

Murder Song

Mass Madness

The God, the gun, the vasoline
You dirty pig, I'm cuming inside you
The pain, the fear
The flash, the scream
You dirty whores, I'll murder all of you I monster living sin
I hate myself the way it slips in
Taste the black, it's on my lips
So I can cum again again Little death will run inside you
Little death will run inside you
Little death will run inside you
Little death will murder all of you Murders, murders, murders, murder suicide
It will surely find you Murders, murders, murders, murder all of you I, devil done with you
I want the breath you hold inside you
Lust for trashy filthy whores
My love for sin, the need for more The God, the gun, the vasoline
You dirty pig, I'm cuming inside you
The pain, the fear
The flash, the scream
You dirty whores, I'll murder all of you Murders, murders, murders, murder, suicide
It will surely find you Murders, murders, murders, murder all of you Murder, suicide, murder, suicide
Every single one of us the devils inside
Murder, suicide, murder, suicide
Every single one of us are going to die Murder, suicide, murder, suicide
Every single one of us the devils inside
Murder, suicide, murder, suicide
Every single one of us are going to die Murders, murders, murders, murder all of you

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