

The Stremes

"Masquerade In The Key Of Crime"

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It's freezing outside now.
It's crowded.
It's loud as hell in here.
My mission to kill her.
Incision. It will hurt.
I'm staring, stop staring.
She's wearing my favorite shirt.
Go for, go for it.
Before she sees me.
But she's got that sweater on.
The leaves like feathers are falling from the trees.
And I don't want to kiss you anyway.
She's got those eyes that I've been looking for.
Who is that guy?
Seems to be guarding her.
Up in that tier.
The chandelier is going to fall on her, if he takes his
eyes off her.
I've got the shot. I know I should.
But it's so hard, you look so good.
Go for, go for it.
Before she kills me.
But she's got that sweater on.
Confetti feathers are falling on fake trees.
And I don't want to kiss you anyway.
She's stunning in that elegant costume.
I'm on her tail. I'll break a sweat.
I wasn't supposed to have regrets.
I'll pinch him, pinch her, and then I'm standing under
the tier that he's on.
To pull the hammer with my thumb.
And the masquerade is scattering.
I'm making sure I stay behind her.
She's the one with braids.
I'm catching up. I'm getting close.
Making sure she's dead from her head down to her
toes.
Run for, run for it.
If she cries then I'm not giving in.
What if I choke?
What if I don't?

What if my cigarettes won't smoke?
What if she says that she's in love with me?
What if I choke?
What if I don't?
What if my cigarettes won't smoke?
What if she says that she's in love with me?
But she's got that sweater on.
She stops and turns around.
Falling to the ground.
She asks me not to kill her.
I'm leaning down to kiss her.
She's asking me to hold her.
How did she pull my trigger?
Falling to the ground.
I didn't want to kiss you anyway, anyway.
She's running. I'm bleeding.
Her costume is tearing.
I finally stopped staring.
I finally stopped staring.

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