

Psycroptic, Psycrotipath

Killing for the music and the music kills his pain-Psycrotipath
mentally he's screaming as his life drives him insane

-Psycrotipath

judgement reigns upon him from those higher in the chain

-Psycrotipath

urges burning deep inside to go against the grain-Psycrotipath

They take it all away, those drones who control his life

programmed to deaden his soul,

those dressed in suits taking hold

masters of his life, though only nine 'til five,

day is just as the night, each day as it ends, it is only the start

returning from that place, he again becomes alive

enters a place called home, to rest his bones

turns to his music device, brings it to life

It fills him- soothes his soul

Hears the blast, feels the beat, soaks in grind- cleans his mind

echoes the scream, grips his seat, feels his heart-beat faster

he's so warm-but unstable-his rhythms changed-a beat unleashed

Something's flowing ten-fold when he does this every night

-Adrenaline

over-active substance makes reality insane-Psycrotipath

blindly he's controlled by fluid flowing in his veins-Unnaturally

mentally he's swimming in a psychopathic dream- Psycrotipath

now a summoning, seduced by a stirring, revenge is his mask

feels the dark urges to kill, it excites him so

he will not be calm, until he sees the flow

leaves his home and slips into the darkened nighttime,

prowls the streets intends to find some suited satans

his moments of insanity are still directed

revenge is his motive and he knows his target

he sees two demons- leaving their day-nest

their place for torture- paid for their pleasure

controlling hundreds- gods in the daylight

A dark alley beckons- they answer its call

his breath quickens- as does his heart

upon them in an instant, knife in his hand

reaction so slow- rips them to shreds

Now their time- expired- they wasted life- dimmed lights-

now they're essentially- powerless

flesh carved from the bones, insides exposed

wished he'd heard them moan, he saw them bleed

Now he feels so mentally drained,

flow has stopped now revenge is attained

he starts stumbling in the direction of his home,

his mind is in pieces but he still feels so complete,

he must rest soon his body is weakening,

temporarily ruined by his mental state

As he returns home his mind is back in reality

and the judgement he inflicted is now coursing through his mind

turns in over in his head as he does this every night

when he gets high from aural infliction of that pounding music

he knows what he does is wrong though it feels right,

but he will never feel guilt for in his mind- he is the victim