

# Nekromantix, Murder For Breakfast

I woke up today hungry for something new  
She wants to leave but I made her stay  
There is something I need to do  
Controlled by the voices inside my head  
My hands have their own will  
Making my daily bread  
I didn't tell her it was part of the deal  
That she would wind up as her own last meal

chorus:  
Murder for breakfast  
Murder for lunch  
Murder for dinner  
Oh yeah and murder for brunch

After a nap I wanted more  
So I called up an old flame of mine  
Shortly after she knocked on my door  
I welcomed her with a glass of bloodred wine  
She was tempting, delicious oh so sweet

My appetite grew by the sight  
Of such prime meat  
I asked her to take off her skirt  
But didn't tell her she was the dessert