

Dear God, dear God

(I am a) kamikazee, I am so freaky  
Freakier than a bayonet set on fire  
That's desire

(I am a) kamikazee, I am so easy  
Easier than a bomber in the third world war  
That's for sure

I shouldn't want it, but I want it  
And it's killing my black soul

I want money and power  
And champagne and fame  
I want money and power  
My black heart's to blame

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And champagne and fame  
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Money, power, champagne, fame  
Money, power, champagne

(I am a) kamikazee, I am so guilty  
Guiltier than a liquored-up mistress who  
Runs to you

(I am a) kamikazee, I am so lonely  
Lonelier than a patriarch labeled liar  
Crushed empire

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My black heart's to blame

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Money (money), power (power)  
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Money (money), power (power)  
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