

Murderers are king

The Tiger Lillies

How I worship murderers, cut-throats they are kings
I am just a thief on the floor my body flings
The lowest of the low, a common lowly thief
In this penitentiary the lowest meek and weak
The murderers they walk as kings arrogant and loud
I subjugate myself to them so virile, strong and proud
For in this prison I am the lowest of the low
The murderer when he walks by on the floor my body throws
The greatest love of all the murderer does give
He risks his very liberty when a life no longer lives
How I wish that virile beast at me would stare
But I am just a piece of shit for me he doesn't care
But for me he is a saint, at his feet my body fling
For me the murderer, the murderer is king