

# Alice Cooper, Wicked Young Man

Cold blue swastika tattooed on my skin  
The ice in my veins the staples in my chin  
I've got it carved in my forehead "Slave To My Sin"  
Too violent for the brotherhood to ever take me in

Gonna write down my law in blood upon the street  
To the cadence of a goose-step heavy metal beat  
Wanna purify my race gonna turn up the heat  
Just wanna make 'em die and make the job complete

I am a vicious young man oh I am a wicked young man  
It's not the games that I play the movies I see the music I dig  
I'm just a wicked young man

I like to run my body on heavy heavy fuel  
I can punch through a wall I can kick like a mule  
I got a pocketful of bullets and a blueprint of the school  
I'm the devil's little soldier I'm the devil's little tool

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I got every kind of chemical pumpin' through my head  
I read Mein Kampf daily just to keep my hatred fed  
I never ever sleep I just lay in my bed  
Dreamin' of the day when everyone is dead

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