

Pagan

Cancerslug

Look in my empty eyes
For a soulless light
Can you feel my hatred
Filling you inside
As I thrust between your thighs
I will rip into your body
'Til you're bagging for more
I will purge you of your feelings
'Til your soul is unborn
I will burn with you in hell
Until it's heaven you feel
Then relax until you realise
That this fantasy is real
Give in and burn
Be a modern pagan
Give another kiss another fix
I need to feel anything all
My blood is cold
I will rip into your body
'Til you're bagging for more

I will purge you of your feelings
'Til your soul is unborn
I will burn with you in hell
Until it's heaven you feel
Then relax until you realise
That this fantasy is real
Give in and burn
Be a modern pagan
Let us prey
I'm a pagan
On your stereo
Not trying to tell you
What to do or where to go
I'm just saying that you might be
Better off dead
I'm just a pagan
On your stereo
Not trying to tell you
What to do or where you should go
I'm just saying that you'd be better
With a bullet in your head