They won't talk but still they say
You kill for kicks, you got bills to pay
Well baby I got bills to pay
Don't make me act that way?
Don't make me
Don't make me
Don't make me

Have you seen the center spread Stitched up like a baseball head She was dead before they raped her Now she's in the funny paper Pity and sin He's breaking in I am so sleepy Please don't rape me Me Me Penis I see Did you ever want to be obscene In a muerto magazine Filled with hate you hope to ween Fight the beast and leave the cream Leave the scene It's so easy to be the latest atrocity But it always seem to be a penis that I see You'd be surprised to discover My level of empathy I've gone from prey to victim Penis in me

Splattered face mouths wordless whys Fingerprints are on the eyes In a box out back I kept her Plugged her stinking where I left her That's where I kept her