

Dog Fashion Disco "Headless"

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I,
I am coming,
I am coming to California to kill you I,
I am coming,
I am coming to rape and murder your family you,
You can try and run,
But there's nowhere left to hide.
I will follow the sun as it sets in the west
It will lead me right to you.

3000 miles and in L.A.
I can't wait to see the look on your face
As I put my gun up to your temple,
Pull the trigger that sends you back to hell.
You butchered my art and only to save a dollar,
Are you ready to die my friend?
Are you ready to confront the end?

Like Helter Skelter
And son of Sam.
By the days end you'll know who I am.
I spill your blood on the Hollywood Boulevard.

I won't rest until your headless.

You should have known
I would leave you helpless and alone.
You were born to be a dead celebrity.

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