# .44 Magnum Opus

## Exodus

Can't withhold my anger
Won't control my rage, my blood lust will be sated
I'm locked and loaded and ready to engage
Killing everything I've ever hatedA motherfucking Van Gogh with a gun
About to paint his masterpiece
Blow the world into oblivion
Paint with the blood of the diseasedFire away, put your body on display
Build myself a tower of decay
A symphony written in human debris
Art and murder true synonymyNo appeal, no, I got a raw deal
I don't give a fuck
One thing is clear, I've got a deaf ear
You better shut your mouth and duckWhen I get a taste of laying everyone to waste
My hunger won't subside
I won't ever stop till the last body drops
Let the bullet be my guideThe virtue of vice
In my bloody paradise
A portrait of gore, my .44 Magnum
My .44 magnum opusBodies are the canvas, ammo is the vision
For my greatest work of art
I'm waging my own inquisition
Tearing everything apartI'm building a monument to horror
A temple so divine
Remembrance to those I've massacred
Death is the grand designPeople will stare in disbelief and awe
When they see what I've created
Still life, no life beautiful and raw
The world will be captivatedNever have they seen something so ambitious
Like nothing done before
A work so terrible and vicious
A masterpiece of gore

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