Wicked Young Man

Alice Cooper

Cold blue swastika tattooed on my skin
The ice in my veins, the staples in my chin
I've got it carved in my forehead, 'Slave To My Sin'
Too violent for the brotherhood to ever take me inGonna write down my law in blood upon the street
To the cadence of a goose-step, heavy metal beat
Wanna purify my race, gonna turn up the heat
Just wanna make 'em die and make the job completeI am a vicious young man, oh, I am a wicked young man
It's not the games that I play, the movies I see, the music I dig
I'm just a wicked young manI like to run my body on heavy heavy fuel
I can punch through a wall, I can kick like a mule
I got a pocketful of bullets and a blueprint of the school
I'm the devil's little soldier, I'm the devil's little toolI am a vicious young man, oh, I am a wicked young man
It's not the games that I play, the movies I see, the music I dig
I'm just a wicked young manI got every kind of chemical pumpin' through my head
I read Mein Kampf daily just to keep my hatred fed
I never ever sleep, I just lay in my bed
Dreamin' of the day when everyone is deadI am a vicious young man, oh, I am a wicked young man
It's not the games that I play, the movies I see, the music I dig
I'm just a wicked young man
I am a vicious young man, oh, I am a vicious young man
I am a vicious young man, oh, I am a wicked young man

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