

# Dog Fashion Disco, Headless

I,  
I am coming,  
I am coming to California to kill you I,  
I am coming,  
I am coming to rape and murder your family you,  
You can try and run,  
But there's nowhere left to hide.  
I will follow the sun as it sets in the west  
It will lead me right to you.

3000 miles and in L.A.  
I can't wait to see the look on your face  
As I put my gun up to your temple,  
Pull the trigger that sends you back to hell.  
You butchered my art and only to save a dollar,  
Are you ready to die my friend?  
Are you ready to confront the end?

Like Helter Skelter  
And son of Sam.  
By the days end you'll know who I am.  
I spill your blood on the Hollywood Boulevard.

I won't rest until your headless.

You should have known  
I would leave you helpless and alone.  
You were born to be a dead celebrity