

Assassinate Me

Jesus On Extasy

Why don't you drag and drop
Instead of copy and paste?
But you put me in your dustbin
You've got nothing to waste
No I neither came to preach and nor to amuse you
I'm not the king of pop who intends to abuse you

When we get on stage I know you watch in the crowd
I know you want us silent but I shout it out loud:

Assassinate me like you did with JFK
Assassinate me like you did with Johnny-boy
Assassinate me, that's the way to solve your problems
But you cannot mute the voice in your head

I know you call me bitch, just a fucking faggot
But in fact you fear the mirror which I'm holding towards your face
Get some advice from me
You're so fuckin' damn ugly
You should take all your money
Get some plastic surgery

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I'm a product of your mind

I'm a product of your mind
I'm a product of what you've been thinking
And you should be ashamed for what's going on in your head

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