

## Spoken

### "Death Of A Drag Queen"

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In heaven and made up she felt so cold  
The thing she wanted was not hers to own  
Somebody take me home  
Somebody take me home  
One day she stole him into her dreams  
Now behold it a love supreme  
Here is a human in unusual form  
And finds a mans man  
And now love adorns  
Here comes the death of a drag queen  
The death of a drag queen  
Pursed and tragic fully obscene  
Funs her man up the lumberjack queen  
While someone sits at home  
While someone is alone  
While someone sits at home  
While someone is alone  
Death of a Drag Queen  
With my murder style it will bring him home, home  
Dried blood on make up  
And her skin all torn  
A resurrection smile  
Is the last thing she wore  
She ain't never goin' home  
Death of a Drag Queen  
(Evil dances to the sound of a Bosa Nova beat)

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