Pissing Razors, Train of Thought

Enter my world of savage hysteria Feeling my blood boil to it's flashpoint sensing I'am loosing control thoughts of death the only solution

Finding my victim was never the problem At plain view from every angle the smell of flesh soon to be destroyed pressure to commit- building up faster

Train of thought (X 4)

Feeling myself moving closer Minutes away from becoming a killer nervousness and fear taking over I can't believe that it's really me

Anxiously waiting as I awaken lighting struck the sky I awoke and realized No explanations to my disease My dreams remain the same