

Kreator, Murder Fantasies

A mind consumed with anger
From the womb I was insane
I cannot help but hate you now
Can't breath cannot think straight
Like a wounded beast I long for your death
A vision of you dying is forming in my head
I look down on the things you stand for a believe
I crave control of subjects
I will take you to the final extreme

I want to kill you
Take away your life
In torture as you die
I want to kill you
Your death I want to feel
Create your corpse in murder fantasies

Feel me coming closer
Eyes all filled with tears
As long as you don't fade away
The pain won't disappear
Nothing will be left of your repulsive world
I'll take you to a place where your cries
Cannot be heard
My laughter, like salt, I pour into your wounds
Hysteric screams of pleasure
An abstract violent soundtrack to your doom

I want to kill you
Take away your life
In torture as you die
I want to kill you
Your death I want to feel
Create your corpse in murder fantasies

Just you and me now the ritual begins
There will be no emotion just cold-blooded killing
When you least expect it I'll stand before you
Don't try to escape for today
My fantasy comes true

I want to kill you, I want to kill you, I want to kill you
I'll make you suffer
I'll make you scream
I will be known as dispose the supreme
Inhale from those I despise
Expendable, taker of life
Caress the blade, I lay waste
Erased!!!