

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