

American Psycho

Misfits

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh, whoa
Go Inside a wall street mind a psycho lurks
Lines of cocaine cut in hell
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Compulsively you'll die, I hate people
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe, go The sweet asphyxiation and dismemberment
Sex puts me in the mood to make you die
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Look into sick eyes, I hate people
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe Go, a machine of penalty
Go, the sweet insanity
Go, fade to black tranquility
Go, you're looking through the eyes of a psycho, whoa-oh
An American psycho, whoa-oh
An American psycho, whoa-oh
An American psycho Psycho Inside a wall street mind a psycho lurks
Lines of cocaine cut in hell
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Compulsively you'll die, I hate people
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe Go, a machine of penalty
Go, the sweet insanity
Go, fade to black tranquility
Go, you're looking through the eyes of a psycho, whoa-oh
An American psycho, whoa-oh
An American psycho, whoa-oh
An American psycho Psycho, psycho, psycho, psycho

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>