

Hatesphere, 500 Dead People

Night time has come
Another hunt has begun
Balls out, Im like a loaded gun
You think you are a friend of mine
Cant be with that lack of spine
My gun works fine
When I look at you I see
A dead man looking back at me
Youve crossed the line one too many times
You smile at me
Not able to see
Easy to hide my twisted personality
I put you to sleep
And take a ride with the devil
My enemies will bleed
When I look at them I see
500 dead people looking back at me
Theyve crossed the line one too many times
Their pages are written
Their die is cast
Their books are closed
More heads for my collection
When I look at them I see
500 dead people looking back at me
They keep coming to me
I keep tracking them down