

Headless

Dog Fashion Disco

I, I am coming, I am coming
To California to kill you

I, I am coming, I am coming
To rape and murder your family

You, you can try and run
But there's nowhere left to hide

I will follow the sun
As it sets in the west
It will lead me right to you

Three thousand miles and in L.A.
I can't wait to see
The look on your face
As I put my gun up to your temple
Pull the trigger that sends
You back to hell

You butchered my art
And only to save a dollar

Are you ready to die my friend
Are you ready to confront the end

Like Helter Skelter and Son of Sam
By the days end
You'll know who I am
I spill your blood on
The Hollywood Boulevard

I won't rest until your headless

You should have known
I would leave you helpless and alone, yeah
You were born to be a dead celebrity, yeah

Like Helter Skelter and Son of Sam
By the days end
You'll know who I am
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