

I Kill Children

Dead Kennedys

God told me to skin you alive I kill children
I love to see them die
I kill children
And make their mamas cry Crush 'em under my car
I wanna hear them scream
Feed 'em poison candy
To spoil their Halloween So you're in the kids' ward
You're in there 'cause you're ill
How about some Pavulon?
So I can see you chill Time to hit the school bus
I think I'll shoot the tires
Offer them a helping hand
Of open telephone wires Ever wanted to die? Of course you have
But I won't till I get my revenge
From being butt-fucked one to many ways
I don't wanna see people any more Things I never ever saw before
Make me see them for the shit they are
Take as many as I can away with me
Anyone can be king for a day So I kill children
I love to see them die
I kill children
And make their mamas cry I kill children
I bang their heads in doors
I kill children
Can hardly wait for yours Can hardly wait for yours
Can hardly wait for yours
Can hardly wait for yours
Can hardly wait for yours
Can hardly wait for yours, yours

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