

Weedkiller

The Kills

One, two, three

All I need
all I need
all I need
is one drop of weedkiller

You ... the rose I wanted
you ... a rose to me
you become a twisted tree now
you become an ugly beast

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Oh you were my badge of honour
oh you were my favourite one
but you become a sour poison
you become my

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Now I'm done trying to please you
oh lord and you never be
and if love is one to feed you
maybe death is what you need

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