

Acumen Nation, 200 Bodies Per Minute

Seething slaughter, belief in slaughter
Eternal trauma for sons and daughters, yours

Skinning the saw blade, loving the raw blade
Kin to the sharp edge, loyal to nothing less

Born without a clue why the inclination to dream of homicide
Makes me feel... something

This volcanic violence blinding out your frozen eyes
Beautiful battles bloody burst before your black skies burn

Cruising for tyranny, evil soliciting
Whoring for justice crushing with such brute force

Breathing hostility, feeding the fire in me
I am the weapon embrace the weapon of choice

This volcanic violence blinding out your frozen eyes
Beautiful battles bloody burst before your black skies burn
I am the instrument of terror in the name of all fortified souls
of every murdered heart