# Killing Fields

## Morne

You know the feeling
When adrenaline takes control
Can't beat the rush
That leaves a suicidal holdInstinct spares no one
Destroying the human heart
The taste of blood
Can rip your soul apartDevils that drive us
Do not discriminate
A state of mind
That becomes the ultimate endAction reaction
Blood line is not immune
To the depth of human nature
Inside of me and youA sociopath with empty eyes
And no soul
Paranoid psychotic heart of stone
My blood runs coldEvils of passion
Can drive reason to extremes
Love, hate and murder
Temporary insanityOn the edge of
A demented personality
Emotional
Pain is a deadly realityA sociopath with empty eyes
And no soul
Paranoid psychotic heart of stone
My blood runs coldA choice is made of free will
Just like the choice to kill
Decisions to lose control
My self-destructive rationaleA 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 fieldA 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

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