

## 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