

# Combichrist, Red

Nothing ever happens in this dirty hick town,  
The bar is always and all the hookers are long gone,  
The church is entertainment and prozac is the drug,  
I'm going out of my mind, start changing it around

I got gallons of blood,  
Can't remember where it's from,  
Just clippings on the wall,  
I guess it's stuff that I have done,

I've gotta paint this town red!

Autoerotic I'm bored and all neurotic,  
Just sitting around all day just planning how to die,  
Wasting time, cracking fingers,  
My body get's thinner by the minute,  
Sometimes I feel that I am dead,  
Distant memories stille haunt me,  
It really seems like a dream,  
Like a dead man's song,  
A machine with no conscience,

I've gotta paint this town red!

Like a dead man's song,  
I'm just a suped-up machine with no conscience,  
Like a dead man's song,  
Living in a dirty hick town,

I've gotta paint this town red!