

Cro-Mags

"I Wanna Kill"

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I was born into this life
To a drunk father and a rented wife
Who layed down in a concrete bed
Who layed dark thoughts inside my head

But they don't know
No they don't know

Nothings wrong, nothings right
Nothing feels quite alright
Watching my fists turn white
Turn the lips into eyes

Nothings right, nothings wrong
Nothing makes me belong
All the kids sing swan songs
All the kids sing along with me

I, I want to kill tonight
I want to kill tonight
I, I want to kill tonight
I want to kill tonight

I was born into this world
Some kind of sinister little girl
I let jesus off the christ
And drag his face into the moss

But they don't know
No they don't know

Nothings wrong, nothings right
Nothing feels quite as right
Watching my fists turn white
Turn the lips into eyes

Nothings right, nothings wrong
Nothing makes me belong
All the kids sing swan songs
All the kids sing along with me

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