

# Bring Me The Head Of Andy Warhol

Polkadot Cadaver

This is beginning to feel just like a competition  
I see you smilin' at me and your front teeth are  
missin'  
Snapshots and flash bulbs ignite along the runway  
And you freeze like a pale mannequin,  
I think you like what you see

The plastic surgeons all whispered to each other and  
blushed  
Malevolence breeds contempt into a deviant crush  
Mortals threaten suicide until they forget your name  
Fifteen minutes of fame is now the name of the game

Post mortem penetration,  
Rigamortis sets the scene  
Now get under the microscope,  
All writhe and squirm in Vaseline  
In a city full of rats,  
all feeding on the narcissism  
I lit the match,  
I lit the fire that burned your Hollywood to the ground  
(Burn it all down)

IV drippin' like cocaine down the back of your throat  
Drama queen all dressed up with nowhere to go  
Street walkin', night stalkin', cold-blooded killer  
There's a murder in the room of your polkadot cadaver

Bring me the head of Andy Warhol  
Bring me the head of Andy Warhol  
Nightmares shapeshift into oblivion  
You have not even seen the last of me  
What do you want me to say?  
I wouldn't have it any other way  
One day they'll find you with a candle burning inside  
of you skull

Are you happy now?  
You're finally the talk of the town  
Search lights in the sky  
Your fame will turn this blood into wine

Fashionistas deliver the death blow,  
Penetrate you like it's your birthday  
Playtime for children in the graveyard  
You have not even seen the last of me  
What do you want me to say?  
I wouldn't have it any other way  
One day they'll find you with a candle burning inside  
of you skull

Cold, pale Jesus,  
Sodom and Gomorrah  
Headless Horseman,  
Death is at your doorstep  
The best rehabs are  
All in California

Junkies pushing up  
Daisies in the garden  
Can you dig it?

I've come here to eat your heart out,  
Slit your throat,  
And fuck your brains out  
Keep your voice down or you'll wake them

(So we're starting to get somewhere)

If LSD was as popular as cocaine,  
I wouldn't drive a Delorean

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Sodom and Gomorrah  
Headless Horseman,  
Death is at your doorstep  
The best rehabs are  
All in California  
Junkies pushing up  
Daisies in the garden

Fashionistas deliver the final death blow,  
Penetrate you like it's your birthday  
Playtime for children in the graveyard  
You have not even seen the last of me  
What do you want me to say?  
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