

Koffin Kats, Hitlist

Another dark night with the fullest moon
I got the perfect cliché to bury you alive
As you're screaming "make it stop"
But all you hear is my laughter
Who has won?

And now you all are doomed
I wrote a hitlist for everybody that's done me wrong
Never wanted to, but they made me

One name down, another ten to go
I'll save the sweetest for last, she'll never know
God they all had it coming, as they will know
Cause hell hath no fury like I do