

# Grave, Bullets Are Mine

Murder, another dead found  
Covered with blood  
Body nailed to the ground

Murder in the first degree  
Died on his knees  
On every charge I am guilty

The bullets are mine

Crying, dying victim crying  
Tears are falling from the eye  
A witness to my parricide

Mother, raped beyond belief  
Her head decorated the wall  
On every charge I am guilty

The bullets are mine

Lying in the garden of stone  
Awaiting the end  
The river runs red, screams of pain  
Released by victims of my bullet rain

Kill, killing is my drug  
My gun is my god  
You will suffer my slug