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 manipulatin' 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/