

Death Of The Party

Vladimirs

Tonight across town there's a party going down
You're not invited yet you seem so excited
Your going anyway You said it's time they're going to pay
For all their ridicule you're going to kill the cool kids
You tried so hard to please them
But now you're going to beat an apology out of them all
You'll be their God as they plead and crawl
And they'll say you always were friends
But they're lying to survive and you're laughing as they're crying
they're sorry
You're the Death of the Party
No party favors just your trusty straight razor
Fucking won't equal fun until they make out with your gun
Blood red letter sweater they thought they were so much better
The entire cheerleader squad stripped and gutted on the front lawn
You tried so hard to please them
But you just had to feed them to your demon that lives inside
Who forced you to do this tonight
And now the cops are coming and there ain't no way you're running
Or ever going to say that you're sorry
You're the Death of the Party