

# Thrill Of The Kill

Paragon

By the moonlight he stalks  
Throught the city  
See the glance in his eyes - so weired  
Awaiting the innocent victim  
Beware - the ripper is near

Off the beaten track  
A coward attack  
Blood spills on the ground  
Staring in their eyes  
Laughin' as they cry  
Murder without a sound

Victims are to many to number  
No one will ever know for sure  
Backs to the wall - start screaming  
12 inch blade's comin' down on you

Call me maniac  
Call me insane  
But don't call me guilty  
Of society's blame