

Trench Coat

Ghostemane

Riding around town with no lights on
Bumpin' DarkThrone out my Audi A4
Pentagram on my shawty torso
Nails on my neck bout blood soaked
I ain't got no heart it's still in Moscow
You must not be flame if you got smoke
Blood so cold, where my trench coat?

Wait until they see what's in my
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Ever since I was a fetus I knew that I could be this reincarnated elated Crowley I'm misunderstood and I'm proud about it now
I'm rounding up all the calloused and malice and puttin' em all up in a palace call it the White House no power balance
Let me get another shot at living and I'll never take it for granted again
I swear to what?

None

Hallway greeted with a gun
How has it come to this everybody run
Police will put you in a wooden box in the ground if you look at em wrong in the wrong part of town
But a mothafucka with a gun at a campus blastin' away at the staff and masses you'll let
Live on again
With no regrets
Oh bet
Who the fuck let you paint the land all red
It's all a mess
I'm just a guest
Go blast
Your local press
Kill em all Kill em all

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