

# 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

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