

## Horns

### Children of Bodom

Bloodshot eyes and a dead beat stance  
Shit for brains I'm a game of change  
One cut, two cut counting scars  
Three cut horns up behind the bars

I'm not your patron saint  
I'm not your patron saint  
Horns up or down and now horns up  
I am your warpaint

You're not my angel dear  
You're not my angel dear  
Lets make this crystal clear  
Horns up I am your worst fear

It's not the cough that carries me off  
It's the motherfucking coffin they carry me off in  
It's not the cough that carries you off  
oh, it's the coffin they carry you off in

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Horns up or down and now horns up  
I am your warpaint

You're not my angel dear  
You're not my angel dear  
Lets make this crystal clear  
Horns up I am your worst fear

One shot, ten shot just in case  
what it takes to get you out of my face  
If I wake up strapped up in my bed  
You can slit my wrists I'd rather be dead

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I'm not your patron saint  
Horns up or down and now horns up  
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