

East West, Murderer

Waiting in a corner standing.
Playing out the best case.
Your pleasure is nearing.

Hunt them.
Get away.
Hurt them.

In a moment madness reeling.
There's no one watching now,
the innocence dying.

Hunt them.
Get away.
Hurt them.

Nothing Breathes inside...
Nothing Lives inside...

Sickening cries call out.
Begging to be released,
only to find,
they're falling on deaf ears.

Hunt them.
Get away.
Hurt them.

Nothing Breathes inside...
Nothing Lives inside...(x 2)