

Exumer, Decimation

A diseased mind wanting to kill
The difference of life and death the same
Forced to die against your own will
Hi cracks a grin as you wither away
The knife sunk in your chest again
Will the homicide ever end

Disembowelment, the killings seem the same
Removal of the visceral mass to him it's just a game
Decimation

Ritualistic death, waiting to hear your last breath
I get pleasure from watching you die

Your remains are mine to do as I please
A collage of the dead fills my wall
Slicing and hacking I do it with ease
Fall to the ground and scream all you want
It does no good for your sleep t shall haunt
Flowing, a stream of red death

Something not right in the mind
Slice your throat from behind
Creep up to you in your sleep
Stick a blade down in deep
No need to have fear
Don't shiver when I'm near