

Kane Hodder "Jason Dean Was A Teen Liberator"

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Yeah, it's dynamite
The way he takes his life
And then you jump in
With your qicked croquet heart

And then you fill yourself with cancer
As he burns at your feet
And then you spill your guys
That sexy disemboweling chic

It's like a kiss, kiss on the forehead
And it's how you kiss them
That just cracks my skin through
It's time to steal another kiss from your broad
shoulders

It's time you lick my heart
And burn my eyes with your hip acid filled caress
You keep the endings coming
And I'll keep the vomit flowing

Your mating calls are showing
That the best thing in life aren't worth loving
What if I lined my lips with your poison then you'd
better kiss me
You'd better make me give in, make me your
everything

Come and get your kiss on the forehead
We'll blame it on the housing projects
What an index that could make for
What your body is scarred from, the bombs on the first
floor

We'll blame it on the housing projects
Then flaunt that lower class depression
Just like you flaunt the fact
That you can't feel for nothing

18 years trying to get it right
Ballistic hematoma tries to suck
The scars from the bombs

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