

# The Hunted

## Infernal Majesty

They say, a mans future, is predetermined, and he is powerless to intervene  
But does that explain, the missing bodies, the tortured souls?  
Was it moral deviation from the Gods?  
That crippled his soul?  
Sowed the seeds, of festering anger, resentment  
And tortured him with rage  
Towards an unfeeling universe  
Driven, by a need to vent  
Hatred, hatred, hatred  
Driven, by a need to inflict  
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance  
Is this simply, your lust for power, your sick perverted form of self-expression?  
Driving, your tendency to murder, the innocent  
For they are the victims  
And it's outcome incidental to sadistic purpose  
Pleading, you pray for your release, haunted, by your private evil demons  
Over, powered, again you loose the fight, killing  
Yet another helpless victim  
Always dreaming of your capture  
Driven, by a need to vent  
Hatred, hatred, hatred  
Driven, by a need to inflict  
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance  
Now, I await your capture, I, can, predict your punishment  
Bullets, tearing, apart your body, firing squad, will end your life  
Watching, your vile carcass, burning in the chair  
Lethal injection killing, rejoicing in your death  
Now, I await your capture  
Firing squad, will end your life  
Watching, your vile carcass  
Rejoicing, in your death!  
You are, the hunted  
I, will, hunt you down  
You are, the hunted  
I, will, hunt you down

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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