

# Slaughter Of Innocence

## Malevolent Creation

Mind of the tormented, twisted arcane  
Born from the black bowels of hate  
Psychotic cringe, from any light of good  
The sight of blood is only understood  
Piercing the body to release the life  
Another soul to steal, stalking in the night  
Feel the wrath of a soul  
Wired to the core of pure power  
Power sent to crush  
Mean to destroy and dismantle  
Wielding tools of demise  
Set to conquer lives, total retribution  
No lives are spared, his goal, his hate  
His hate, this hate, it hates  
The seething feeling writhes from inside  
Now you taste the corners of it's mind  
It's acrid bile clutches at your throat  
Rips you open, achieving attack mode  
Murder, murder, murder, murder  
Your body is not your own  
Subconscious overthrown  
Corpse still warm lying still  
Another body bag to fill  
Slaughter of innocence  
Die, motherfucker  
Blood upon his blade  
Set fourth to annihilate  
Crushing life and limb to dust  
Never enough to fulfill his blood lust  
Random kill of chance  
Victim of innocence  
Cannot be silenced  
Instinct to murder  
Tasting the power to destroy  
Any means of deaseament, stand employed  
Contact of steel into warm flesh  
Crimes of the mind to fully infest  
Take full credit for the kill  
Urge again burns inside, result is homicidal  
Murder, murder, murder, murder  
The entity must slay to survive  
Feel no remorse  
Has no conscious for it's crimes  
Legacy to kill until the end of time

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