Luminal

Sammy Figueroa

This is a tale of a town with the population
Of approximately two thousand people
They small close in their community with crime
And murder, we're virtually unheard of
With front doors, were always left unlocked
A place where mayhem only happens in your wildest dreams
For some, the sun will never come out tomorrow
Like those in this heart pounding tale of random horror
Of a body count, after trashin' it, they done with it
Victims inflicted with passionate punishment
Specific offers of horrific torture
That left crime scenes, that retired law enforcers
This ruthlessness knew no bounds, as he beat him down
Shot him while gagged and bound, kept the whole town
Shocked, with they doors locked, fire arms cocked
Major roads blocked, no one knows when he knocks
As a kid he killed three pets of an attorney
So his child passion became a life long journey
Grew into a world of destruction, abduction
Left many body parts flowin' on the hudson
Whether fountain or ditch, after the ride you hitched
Screams is high pitched from scars you can't stitch
Mutilated and decapitated, white collar chicks
Just from his involvement in local politics
His outfit stained with the blood of the slain
While his backyard full of skeletal remains
His goal in life, was preparation for death
An autopsy showed affixation, loss of breath
Was it his fascination, for strangulation

The lynchings in the twenty's was his inspiration
Unspeakable acts that made front page
Motivated by an unexplainable rage
The state psychologist, forensic pathologist
Warned the detective to search beyond the obvious
They ruled out the possibility that the killa babe
Physically fit with athletic ability
Talley and murder, on his agenda
There was no word, and it's code for "Surrender"

So when the headlines had announced the arrest, the repercussion
Was his trial became a lightning rod for discussion
Compellin' evidence, statements from residents
Validated guilt as he maintained his innocence
From the hair to the fiber, broke the bondage wire
The stains on the carpet consisted with saliva
DNA directly linked to the psycho
Luminal made it glow, was test to Type 0
For many years, a lot of murders went unsolved
A lot of blood resolve as guns still revolve
The bullets had names that made the frames shatter
Most savage massacre that made the brains scatter
Detectives astounded by the scope of the crime
Made a hard discovery from one of many signs
While questionin' a man he picked up on a scanner
He reacted in a loud and agitated matter
And once they tried to read him his rights
He turned cold as ice

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