

S.F.A. "I Killed Kurt"

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I killed Kurt, I shot him dead
I put that gun up to his head
I pulled the trigger, took his life
I made it look like suicide
I did it for the good of all mankind
I can't stand to hear a rich junkie whine
I blew his brains all over the floor
Oh well, whatever, nevermind

No more grunge rock
No more headache
No more rock star
Now he's worm food

No more Nirvana, or whiny emo songs
I sent you back to hell, back to hell where you belong
I'm glad I blew your brains out, I'm glad I took your life
I just wish you could be around to see me kill your wife

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