Psycroptipath

Psycroptic

Killing for the music and the music kills his pain-Psycroptipath
mentally he's screaming as his life drives him insane
-Psycroptipath
judgement reigns upon him from those higher in the chain
-Psycroptipath
urges burning deep inside to go against the grain-Psycroptipath
They take it all away, those drones who control his life
programmed to deaden his soul,
those dressed in suits taking hold
masters of his life, though only nine 'til five,
day is just as the night, each day as it ends, it is only the start
returning from that place, he again becomes alive
enters a place called home, to rest his bones
turns to his music device, brings it to life
It fills him- soothes his soul
Hears the blast, feels the beat, soaks in grind- cleans his mind
echoes the scream, grips his seat, feels his heart-beat faster
he's so warm-but unstable-his rhythms changed-a beat unleashed
Something's flowing ten-fold when he does this every night
-Adrenaline
over-active substance makes reality insane-Psycroptipath
blindly he's controlled by fluid flowing in his veins-Unnaturally
mentally he's swimming in a psychopathic dream- Psycroptipath
now a summoning, seduced by a stirring, revenge is his mask
feels the dark urges to kill, it excites him so
he will not be calm, until he sees the flow
leaves his home and slips into the darkened nighttime,
prowls the streets intends to find some suited satans
his moments of insanity are still directed
revenge is his motive and he knows his target
he sees two demons- leaving their day-nest
their place for torture- paid for their pleasure
controlling hundreds- gods in the daylight
A dark alley beckons- they answer its call
his breath quickens- as does his heart
upon them in an instant, knife in his hand
reaction so slow- rips them to shreds
Now their time- expired- they wasted life- dimmed lights-
now they're essentially- powerless

flesh carved from the bones, insides exposed
wished he'd heard them moan, he saw them bleed
Now he feels so mentally drained,
flow has stopped now revenge is attained
he starts stumbling in the direction of his home,
his mind is in pieces but he still feels so complete,
he must rest soon his body is weakening,
temporarily ruined by his mental state
As he returns home his mind is back in reality
and the judgement he inflicted is now coursing through his mind
turns in over in his head as he does this every night
when he gets high from aural infliction of that pounding music
he knows what he does is wrong though it feels right,
but he will never feel guilt for in his mind- he is the victim

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