

What is it about a serial killa that attracts you?
And makes this music that you can sharpen an axe to
Taking you back through a hallway to a black room
No walls or ceilings, just doorways to pass through
You choose: chainsaws are always nice
But razorblades and knives are way more precise
When it comes to cutting, this shit here is an art
And we finish what we start, that's what separates us apart
From other mother fuckers, not saying no names
But them other mother fuckers (They ain't family!)
And they say I'm sick, too sick.
Well how sick do you get
When you see a chest without a butcher knife buried in it
Wait a minute, gimme an axe
I wanna smash your ribcage in half
For every time you laughed on our behalf
Will you let me another chance to redefine
The mind of a serial killa

Serial killa
K I double L A!
Fruit looped outta my mind like Godzilla
scream (Kill)
Serial killa! (Killa, Killa)
Torture and destroy (Killa, Killa)
Serial killa! (Killa, Killa)