

# Primitive Killing Machine

## Blood Red Throne

I have the mind of an animal  
Hunger makes me plan my next kill  
Lack of empathy destroys my path  
I have a craving, i have my free will  
No consequence of eating meat from the weak  
No sense of guilt inviting flies for meat feast  
My teeth are sinking into fresh opened wound  
No interrogation follows my nature

Primitive killing machine

Living for the slay  
Force-fed the apocalypse  
I speak for no one now  
I am the one to speak my mind

And lies i will decline

I am the primitive killing machine  
Have it all demand no less  
Settle for total domain  
Leave only emptiness  
I spit on the remains or death

I am the primitive killing machine

Empathy destroys my path  
Ignoring humane remains  
I have the mind of an animal  
Hunger makes me plan my next kill  
Buried alive in a death-cult sewage  
There's a sickening stench that make you empty your bowels  
Fascination builds the lust, my bloodlust, my need to kill  
Beyond temptation the beast within rises  
Self-cannibalization detached from emotion  
Primal instinct wakes to eternal sleep  
Your own intestines are caught in your teeth

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