

# Deathstars, Morticians

Time has come  
You're gonna be a rock'n'roll star  
Armed with hate  
Your weapon is a loaded guitar  
Say that you believe in sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll  
It's commonly known you like it hot  
You like to lose control

I've come to make you fly  
I heard you on the radio

God can never promise you cash or expensive cars  
Only with an evil heart you can hope to ever get far

I've come to take your soul  
I heard you on the radio