

Polkadot Cadaver, Bring Me The Head Of Andy V

This is beginning to feel just like a competition
I see you smiling at me and your front teeth are missing
Snapshots and flashbulbs ignite along the runway
And you freeze like a pale mannequin
I think you like what you see

The plastic surgeons all whisper to each other and blush
Malevolence breeds contempt into a deviant crush
Mortals threaten suicide until they forget your name
Fifteen minutes of fame is now the name of the game

Post-mortem penetration
Rigor mortis sets the scene
Maggots under the microscope all writhe and squirm in vaseline
In a city full of rats all feeding on the narcissism
I lit the match, I lit the fire
That burned your Hollywood to the ground... burn it all down

I.V. drippin like cocaine down the back of your throat
Drama queen all dressed up with nowhere to go
Street walking night stalking cold-blooded killer
There's a murderer in the rue morgue, a polkadot cadaver

Bring me the head of Andy Warhol
Nightmares shapeshift into oblivion
You have not even seen the last of me
What do you want me to say?
I wouldn't have it any other way
One day they'll find you with a candle burning inside of your skull

Are you happy now
You're finally the talk of the town
Searchlights in the sky
Your fame won't turn this blood into wine

If LSD was as popular as cocaine
I wouldn't drive a delorean

Cold pale Jesus, Sodom and Gomorah
Headless horseman, death is at your doorstep
The best rehabs are all in California
Junkies pushin' up daisies in the garden....
Can you dig it?

I've come here to eat your heart out
Slit your throat and fuck your brains out
Keep your voice down or you'll wake the neighbors

Now we're starting to get somewhere

Fashionistas deliver the deathblow
Penetrate you like it's your birthday
Playtime for children in the graveyard