

Attacker, Jack

Dark and gloomy London streets
In the shadow lurks this evil
Twisted soul, his heart grows gold
Anger brewing, tension seetheing
Psychopath is on the loose taking life, his hatred crime
No one stops this savage beast
From terrorizing your and I!
Respected by day
A hunter by night
The devil incarnate
Many demons inside

Hiding and watching your every move
He senses the kill closes in on you
The smell of your blood is like a sweet perfume
Pain, suffer his gift so cruel

Why do I do, the things that I do?
What drives my insanity
Nothings clear to me
Why (you didn't have to)
Why (I didn't want to)
Why (she was innocent)
Why (I don't care)

Killing's my pleasure, nothing else can compare
A sick nasty habit (a habit) catch me if you dare
I defy those in power (what power) find me if you can
It's best if you hurry
Before I strike again!