

I'll burn that bridge right down, right down to the ground.
I'll blast it all to Hell with the explosives that I've found,
And I'll cover up my tracks to make a clean getaway.
No one knows my whereabouts; I'm skimping out and leaving town today.
There'll probably be some more, and sure as shit there was.
I couldn't seem to get enough; I do just what a psycho does.
All I gotta do to get me through is just think about your eyes
And how they rest on that wooden chest in my room, attracting all those flies.
I'll be a vessel of destruction, and you can be my muse.
I'll play a mean game of seduction to keep the girly girls confused.
I won't regret a single thing; I've got no remorse.
It delivers me from memories each time I kill; they call me Mr. Gore.
Mr. Gore.
The most handsome man to date, strapped to the electric chair.
Nothing left to do but smile and wave, they shaved off all my perfect hair.
For all my charms, I can't disarm that fella pullin' on the switch.
2,000 volts and now I'm toast, dead at best, a brokenhearted wreck, so sick.
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