Thrones of Blood

Suffocation

The thought of killing entered my mind some time ago
What possesses an individual to kill
I have often pondered the thought
Time and time again, now it's clear to meThey want me to be part of this world they have created
I say fuck you, don't tell me how to live
Maybe if I eliminate the people who fit this so called mold
My pain will finally be released and my mind free of thoughtThe axe struck hard and fast, splitting the skull in two
She fell instantly, the blood spewed
From where her head used to be
I then struck another blowOnly the lives of others can quench my harsh reality
I received much excitement from these two blows
I must continue to strike her corpse
Once again I brought the tool of my tradeI proceeded to hack several more times
A pile of flesh now lies before meUnrelenting need to fulfill my lust for death
I must purge the world of its filthDisorder scars my mind with killing fascination
My tasks are far from done, everything must die

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