

## Frankenbok

### "Die My Bride"

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I'd rather cut you up than the wedding cake,  
And your bloody guts on my rented tux,  
And I do I do I do wanna kill you,  
'Til death do us part, I'll tear us apart.

Now I kiss your cold dead lips,  
And I dip my chips in the blood that drips,  
And I smear the cake right in your face,  
Let your God take you to a better place.

I loved you to death,  
I loved you to death.

Die, die, die, die my bride,  
Die, die, die, die my bride.

All you ever ment to me,  
Was absolutely nothing,  
With this ring now I thee wed,  
Don't wanna kiss you bitch, wanna bash your head.

I loved you to death,  
I loved you to death.

Die, die, die, die my bride,  
Die, die, die, die my bride.

Die, die, die, die my bride,  
Die, die, die, die my bride.

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