

The Will To Kill

Malevolent Creation

Attack!
Uncontrollable, psychotic hysteria
Driven by blood, unsatisfiable
All his victims, considered as trophies
This is his thrill, the will to kill
Extracting souls with his knife
No emotional value for life
Crimson stains cover his clothes
Remnants of who tried to oppose
Determined to commit homicides with no regrets
Forces within his mind, passion for these horrid crimes
The Will,
To Kill
The Will to fucking kill
Livid fascinations, unthinkable to most
Day after day, this inner conflict grows
Now unstoppable, this storm of murder
Unidentified, bodies discovered

Songwriters

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