

Bow Ties On Dead Guys

Fearless Vampire Killers

I might not be your saint but if you're looking for a freak,
To light an effigy outside your gate, well, I guess I could be
weirdo of the week,
Is it such a sin to indulge
My wicked ways won't flaunt your woes,
But if you feel that social friction
it's cos you put your faith in fiction

So kick and scream all you want,
And burn down my favourite haunts, yeah
We'll see who's laughing in the end

If you're trying to break me down, then go ahead, I've got some
time I can waste,
You haters go hating cos I've got the patience and a song I can
sing at your wake,

Cos I won't let your dirty hands beat me,
Get off of me
FUCK YOU!

Keep screaming punk I'll bet this chainsaw can cut through...
Woops! I guess I should have known better than ever letting any
one see my true face
Now, let's share the blood and hate

So kick and scream all you want,
And burn down my favourite haunts, yeah
We'll see who's laughing in the end
Light up the funeral pyres,
But you know what you get when you play with fire
We'll see who's laughing in the end

I can't hold on your fingers are gripping me too tight,
I might be wrong, I think that I'm losing the fight
I can't hold on your fingers are gripping me too tight,
(No coming back from the dead, we're just ghosts in the end)
I might be wrong, so why does it feels so right?

So kick and scream all you want,
And burn down my favourite haunts, yeah
We'll see who's laughing in then end
Light up the funeral pyres,
But you know what you get when you play with fire
We'll see who's laughing in the end