

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