

Serial Killer

A Pale Horse Named Death

Hey little girl won't you get in my van
Interior's leather and it looks real tan
I got a bag of candy just for you and
I wanna see you suck on a lollipop

I'm the son of the devil himself
I'm the one they call a killer

Doing 105 across the state line
I can't get caught 'cause I'll do some time
I got you all tied up in the back of my car
I didn't really think I would get this far

I'm the son of the angel of death
I can be Your serial killer

Son of Sam got nothing on me
You're gonna be my number 23
I gotta a collection of finger nails
I just need ten more, only from you yeah

I'm the son of the devil himself
I'm the one they call a killer
I'm the son of angel of death
I can be your serial killer

I could be your next door neighbor
I could be your lost long brother
I could be someone that you know
I could be your serial killer

Now I'm on the run, run from the law
They wanna' know what I did with your corpse
I got a disease an and appetite for death
What a pleasure it was to see you take your last breath

I'm the son of the devil himself
I'm the one they call a killer
I'm the son of the angel of death
I can be your serial killer