

Sex and death, i've got both perfected.
The way you dress, it's what i-i invented.
I've got what you want,
You've got lots of 'tude.
Don't speak back to me;
I find it very rude.
Easy-bake heartache.
You don't have a clue cos you've got nothing on me boy.
ah ah ah-ah ah ah-ah ah ah etc,
I'll change it up just to throw you off,
before we met you still believed in god.
How the fuck do you get by without your own,
without your own mind!?