

Burning The Masses, Nailgun Massacre

You need something accomplished by the fall of the night
Your perverse phantasms will not keep you the fuck away

Your hormones race
You are a sexual fiend
Your hormones race
Looking for a lady of the night

Driving around town where women who play their trade on the street are exposing themselves to r

Seized from the shadows
Can you please me?
Coerced into submission of sexual service

Please me, tease me

Selling their bodies to support their habits and
during intimacy realized a same sex calamity

You freak and,
Grab a nailgun
Impaling the victim

Psycho moments make up this cerebral war
You killed the motherfucker expecting an open door
Puncture wounds and splatter marks
Feeling cold stiff,
Left with blood on your hands.