

Death In Vegas, Aisha

Aisha
We've only just met
And I think you ought to know
I'm a murderer
Bathed need blood

I have a portrait on my wall
He's a serial killer
I thought he wouldn't escape
Aisha
He got out

We live in a cemetery
A cold and damp place
And science runs through us
Making us Gods

The rules are all Wrong
Every perversion is justified
The art people eat dead bodies
Anything goes around here

I still want to to be human again
What am I?
What am I?
I'm a murderer

Aisha
I'm confused
Aisha
I'm vibrating

I'm a murderer
The Gods all suck