

Bullets Are Mine

Grave

Murder, another DB found
Covered with blood
Body nailed to the ground
Murder, in the first degree
Died on his knees
On every charge I am guilty
The bullets are mine
Crying, dying victim crying
Tears are falling from the eye
A witness to my parricide
Mother, raped beyond belief
Her head decorates the wall
On every charge I am guilty
The bullets are mine
Lying in the garden of stone
Awaiting the end
The river runs red, screams of pain
Released by victims of my bullet rain
Kill, killing is my drug
My gun is my god
You will suffer my slug

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