Type O Negative

I got a pickaxe in the trunk of my car I'll put it on the grinder to get it real sharp There's an ugly green monster in my head Won't leave me alone Until you're dead I called your house but you couldn't be reached So I took the d train to brighton beach You're doing the thing with a brand new man Checking out the stars Screwing on the sand Kill you Kill you I'll fucking kill you So I took some steriods and adrenaline Finlandia vodka and hallucinagens Mixed it with blood and orange juice Liquid protein and ice cubes Staring down at your sweaty embraces Put my tool right through your faces Well buddyboy I hope you enjoyed her 'cause I'm an equal opportunity destroyer Kill you Kill you I'll fucking kill you I'll kill you tonight I'll kill you tonight I said I'll kill you tonight I'll fucking kill you