

Acumen Nation, Hatchet Harry

Trussed up naked, overanalyze every cell every pore
Cuz you will find nothing that could ever give him away
This is a brand new sickness, birthing alive and alone within this core
Now he's got his own agenda ruthless as any but this ones a mind of it's own

I've seen it all before, lessons burned unlearned again through stone
Your abuse has shown me my direction. Who am I to ignore it?

First steps. Numbness
First blood. Pure bliss

In their horror eyes coming back to me
In their terror eyes coming back to me
Even though I'm nothing special
I dare you not to envy me at this moment

And now that I'm in the mood, arousal pinned to your lies
Kill for fun and not for food, hero worship

I thought I was anticore
But now I can't fake it
Because now I can be much more
Since I can't change anything
It's your turn to bleed for me