

Not My Type: Dead as Fuck 2

Motionless in White

She's got no soul, heart black as coal
She's from Hollywood, Forever dug her out of a hole
And here we go again, spinnin' me in her web
She said "there's just no rest for the queen of the dead"

There's just no rest for the queen of the dead
There's just no rest for the queen...

Another trick to treat her with candy apple dreams
Gonna rot her teeth cause I'm so sweet
One lick to rule them all
They crumble as they crawl

She loves me cause I like to give head like a zombie
(I) eat, eat, eat
till her insides are on me
She loves me cause I give head like a zombie
(I) eat, eat, eat
and nobody's gonna stop me
And in the glow of the pale moonlight
She goes for a spin on my haunted hayride
Tried out the living but I don't believe the hype
Cause if she's got a pulse, then she's not my type.

She's got a temper in stock, made of hemlock
Uses absinthe as a lip gloss
Death hawk, fresh New Rock's
She'll use your corpse as a catwalk

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She'll use your corpse as a catwalk
Plays truth or dare in the mirror
Uses absinthe as a lip gloss
Undead, but won't shed a tear

She's my graveyard baby
She's my...

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D-E-A-D

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