

# Killing Fields

## Morne

You know the feeling  
When adrenaline takes control  
Can't beat the rush  
That leaves a suicidal hold  
Instinct spares no one  
Destroying the human heart  
The taste of blood  
Can rip your soul apart  
Devils that drive us  
Do not discriminate  
A state of mind  
That becomes the ultimate end  
Action reaction  
Blood line is not immune  
To the depth of human nature  
Inside of me and you  
A sociopath with empty eyes  
And no soul  
Paranoid psychotic heart of stone  
My blood runs cold  
Evils of passion  
Can drive reason to extremes  
Love, hate and murder  
Temporary insanity  
On the edge of  
A demented personality  
Emotional  
Pain is a deadly reality  
A sociopath with empty eyes  
And no soul  
Paranoid psychotic heart of stone  
My blood runs cold  
A choice is made of free will  
Just like the choice to kill  
Decisions to lose control  
My self-destructive rationale  
A choice is made, made of free will  
Just like the choice, the choice to kill  
In the speed of a moment  
Life stands still, now you're standing in my killing field  
A choice is made of free will  
Just like the choice to kill  
In the speed of a moment  
Life stands still, now you're standing in my killing field