

# Impaler

## Spinnerette

Comes from the land where night is day  
The people live in fear  
Been this way for oh so long  
Another four thousand tearsEveryday he hunts to kill  
You know he can't help himself  
Same routine time after time  
A way to seize the wealthDrinking blood don't mean a thing  
Life means even less  
Impale your wife, slay your son  
Another gory messBorn in hell, left to die  
Now out for all your blood  
Living his life day to day  
To stake you to the mudWhat you see, he don't care  
Now you bleed, start to stare  
Cut you down, rip you up  
Watching warm blood runCrush your skull, strike him well  
When you land just impaled  
Freshly done, there's no hope  
Watching warm blood runWhat you see, he don't care  
Now you bleed, start to stare  
Freshly done, there's no hope  
Watching warm blood runImpaler  
Impaler  
Impaler

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