

Vio-Lence, Serial Killer

I've tasted
The thrill of a kill
The thrill of my victims
I'm crushing
Destroying their will

Demented
A figure of speech
My mind is lost eternally
Out of my reach

Richard
In your glass case
Stand to be judged, their deaths
Written there all over your face

Ted
A twelve year old
Your body should rot out in public
For women you've killed

Run for your life
I'm the serial killer
I've come to bury you today
No family, no funeral, no rosaries for
Slain on this hillside

My silent grave!
My silent grave!
My silent grave!
That's where you lay!

Run for your life
I'm the serial killer
I've come to bury you today
No family, no funeral, no rosaries for
Slain on this hillside

My silent grave!
My silent grave!
My silent grave!
That's where you lay!

Buried
Dead bodies behind
Their last words are still etched
Clearly into his mind

Driven
Possessed by a will
A will that takes over
And drives him out for the kill

Submit
Submit to me now
He screams out in anger
Bloody thirsty, as you cower down

It's time
He raises the blade
You cry out to God
For your innocent life to be saved

Run for your life

I'm the serial killer
I've come to bury you today
No family, no funeral, no rosaries for
Slain on this hillside

My silent grave!
My silent grave!
My silent grave!
That's where you lay!