

Venke Knutson

"Blessed Dead"

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They came looking for trouble
But then they found me
Now you'd better off dead son
Than if you fucked with me
When the walls come crashing down
And your life turns to ash
I'm every cunt who give a shit
And sold your soul for drugs and cash

I am a nightmare
I am a nightmare stalking
The blessed dead

I'm gonna fuck up your head
And trample on your bones
You thought you'd hit and run
You'll wish you stayed at home
When you know the end is nigh
And all your dreams are dead
Just remember I'm the one
Who put bad thoughts in your head

The blessed dead
Gonna fuck you up

They came looking for action
But never bargained on me
Now they wish that they were dead
What a sad sight to see
When the walls come crashing down
And your life turns to ash
I'm every cunt who gives a shit
And sold your soul for drugs & cash

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