

Deeds Of Flesh, I Die On My Own Terms

While free in society
I was other people's nightmare
I was their reaper
Frantic on a killing spree
I took twenty before finally caught
Always being in control
Thriving on the power over

Others
Now it's changed
The judge is the killer now
And i become the victim
He gives me death
But I have other plans

No other human
Will take my being
This body
Now I must flee

You won't have your satisfaction
My form of escape
Always successful
Which will it be

I die on my own terms

Swan dive off the sink
Hang myself with no clothes
With my sheets
My game I win
I die on my own terms