

Mine

Bumblefoot

You can't have anything - everything's mine
You can't have my time, my world, my crime
I don't share - I don't care - I'm not that kind
Two for me - nothing for you -it's mine

Drop dead, go fuck yourself, eat shit and die
Choking on yestercorn, ripping your throat like thorns
Pulling the pin out as your clock unwinds
You can't breathe my air - that's fair - it's mine

Heaven is piling up with headless dogs
'Cause God keeps on forgiving fighters, biters
Only with rabies can we cure the world of talking cancer
Answer: die