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One, two, three, four
Well, I've got a fever
A non-believer
I'm in a state of grace
For I am the Caesar
I'm gonna seize the day
Well, call of the banshee (Hey, hey!)
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
As God as my witness the infidels are gonna pay
Well, call the assassin
The orgasm
A spasm of love and hate
For what will divide us?
The righteous and the meek
Well, call of the wild (Hey, hey!)
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Well, death to the girl at the end of the serenade
Vendetta, sweet vendetta
This Beretta of the night
This fire and the desire
Well, shots ringing out on a holy parasite
Well, I am a killjoy from Detroit
I drink from a well of rage
I feed off the weakness
With all my love
Well, call up the captain (Hey, hey!)
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Well, death to the lover that you were dreaming of
Well, this is a stand off a Molotov
Cocktail's on the house
You thought I was a write off you better think again
Well, call the peacemaker (Hey, hey!)
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
I'm gonna send you back to the place where it all began
Vendetta, sweet vendetta
This Beretta of the night
This fire and the desire
Well, shots ringing out on a holy parasite
Well, now the caretaker's
The undertaker
So, I'm gonna go out
And get a peacemaker
This is the Neo
St. Valentine's massacre
Well, call up the Gaza (Hey, hey!)
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Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Well, death to the ones at the end of the serenade
Well, death to the ones at the end of the serenade
Well, death to the ones at the end of the serenade
Well, death to the ones at the end of the serenade!