

The healing nails sting my bleeding heart
Takes my breath away
Tear myself apart
The little girl in my bed has a gun to my head
Looks into my eyes
And says she want me dead!
You know that sleep comes with drugs,
and I'll drink my fears away
I'm not a boyscout
I'm a lunatic
Lunatic,
The bitch is dead!
Lunatic,
The bitch is dead!
The fat lady sings tonight
That voice disgust me
I'm not a boyscout
I'm a lunatic