

# Idol

## Hollywood Undead

I think I'm an angel, but I am cursed  
Riding so painful, ghost-whipping the hearse  
My secrets are shameful, my secrets are faithful  
My life is no fable, I'm an archangel

Fiends and I'm filling 'em drugs and I'm dealing 'em, pack the shit up  
The orders, I'm filling 'em, load the clip up  
'Cause I stay drilling 'em, what did you say?  
Slow down, son, you're killing 'em  
What do you do? They look up to you  
A porcelain doll, an idol, a tool  
You dropped outta school, you're burning up fuel  
An angel of death, the face of a ghoul

I ain't your idol, kid, I'm just a gangster  
I cannot save you, son, I ain't no savior  
I ain't your idol, kid, and I'm full of hatred  
I cannot save you now, I ain't no savior

I ain't your idol, kid  
I ain't your idol, kid

No, I ain't your idol, kid, your idol  
No, I ain't your idol, kid, your idol

I'm gonna be killing 'em without any airplay  
'Cause I dare say everything not their way  
Fuck politically correct and the scared way  
They don't want this angel demon bringing muerte  
Not imagining me dumping a magazine  
Thought that you had a dream, but really have a king  
But this one is splattering, battering  
On a mission traveling, protected by Mazikeen  
I'm talking extremities with enemies, obscenities to you, I'm exactly what a  
rival is  
If you're not finna be my synergy infinitely, I'm then wishing you suicidal  
shit  
I'm homicidal, bitch, and I puff a lot of medijuana, but I run up on 'em, and  
d it got a vital kick  
If you're not up on the damage the Bible did, I ain't your idol, kid

I ain't your idol, kid, I'm just a gangster  
I cannot save you, son, I ain't no savior  
I ain't your idol, kid, and I'm full of hatred  
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I ain't your idol, kid

Looking at me, well, what do you see?  
The vision of something that you'll never be  
The kingdom will come, they'll come for the king  
What do you want? What do you need?  
I'm an addict with a habit  
I'll blow your fucking head off  
Goddammit, can't stand it  
The look on your face, the desperation  
I cannot take it, I feel it again

The needles are pushing up under my skin  
I cannot speak, but the voices within  
That evil is good and the virtue of sin  
Who are you? What do you need?  
Are you sure you wanna be like me?  
Gotta pay up, nothing is free  
A deal with the devil, a deal with me

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I cannot save you, son