

Homicidal Rant

Malevolent Creation

Die
Victim spotted, in a mind's eye
Learn to mistrust, time to die
Soft skin held
Tight in a hand
Now the cold skin
Holds his trance
Eyes fixated, on a plan of attack
No measure to small
No blood will lack
Groan of fear
Last breath expelled
Weakening grip
Innocent fall
Exitement arise
Violent contact
Look into cold eyes
Homicidal rant
Veins empty blood
So much blood
Drawn from this blade
Tere will be no exemption
No one
All they must be slain
Be slain

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