Immaculate Pinetreeroad #930

Bathory

Sixteen years of age. The suburb sets the scene.
Sixteen years of rage withheld and concealed.
Doors locked. Curtains drawn. Rehearsals begins.
Preparations made. The axe gets a final trim.
Shadowed figures came at night. The hands would
clutch and strike his thighs. The kid would not even
be weeping. This kid pretending he's sleeping.Immaculate Pinetreeroad #930Kept within his young strained mind all this damn time.
Not a hint at what grew steadily inside.
The hate during prayer at supper and the suppressed
at school. The need to be able to strike back grew.
Memories of fingers penetrating. Years of terror
generating emotions functioning as fuel
when this kid walks down his parents room.Parts of bodies found. The blood splattered all around
The result of the hate unleashed. Just one shot was heard.
This suburb neighbourhood disturbed. This pained mind
has found peace. In the backyard. Shotgun at his side.
Difficult to identify. Sixteen years of age and dead.
Sixteen years of rage to an end.

Songwriters
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