

# 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 hated A motherfucking Van Gogh with a gun  
About to paint his masterpiece  
Blow the world into oblivion  
Paint with the blood of the diseased Fire away, put your body on display  
Build myself a tower of decay  
A symphony written in human debris  
Art and murder true synonymy No 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 duck When 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 guide The virtue of vice  
In my bloody paradise  
A portrait of gore, my .44 Magnum  
My .44 magnum opus Bodies are the canvas, ammo is the vision  
For my greatest work of art  
I'm waging my own inquisition  
Tearing everything apart I'm building a monument to horror  
A temple so divine  
Remembrance to those I've massacred  
Death is the grand design People will stare in disbelief and awe  
When they see what I've created  
Still life, no life beautiful and raw  
The world will be captivated Never have they seen something so ambitious  
Like nothing done before  
A work so terrible and vicious  
A masterpiece of gore

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