

The Love Song

King Missile

Faces on the walls
Invisible faces on the wall
Faces of criminals
Faces of animals
Faces on the walls

Telling me to cut up your corpse
Telling me to paint in your blood
Telling me to slice up your face
Faces all over the wall

Telling me to paint in your blood
But I don't listen to them
No I don't listen to them
No I don't listen to them

Because I love you