

## Serial Killer

### A Pale Horse Named Death

Hey little girl won't you get in my van  
Interior's leather and it looks real tan  
I got a bag of candy just for you and  
I wanna see you suck on a lollipop

I'm the son of the devil himself  
I'm the one they call a killer

Doing 105 across the state line  
I can't get caught 'cause I'll do some time  
I got you all tied up in the back of my car  
I didn't really think I would get this far

I'm the son of the angel of death  
I can be Your serial killer

Son of Sam got nothing on me  
You're gonna be my number 23  
I gotta a collection of finger nails  
I just need ten more, only from you yeah

I'm the son of the devil himself  
I'm the one they call a killer  
I'm the son of angel of death  
I can be your serial killer

I could be your next door neighbor  
I could be your lost long brother  
I could be someone that you know  
I could be your serial killer

Now I'm on the run, run from the law  
They wanna' know what I did with your corpse  
I got a disease an and appetite for death  
What a pleasure it was to see you take your last breath

I'm the son of the devil himself  
I'm the one they call a killer  
I'm the son of the angel of death  
I can be your serial killer