

W.A.S.P., Stone Cold Killers

Think about the sorrow you brought
Think of all the horror you made
Lying to a world that you wrought
Dying for the world, oh that you made

Johnny get your guns
You'll need all of those prophets you pray
Oh yeah Johnny get your guns
I've come to kill the god that you made

I'm gonna murder superman
Murder superman
Stone cold killer's what I am
Your widowmaking ones come
You can't hide
I'm gonna murder superman
Murder superman
I got a heart breaker in my hands
Yeah here I come
You're gonna die

What'd you get for the souls that you bought
The bloody dead in the trades
Don't never blame the souls that you lost
Upon the whores of Babylon that you laid

(Repeat bridge)
(Repeat chorus)

Your lying messiah you know isn't real
How will you die for the one that you kneel
Better get your guns
I'm gonna kill your god
My God will kill your god