

Temper Temper Mr. Kemper

The Celibate Rifles

Iâ€™m riding down the highway, see a stranger going my way
My first impulse, your last breath
Welcome to my way of death

A love that never leaves me, is a love thatâ€™s hard to find
I kill â€™em and I cut â€™em up, thatâ€™s when I make â€™em mine

On the highway stuffed into this rucksack like a way that warrants
Sex and death seep back out
Killingâ€™s just another habit.
Just nasty little habit

Lyrics Submitted by L.H.A. Dols

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