Psychopath

Bathory

I want to kill you and share with you my pain.
And if it thrills you I'll gladly kill again.
I want to maim you. Your throat a bleeding well.
And before your damned body's cold you're already in hell.This is my anger. My hurt and my hate.
This is my fucking despair.
This is my inside. My thorn and my ache.
This is my grind and my tare.I want to tie you up. Make you beg for release.
I'll whip your body beyond sense. Cut you down piece by piece.
I want to rape you. I'll leave you bleed in death.This is my lust and my distorted needs.
This is my wrath and my pain.
This is my kind. This is my creed.
This is my body and brain.This is my anger. My hurt and my hate.
This is my fucking despair.
This is my inside. Mt thorn and my ache.
This is my grind and my tare.This is my lust and my distorted needs.
This is my wrath and my pain.
This is my kind. This is my creed.
This is my body and brain.

Songwriters
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