Unnatural

Centaspike

Madness overwhelming
Excruciating pain
My brain aches for release
I will suffer until I killWeapons have been gathered
Now I seek my prey
Senses heightened as I stalkDistorted means of pleasure
Taking human life
Uncontrolled obsession
Murder is my viceAberrant compulsions
Kill for peace of mind
My consuming passion
Murderous appetiteFerociously attacking
Stabbing all I see
Blood is spraying on my face
Hands are punctured in defenseBrutally dismembered
Parts are growing cold
A natural high achieved by deathPerverted and twisted
Bizarre thoughts are my norm
It is my nature to murder
If I stop I know I will die

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