

# W.A.S.P., Stone Cold Killers

Think about the sorrow you brought  
Think of all the horror you made  
Lying to a world that you wrought  
Dying for the world, oh that you made

Johnny get your guns  
You'll need all of those prophets you pray  
Oh yeah Johnny get your guns  
I've come to kill the god that you made

I'm gonna murder superman  
Murder superman  
Stone cold killer's what I am  
Your widowmaking ones come  
You can't hide  
I'm gonna murder superman  
Murder superman  
I got a heart breaker in my hands  
Yeah here I come  
You're gonna die

What'd you get for the souls that you bought  
The bloody dead in the trades  
Don't never blame the souls that you lost  
Upon the whores of Babylon that you laid

(Repeat bridge)  
(Repeat chorus)

Your lying messiah you know isn't real  
How will you die for the one that you kneel  
Better get your guns  
I'm gonna kill your god  
My God will kill your god