

I work with precision
Above all suspicion

The mark of my fame is my cutting display
After having my way with my prey
The monarchs are carved
With a straight razor blade
And they gave me my name

It's in the nature of fire
To burn everything to the ground
But I won't be found
No I won't ever retire
Too many deserving to die
They can't brush aside cutterfly
Cutterfly
Cutterfly

Two decades
Still waiting
DNA
Will nail me

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