

# Valentine's Day Massacre

## Switchblade Kittens

[Mad Child]slightly schizophrenic borderline psychotic  
sensational recreational narcotics  
I thought I lost it but I found it  
temptation marches along till I'm surrounded  
inspired by fire the sensual illusion  
caught between the crossfire anger and confusion  
howl at the moon black blanket that's starlit  
im rarely romantic plowing through tramps and harlots madchild prevails tails of the unwanted  
not to be taken for granted  
my past has come back and haunted for real  
I've all ready danced with death. a dozen black roses  
I pose with babies breath  
be afraid a place where magic is made  
I'll rain on your parade with silver razor blades  
I'm creepin over the fence crawlin through your back yard  
my mind states intense  
savage penetration on the rocks with a twist  
now scream and shake your fists  
cause dreams are made of this[Thirdrail Vic]for real the opposite transmit telepathic  
Roamin' the flats with automatics and back packs  
Doin' jacks for Big Macs, accumulatin' stacks to make G's Nigga please, you artificial[Saafir]You dropped  
somethin', it's your heart  
An' it's still pumpin', pumpin' you from this existence  
It seems to be absolutely mandatory, 'cause you be manipulin' skin  
But no way, because you fake I can trace out your image  
Even though you don't cast one, I smell a rat, I'm smellin' that  
Stay back at least 150 inches,  
You brew tea? an I know you know I can sense it  
With the nostrils innocently mixed with 6 hostile stenches  
Henceforth the elbow swings dinging, we bring whip to bleed scalps  
Swingin' sleep out your mouth  
How long you been hibernatin'? Too long!  
You're abiding and aiding a felon, to switch your melon  
Droppin' grammar like a judges hammer  
I feel you mark, feel me feel your chart  
You gotta be real an you gotta to have heart  
You gotta to be real an you gots to have heart[Prevail]Stir the blur, nuts and bolts whirl  
Stored in electric ports, 4 strong boxes of 10 floors  
Shift the weight towards the door, in hopes of escape

When hands on cord, the blazing roof Prev creates  
Sound break, concord, eye of the condor  
Hand skills of a saboteur, your in for  
A war that pours coarse of molten into cords  
Strung by the young ones, put me on tour  
No folk lore horsemen for poison, pour in skin pores[Big Nous]Soft rhymers, metamorphize their cartoon  
characters  
Grafted from Africa, in this game you got no stature  
Not even a factor in this  
Whole shit makes me yawn  
Snatch your heart out your chest like a '96 ghetto spawn  
Antonym of urban, too feminine for this cut-throat mentality  
Have ? thoughts in my area, you get snatched out your Suburban  
Fallacy with no antidote, in this ? your age get broke  
Runnin' from gun smoke, ballin' never rumin'  
Silver spoons crumbin' from flavour  
Soon there will be no overseer to save ya  
When I delve, tell your podiatrist it's a size 12  
National ? Soldiers, leakin' a swine  
A snake with no spine, I'll see you, I peeped you  
You'll see blue, the fake:  
A quick death is your fate  
Now, I got shit to do

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