

W.A.S.P. "Kill Your Pretty Face"

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He come slow, the slither man
So long crawls out of his own dead skin
He come, he come

I come here for your pain
I come take all your pain away
Two in me, they can't see who they are
No, no, no little voice, with big horror
Come meet the advocate's devil
Leave your soul at the door
And come on inside

Asylums of lost insane
A kiss from some slowly dying face
Two in me, they can't see who they are no, no, no

Sex and death and the american west
Fuck us all, farewell to flesh

I want you, I want to, I want to kill you
Wanna kill your pretty face, kill your pretty face

Come on give me a little piece of death
The darkened heart inside the self
To lives to sleep, to dies awake
Kill your pretty, kill your pretty face
Kill your pretty face

Tear the heart out of mother and mother bleeds
Cut mother open, and the wounded mother dies

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