Impaler

The Impalers

Comes from the land where night is day
The people live in fear
Been this way for oh so long
Another four thousand tearsEveryday he hunts to kill
You know he can't help himself
Same routine time after time
A way to seize the wealthDrinking blood don't mean a thing
Life means even less
Impale your wife, slay your son
Another gory messBorn in hell, left to die
Now out for all your blood
Living his life day to day
To stake you to the mudWhat you see, he don't care
Now you bleed, start to stare
Cut you down, rip you up
Watching warm blood runCrush your skull, strike him well
When you land just impaled
Freshly done, there's no hope
Watching warm blood runWhat you see, he don't care
Now you bleed, start to stare
Freshly done, there's no hope
Watching warm blood runImpaler
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