Lich King
"Fan Massacre"

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"When's the new album coming out?"
"When you gonna come to my town?"
"You should make 'Deathcore Sucks'!"
"You should make 'Emo Sucks'!"

We have had enough of all your shit and we're fed up
We've decided to have the lot of your worthless throats
cut

Our mascot himself is the hitman we call for the job
We gave him your addresses, sent him to carve up you
slobs
Your endless sycophantism we cannot forgive
You haven't bought enough merch to allow you to live

Fan massacre
You've bugged us for years, we don't like you, we want
you to die
Fans are all jerks
Thanks for the tour bus but now we don't need you... so
goodbye

The King fireballed Mike Murrell in the throat
Scott Montgomery was drowned in the moat
Tony Sahin was teleported into space
Julie Trubiano got a sword to the face

Jimmy & Toccara Nickerson and Marcy too
Were mashed up with a mallet and converted into glue
Ryan Krystiniak was burned alive
Ray Magini was seasoned and deep-fried

David M. Clark dies gurgling, stripped of his skin
Dan Hammer choked on his own blood when we ripped
off
his chin
We mauled Patrick Evans and left him impaled on a
stick
That's what you get for liking our band, you dick

Fan massacre

Carlos Alvarado is slowly ground up into chum
I hope it hurts
We watch and we laugh as you mewl and you beg and
We say "This is what you deserve ...you scum"

Stormspell Records HQ was blown up with a tank
Michael Hughes met his demise on the end of a shank
It's wholesale slaughter on our loving and doomed
devotees
Don't let your blood ruin our fancy clothes, you sleaze

Fan massacre
Most bands say they're grateful to fans and their fans
are the best
Please buy a shirt
We know the truth, our fans are the worst

And every last one of you needs to be beaten and
bludgeoned and poisoned and stabbed... to death