

# Epitome of Death

## Entrails

Wings of darkness, embrace me.  
For I am chosen, I am set free.  
Killing for pleasure is what I do.

Death, you quench my thirst, I don't care who. Satisfaction is what I need, a morbid fix. Murder, my only urge is to murder.

I feel empty without murder.  
It makes my life complete.  
I am the epitome of death.

Murder, my only urge is to murder.  
I feel empty without murder.  
It makes my life complete.

I am the epitome of death. The fear in their eyes, as I sharpen my knife.  
Tears and screams, as I take their lives.  
There is something inside me, a growing lust.

The relentless urge has become a must. Doomed to a hollow life, I murder for kicks. Murder, my only urge is to murder.

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

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