

# Kreator, Pleasure To Kill

Day turns to night as I rise from my grave  
Black was the hole were I laid  
Stalking the city to seek out your blood  
I love when it showers from my blade  
Your body is so pretty but how will it look  
When my perverted lust is stilled  
No one to save you no parents or friends  
Because they've already got killed

My only aim is to take many lives  
The more the better I feel  
My only pleasure is to hear many cries from those tortured  
by my steel  
The colour of your blood from your open body  
Is all I wanted to see  
Tasting the blood from your lips as you die means  
satisfaction to me

Pleasure to kill

Hear my heartbeat as you see me upon you  
Tears in your eyes I do not care  
Listen now to the motor of my chainsaw  
Open your eyes don't be scared  
Look into my eyes do you see any love?  
The only thing is agony  
Now I can't wait to give you the good pain  
Die now and be free

Now that my mission is done  
Your body forgotten has been killed  
I return to the cemetery  
And my bloodlust is stilled  
My coffin is open for me  
I lay down and rest  
Nothing will set me free  
And so I kill until excess