

## **Blood On The Dance Floor "Modern World Christ"**

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Limelight, super bright.  
Taking over ultra light.  
Sweeter than ice cream cones,  
It makes me wanna rub my bones.  
Success isn't fabulous,  
The paparazzi, it's a mess.  
The world addicted and obsessed.  
Hollywood is full of shit.  
Say what you like,  
I got nothing to hide.  
I've been crucified, like Jesus Christ.  
So fuck the scene and dressed up scene.  
Keep it classy,  
Don't be trashy.  
I'm not special or unique,  
I would die for my own dreams.

As I grow stronger, my voice gets louder,  
Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my speakers.  
I'm already dead inside,  
Let my words eat you alive.

Rise to fame, it's a game,  
They own your face, they make your name.  
It's all the same for bloody sakes,  
Placid dreams on silver screens.  
New models, placed  
Chased by paparazzi,  
Raiding like a bunch of Nazis,  
A danger zone, a global clone.

Modern world, Jesus Christ,  
Everybody wants my slice.  
Heaven's not enough,  
And this world is super rough.  
I'm the fever you can't break,  
I'm the dancer, gonna shake,  
I don't do, I just am.  
Let me bust my violent jam.

As I grow stronger my voice gets louder,  
Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my speakers.

I'm already dead inside,  
Let my words eat you alive.  
As I grow stronger my voice gets louder,  
Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my speakers.  
I'm already dead inside,  
Let my words eat you alive.

I wanna be the boy that you adore,  
Without the label of a bedroom whore.  
I wanna be the boy that you adore,  
Without the label of a bedroom whore.  
I wanna be the boy that you adore,  
Without the label of a bedroom whore.  
I wanna be the boy that you adore,  
Without the label of a bedroom whore.

So shut the fuck up with your ignorance  
And shut the fuck up with your competence

As I grow stronger my voice gets louder,  
Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my speakers.  
I'm already dead inside,  
Let my words eat you alive

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