Suffocation, Thrones Of Blood

The thought of killing entered my mind some time ago.
What possesses an individual to kill.
I have often pondered the thought.
Time and time again.
Now it's clear to me.

They want me to be part of this world they have created.
I say fuck you.
Don't tell me how to live.

Maybe if I eliminate the people.
Who fit this so - called mold.
My pain will finally be released.
And my mind free of thought.

The ax struck hard and fast.
Splitting the skull in two.
She fell instantly.
The blood spewed.
From where her head used to be.
I then struck another blow.

Only the lives of others.
Can quench my harsh reality.

I received much excitement.
From these two blows.
I must continue to strike her corpse.
Once again I brought the tool of my trade.

I proceeded to hack several more times.
A pile of flesh now lies before me.

Unrelenting need to fulfill my lust for death.
I must purge the world of it's filth.

Disorder scars my mind.
With killing fascination.
My tasks are far from done.
Everything must die