

45 Grave "Bad Love"

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To you, the deception is clear
The time has come to realize your fear
The pain of it all isn't worth the prize
Hating you, as I surmise
But I've really done some stupid things
Meeting you, was a stupid mistake
Loving you, isn't worth the pain
But right there you were on the make
Loaded with dough
Waiting for me
Though it was cool
Though it was free
I can see things
In a different light
To see things right
Born too late
To, you, here's the prize
This gun barrel in-between your eyes
With those words, I say me dear
I see you, shake with fear

Under the covers, under the light
No control, the piss runs out
Cover your head with the sheets tonight
Defecation runs in my mouth
Hating you is such fun
Your blood is red, your skin is white
Shooting darts is just half the fun
I love you, it's the truth
Is the rope a little bit too tight
There is blood on your sheet I
I bet your feel really neat
That's why I am killing you
Loaded with dough
Waiting for me
Though it was free
In a different light
Though it was cool
Born too late
I can see things
To see things right

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