

Slaughter of Innocence

Malevolent Creation

Mind of the tormented, twisted arcane
Born from the black bowels of hate
Psychotic cringe, from any light of good
The sight of blood is only understood
Piercing the body to release the life
Another soul to steal, stalking in the night
Feel the wrath of a soul
Wired to the core of pure power
Power sent to crush
Mean to destroy and dismantle
Wielding tools of demise
Set to conquer lives, total retribution
No lives are spared, his goal, his hate
His hate, this hate, it hates
The seething feeling writhes from inside
Now you taste the corners of it's mind
It's acrid bile clutches at your throat
Rips you open, achieving attack mode
Murder, murder, murder, murder
Your body is not your own
Subconscious overthrown
Corpse still warm lying still
Another body bag to fill
Slaughter of innocence
Die, motherfucker
Blood upon his blade
Set fourth to annihilate
Crushing life and limb to dust
Never enough to fulfill his blood lust
Random kill of chance
Victim of innocence
Cannot be silenced
Instinct to murder
Tasting the power to destroy
Any means of deceasement, stand employed
Contact of steel into warm flesh
Crimes of the mind to fully infest
Take full credit for the kill
Urge again burns inside, result is homicidal
Murder, murder, murder, murder
The entity must slay to survive
Feel no remorse
Has no conscious for it's crimes
Legacy to kill until the end of time

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