

Blood Red Throne, Deranged Assassin

An eerie cold takes hold of my soul, perverting my will, will demanding a kill.
Your blood shall be shed, my steel you will dread. Insanity reigns as I rip off your head.
Into the abyss of death you will fall, forgotten by all.
Squeal like a pig as you meet your dark fate.
You cry out for help but your scream comes to late.
Hungry axe eating flesh, through madness my dreams are fulfilled.
twisted voices whispering in my head. Telling me not to stop until you are dead.
Everybody will know my name. With my unspeakable doings I have entered the dark hall of fame.
Chaos internal.
Destruction infernal.
My urge to murder has grown stronger, can't wait no longer.
Crazed aggression set free, true value of man I now see.
I'm the deranged assassin, enslaved by misanthropy.
My bloodthirst is endless.