

## Hitlist

Koffin Kats

Another dark night with the fullest moon  
I got the perfect cliché to bury you alive  
As you're screaming "make it stop"  
But all you hear is my laughter  
Who has won?

And now you all are doomed  
I wrote a hitlist for everybody that's done me wrong  
Never wanted to, but they made me

One name down, another ten to go  
I'll save the sweetest for last, she'll never know  
God they all had it coming, as they will know  
Cause hell hath no fury like I do