

American Freedom

Master

Look around you'll see me
I'm waiting just to kill
In the corner inside of your mind
I can wait dear I've got time

And the stockings were in a row
except the one I stole
The perfect place dear is on the wall
that's where I'll mout you
Your head and all

The perfect seasoning I'll cook oyur flesh
Tasty morsals there's nothing left
The perfect freedom comes in two
People vanish and I make stew

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Lifes like a virus
A spreading diseases
Controlling madness
Is my speciality