

Connoisseurs of Death

Waking the Cadaver

My thoughts control me,
I can't hold back any longer.
I must commit these acts,
my fantasies compel me.

Watching,
stalking,
waiting,
planning this perfect crime.

I have studied your surroundings for months now,
I know exactly when to make my move, and exactly how I'm going to make my move.

A perfect murder to me is all about strategy,
so unaware as I stalk flawlessly,
repeatedly in my dreams i have pulled this job.

In front of the mirror as you prepare for sleep,
this is when i sneak behind and put the barrel of the shotgun to your head.
I like it when you see my face.

A blow to the skull; I make sure your still alive.

I only kill quick when necessary, but this is a score i must settle.

Now is when my fantasies come, so I reach for my blade,
inflicting this mutilation.
Slashing your face, stomping your body.
I love to see you in such pain, for this pain is my extasy.

Suck the barrel, and look at me in the eye,
Do you think I really give a fuck about what I'm going to do?

Decapitated by .12 gauge slugs, I can't even recognize half your body anymore.

Your family will probably tell the authorities I'm a suspect,
So I eliminated them before i eliminated you.

Dragging you to the basement I place you with the rest.

Nude, in perverted positions with your loved ones.

Fiendishly I masturbate to the scene I have created.

The investigators are going to be shocked.

My payoff, my crime gets televised,
Overwhelmed with laughter as i realize...

They'll never catch me.

Lyrics submitted by Chris.

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