

122 Stab Wounds, Hunting Humans

I Enter You Will All My Hate
And Penetrate What's Left of You
Now You Know That All Your Faith
Cannot Stop The things I Do
Haunting Memories Reappear
As I Hold The Victim At Hand
Hunting Humans...

A Journey Through Heavenly Fear
Tie The Rope Around Your Wrists
Laughing In Insanity
Do You Feel That Pain Excists
Screaming In Pure Agony
For A Split Second

Aesthetical Feelings
Experiencing The Greatest Sin
By Enjoying The Killing
Haunting Memories Reappear
As I Hold The Victim At Hand
Hunting Humans...

A Journey Through Heavenly Fear
Soon Dangling From The Nearest Tree
Victim of The Brutal Dreams
Violence Is What There Will Be
Walking Through The Chanting Screams
Methods of Brutality

Isn't What It Used To Be
Kill Those With Anxiety
Then Bring The Knife To Me
Relieved To Leave The World
For A Moment In Ecstasy
Knowing They Will Not Speak A Word
Being Drowned In Reality
Methods of Brutality
Isn't What It Used To Be
Kill Those With Anxiety
Then Bring The Knife To Me