

Killing Spree (Postal Killer)

Macabre

(Patrick Sherrill)

Bullets spraying - people praying.

Show no mercy - evil slaying.

Bodies flying - many dying.

No escaping - relatives crying.

The lead flies free for what you've done to me.

I'll shoot you with my gun, when you try to run.

There's nowhere to hide, you're all locked inside.

As you act dead in silence, I rage with violence.

Shells ejecting - thoughts reflecting.

Contemplating - suicide.

Put the gun - against my head.

Pull the trigger - now I'm dead.

The lead flew free for what you did to me.

I shot you with my gun, when you tried to run.

There was nowhere to hide, you were all locked inside.

As you played dead in silence, I rage with violence.

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