

Mr. Mirainga

"Murder For Hire"

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Gaze in these black eyes, longing for your bite
Please don't go my love no not yet
Red lipstick goes real nice with wine
With your poison, hypnotize
As I croon into my elvis-55
So stay with me, my scream queen
And suck the skin off those bones
Until they're polished off all white n clean...
Such Supple lips that taste like Mace
May I have a bite of your face?...
Well Look at you, Such a soft nice tongue, and Green
Eyes, Oh I Think I'll
Keep Them...
1, 2, 3 or 4? Would You Like Anymore?
Blood Stained Fingers Up Inside... you
One last kiss-
Lemme be the last set of lips
That you taste-
You know that your'e diggin on this rape
All I want is to see, you beg n plead on your knees
Such good times, passion crimes that make us laugh to
see you die
So when your'e home alone and you hear a sound it's
not the wind
This new jersey knife wielding greaser gangs coming
for your skin

You look tough-even with my knife in your throat
You talk loud-even though you're chokin on blood now
Could it be?-you're not as tough as case like me
I'll have a good time-on this night I'll sip my drink and
watch you die!
So When you rest your head, for a souless sleep better
say your prayers
These new jersey b-movie drive-in kids make sure it's
the last
And all I see, is your fingers grabbing me
My god are you still alive?
Let the forceps go to work
I get off on hearing you cry
Knives please, No Gurls None in this world

Unless it's the kind I can reach inside!
So Take Good Care, Running Scared
TCB Kid you're DOA!
So when your'e home alone and you hear a sound you
best be scared
And When you rest your head, for a souless sleep
better say your prayers
These new jersey b-movie drive-in kids make sure it's
the last

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