

# Cry for a Shadow

## Pansy Division

Confess your crimes after twenty years of killing  
Clearing your mind is easy now caught  
Death was your life, pain your pleasure  
No regrets, emotions are naught Interrogator vomits  
Because of the gore  
In the story you tell him  
Bile covers the floor Your first was a whore  
She didn't want intercourse  
Spilling your sperm  
On her mangled corpse Loving the killing  
Sex, no more fun  
What would you do  
If your dick was your gun? Bisexual lust low way of life  
Your true religion was a knife  
A trail of corpses left behind  
For dismemberment and carnage you strive They'll send you to electric chair  
Lawyers defend or do not care  
The victims' parents will not cry  
As your body is convulsing, they want you to die  
To die They can't kill your body  
But your soul, it will survive  
You'll take control of one's mind  
And live an eternal life, life Bisexual lust low way of life  
Your true religion was a knife  
A trail of corpses left behind  
For dismemberment and carnage you strive

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