

Converge, Serial Killer

I've tasted the thrill of the kill the thrill of my victims.
I'm crushing,
Destroying,
A figure of speech.

My mind is lost eternally out of my reach,
Richard, in you glass case, stand to be judged.
Written there all over your face,
Ted, a twelve year old.

Your body should rot in public for all the women you've killed. Run for your life I'm the serial killer,
I've come to bury you today,
No family, no funeral, no rosaries for...
Slain on this hillside.
My silent grave,
That's where you lay.

Buried dead bodies behind.
Their last words are still etched so clearly into his mind. Driven, possessed by wil,
A will that takes over and drives him out for the kill.
Submit, submit to me now.

He screams out in anger,
Blood thirsty as you cower down.
It's time, he raises the blade.
You cry out to god,
For your innocent life to be saved.

Run for your life I'm the serial killer,
I've come for your life today,
I'm the serial killer,
I've come to bury you today,
No family, no funeral, no rosaries for...
Slain on this hillside,
My silent grave,
That's where you lay.