Murderlust

Hatesphere

taking matters into my own cold, dead hands make everyone remember just how my story ends no more surprises, no more sudden change of heart just my need, just my will to kill

seem so seemless, seem so grossly depraved this lust for blood fear of failure, fear of losing face have left me with nothing but a murderlust

all dead inside, the fears are eating me up I have succumb to my deepest, darkest drives my heart is racing, my cold blood rushes to my head my steady aim wants somebody dead

I've lost all faith in humanity depressed by the lack of compassion trust no longer has a meaning every man for himself

I open fire, the shot is clean
I let my will be done seemless as it seems
like there's no right way back
my bloody buddies gather around me
to wath my last kill