Heathen

Master

The streets and the cities
The alleys of woe
The forces of hatred
Are out of controlThe lurk in the fields
Alone in the night
A sickly perversion, excursion
That's not in sight(Bible passage)He travels he streets
Different weapons in hand
He searches for victims
Befriends the demand
Ridding the world of
The homeless disease
Laughing out loudly
Ignoring their pleasVictims of the chosen
Have been clearly marked and pushed asideMany body parts were frozen
Simply just a waste of lifeEating the flesh of the virgins
The taste of blood
Picking the brains of desertion
Forever more
Stabbing the hearts of the weakened society
Killing the worthless for pleasure nowRaping the dead it's so silent
A twist of fate
A wave of sick violence
A question of give and takeTaxpayers earning just
Feed them the deathly row
The chair gathers dust
As they age in their cellDocumented murders oftenSkip the press and go unsolved
Morbid visions, gross divisions
Multiply the cause of deathYou fucking heathen!
Go back to hell, where you fucking came from!

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