

# See You Next Tuesday

## Mikrofisch

I said run.  
And you won't be able to see me because you'll be bleeding from the eyes.  
The thought of your genitals makes me sick and I bet you could fit five cocks up that ass.  
Why don't you just strap a mattress to your back?  
These are the last days of the rest of your life.  
Next time I want a better excuse - dropped like a bad habit.  
I wash my hands of you all.  
My slate is clean.  
And I'll be smiling all the way to the bank.  
Face down, ass up; I want to destroy something beautiful.  
By the end I want everyone dead.  
By the end I'm going to be the only one standing.  
Not even your children are safe.

Lyrics provided by  
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