

# Atomizer, And The Hunt Starts Again

And as the blood trails down the sink you catch a glimpse  
But it's surreal, you're not who you think, feel so detached  
Just to your left, there in the tub, lays your helpless victim  
And as you scrub, all went to plan, although something's missing  
Because there was no, no relief, no release, it's not what you hoped it would be  
Dissatisfaction's fires reign, and the hunt starts again  
Through all these years, the plan's evolved, to the point of perfection  
So why the lack, why no resolve, why no sense of closure  
The perfect victim, it's what you had and more than once before  
So what went wrong, what flaws the scheme, why are the fires raging on  
You know there's a hatred, that you've tucked away in the blackest annals of your heart  
And you feel the compulsion, no it's more than that, like the very threat of consumption  
Deny all that's rational, chase satisfaction, make violence and hatred the master  
And each drop of blood, each vessel you drain still won't let you turn the key  
You kill again without remorse, yet the demons still come screaming  
Each sacrifice is closer to your supposed perfect ending  
But in the end, all that is real is the blood on your hands  
Until you're caught or until you're dead, the hunt demands your tending