

# Deaths Head

## Slayer

Death's pointed at your head  
Your mind on the trigger pull it  
Bludgeon bodies give up their muted horror story  
Scene of your rage  
Death is not strange  
Blood on the walls  
You stand alone satisfied I'll wake the silence in you  
I'll shoot the violence through you Terrified by the thought that you are all alone  
Paralyzed by the fact that you are not alone  
You're losing your mind, I'm losing control  
You're losing your mind, as I bury your world I'll wake the silence in you  
I'll shoot the violence through you I can't remember yet someone always seems to die  
You are the reason why I became the chosen one  
I've got the right  
God makes no sense  
I've got the right  
I feel my back against the wall Death's pointed at your head  
Your mind on the trigger pull it  
Bludgeon bodies give up their muted horror story Scene of my rage  
Scene of my rage  
Death is your name  
You're facing your grave I taste your tears caress your face  
I watch you lie insane  
Dying for love  
Praying to die I want what's inside you  
Dressed in your blood  
You wear it well  
Dying because I care Your eyes are wide but you can't see  
Rotting my lust away  
I'll shoot the violence through you  
And wake the part that's dead  
I hate the silence in you  
I want what's in your head

Songwriters

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