

# Cannibal Corpse, Death Walking Terror

I am the black thoughts of the night  
Deep in the darkness of your mind  
Shrouded in shadow, the mental torture  
In the realm of death walking terror

Stalking the closest to the edge  
Imposition of depravity  
Sanity holding by a thread  
Desperation draws them close to me

Always unseen but never far behind  
Fleeting darkness tricks your eyes  
Paranoia, a creeping horror  
Guided by the death walking terror

Your hand reaches for the knife  
Subconscious molding insidious  
It was always in your mind  
Release the pain, a psychotic rush

Death walking terror  
Slow mental torture

I am the blood you seek to spill  
I am you inner drive to kill  
Dark inspiration, a moral failure  
Created by the death walking terror

Your hands have done my bidding well  
Your hideous dreams now reality  
Manipulation done with stealth  
I was with you, I heard the screams

Death walking terror  
Slow mental torture  
Death walking terror  
Psychic tormentor

The weakest ones will fall  
My murderous influence appeals to their fear  
My will is just too strong  
The decision was mine but they'll never know

Death walking terror

(solo: pat o'brien)

I walk behind you while you kill  
Usurping your mind, you are oblivious  
You'll never know your spirit fell  
Supplanted by this deep disgust

Death walking terror  
Slow mental torture  
Death walking terror  
Psychic tormentor