

# Kill Your Sons

## Christian Death

All you two-bit psychiatrists  
Are giving you electroshock  
They said, they'd let you live at home with Mom and Dad  
Instead of mental hospitals  
But every time you tried to read a book  
You couldn't get to page seventeen  
'Cause you forgot where you were  
And you couldn't even read

Don't you know you're gonna kill your son?  
Don't you know you're gonna kill, kill your son?  
Don't you know you're gonna kill, kill your son  
Until they run, run, run, run, run, run, run away?

Momma called me on the phone  
They don't know what to do about dad  
He took an axe and he broke table  
Aren't you glad you're married?  
And sister, she called me from on the island  
Her husband takes the train  
She's big and she's fat  
And she doesn't even have a brain

Don't you know you're gonna kill, kill your son?  
Know you're gonna kill, kill your son  
I know you know you're gonna kill now, kill your son  
Until they run, run, run, run, run, run, oh, run away

Creedmore treated me really good  
And Paine Whitney was even better  
And when I flipped out, babe, on PCP  
I was so sad, I couldn't get a letter  
All of the drugs, that we took  
It really was a lot of fun  
But when they shoot you up with thorizene on crystal smoke  
You choke like a son of a gun

You're gonna kill your son, son, son, son  
You're gonna kill, kill, kill, k-k-kill your son, son, son, son  
Yeah, you're gonna kill, oh, kill your son now  
Until they run, run, run, run, gonna run away