

Hunting victims for sport
Run away, but you are too slow
Chase continues for now
Soon it will be your time to die
You pace yourself
Must live
Not if I can help it, weakling
You're expired
You're done
But first I will break all your bones
Intense beam
My stare
Glassy eyes you cry
I'm not done with you yet
Surge of power excites my mind
What to do next
I know take a hack at your spinal cord
Show no mercy for you
All I have in my head is hate
Taste the rush of bloodlust
I can feel it run through my veins
Chance to live
You beg
I deny
You die!
Life
Bury me
Rotting corpse
Can't you see my mind warps
Into me souls fall
Fractured skull takes all
You pace yourself
Must live
Not if I can help it, weakling
You're expired
You're done
But first I will break all your bones