

Cyanide

Burning the Masses

Hydrogen Cyanide is a colorless gas
With a faint bitter almond like odor
Cruel fashioned murder with an old fashioned disguise
Releasing a poisonous gas, to deceive your eyes.
Don't trust your eyes, eyes!

Perfect murder itches in the back of your mind
Laying out the plans for you time to execute
Rushing home to prepare a laced enchanted meal
You loved ones are blind to your suicide holocaust

Time to execute
Excute your plan
All you have is, potassium cyanide!

Existing troubles will soon fade away
Greeny intentions, you posses no remorse.
This white powder will consume your bloodline
Leaving behind a trace of disphoric story.
Entering your control nervous system!
Cyanide murder suicide!

Judas of the saints, of the saints.
Your tunnel sees no light.
The ingestion of cyanide and cessation of respiration!
Die!
Emotional and instantaneous collapse.