

# Missile

Dorothy

Your scent, gonna waft you over  
No way it'll be alright  
You're fuckin' with the wrong wolf, baby  
Darkness gonna break your light

No dread gonna part my thunder  
No words gonna change my mind  
You're fuckin' with a sickness, baby  
Your heart is a plague, oh my

I am a missile  
I am the fire  
Love is destruction  
But this war is mine, this war is mine  
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Vengeance is a cold thing, baby  
I serve it on a bed of flames  
Still think you're a hard one, baby?  
We'll see when the missile rains

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