, we're conscience killers
Don't want no conscience at all

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