

# Benediction, West Of Hell

An odd unreality  
Macabre life at home  
Dominating Father figure  
Sadist to the bone  
Ape-like looks the doting parent  
Prone to fits of rage  
Sadist and a Mother's boy  
Deflowers come of age

They're missing  
Underground they dwell  
Mundane life with inner secret  
He is West of Hell

Satisfaction comes through power  
Fuse them in their guilt  
Chemistry ignites the powder  
Homely graveyard he had built  
Saw-edge blade that cuts and slices  
Pack them in the floor  
All his evils have been done  
There's none now to explore

Fantasy fuelled killing spree  
Porno's psychopath  
Resenting Mother for her sins  
His twisted childhood trap  
Overcome was all too much  
In the prison cell  
We look back within disgust  
The creature West of Hell  
Killing became such a trick  
The only way to get a kick  
Violent his appetite  
Scrape of earth throughout the night

They're missing  
Insane life he led  
Our gratitude in suicide  
You are better dead